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9

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO
DUPLICATE SOLD BY OR-
DER OF THE CHAPTER OF
THE COLLEGE OF ARMS
COLLEGE OF ARMS, LONDON.

4. 1707

XLII.3



POEMS

ON

Affairs of State,

From 1620. to this present
Year 1707.

Many of them by the most eminent Hands,

V I Z.

Mr. *Shakespear.*

Mr. *Waller.*

D. of D—re,

Mr. *Dryden.*

Mr. *W—sh.*

Mr. *D—y.*

Dr. *Wild.*

Dr. *Brady.*

Mr. *Tate.*

Mr. *Hughes.*

Mr. *Manning.*

Mr. *Arwaker, &c.*

Several of which were never before publish'd.

To which is added,

A Collection of some Satyrical Prints against the
French King, Elector of Bavaria, &c. Curiously
ingraven on Copper-Plates.

V O L. IV.

London, Printed in the Year 1707.



The Preface to the Reader.

HAVING formerly publish'd Poems on Affairs of State in Three Vol. which contain very many valuable Pieces, from the time of King James I. to the Year 1704: most of which were done from Manuscripts, or from private Prints which had been handed about from one Gentleman to another, and never before made Publick; these Collections met with so good Encouragement, that they have had several Impressions. Since the publishing of the last Vol. which was Anno 1704. several Choice Poems have been communicated to me by Ingenious Gentlemen, desiring I would make another Vol. and that such Pieces as Mr. William Shakespear's (the Great Genius of our English Drama) Rape of Lucrece, and his Venus and Adonis, which were never printed in his Works, might be preserv'd. Accordingly by the Assistance of those Gentlemen I set about the Work; and have been this twelve Months in perfecting this Volume. What variety it is compos'd of the Index will show the Reader, whom I must acquaint with one thing more; That having procur'd from beyond Sea a Collection of Satyrical Prints done in Holland and elsewhere, by Rom. de Hoog, and other the best Masters; relating to the French King and his Adherents.

since he unjustly begun this last War, I have persuaded the Bookseller to be at the Expence of engraving several of them; to each of which I have given the Explanation in English Verse, they being in Dutch, French, or Latin in the Originals. And as to the Cuts, I must say, our English Artists have not come short of the Originals, as may be seen at the Publisher's of this Vol. Besides the Cuts that are engrav'd, I have given the Explanation of several others, for there are about thirty in all; but some of them are almost the same over again, or else not so suitable to an English Reader, therefore I have chose out those that are so, and which are a very great Curiosity, not elsewhere to be met with.

The Publisher does not doubt but he shall be encourag'd to make another Collection, for which he will endeavour to furnish himself with the most valuable Pieces. And if any Gentlemen have such in Print or Manuscript, if they please to send them to Mr. James Woodward in St. Christopher's Church-yard behind the Exchange, care will be taken to have them correctly printed.

Erat. P. 8. l. 20. for being anger'd read be inaugur'd.

ADVER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHereas there was sometime since publish'd a Collection of Poems relating to State-Affairs, in one Volume, which pretends to contain all or most that are already printed in the *three Volumes of State-Poems*, besides large Additions never before publish'd: This is to inform the World, That the said Pretence is notoriously false and scandalous, and design'd to impose on the Publick; there being above three hundred Poems of the said three Volumes left out, many of which are as good, if not better than any inserted in their Edition; as may be judg'd by the Catalogue hereto annex'd. And whereas 'tis hinted in the Preface, that the three Volumes before publish'd, are stuff'd with merry Catches, and half-penny Ballads, (tho' by the by these Catches and Songs show more the Humour of the Times than the best and gravest Poem, which is the Reason they were preserv'd in the Third Volume) such as *Buckingham, Sidley, &c.* would have blush'd at, which are all left out in their Collection; the Publishers thereof are desy'd to produce in the said Volumes any thing more mean and low than what they have put in, for several Pages, beginning at p. 452. who having had choice enough of what was good, have thereby discover'd a very bad Judgment. As to the Correctness of that Volume, if one may judg by the first Poem that was look'd into, there's near half as many Errors as Lines; and therefore to pretend they publish from the Originals, is to impose on the common sense of Mankind, they having set from the Printed Volumes without correcting.

Poems, &c. left out in the Collection in one Volume.

Andrew Marvell to the King.
Poem on his Friend Mr.
Marvell.

Dedicat. to Dr. Wilkins, by Dr.
Sprat, before the Poem on
O. Cromwel.

Epitaph on *Ld Fairfax*, by D.
Buckingham.

On the E. of *Shaftsbury's* Death.
Character of the *English.*

Cullen with his Flock of Misses.
Armstrong's Ghost.

The Royal Game.

The Dream of the Cabal.

On three Dukes killing a Beadle.

Marvell's Ghost by *Ayliffe.*

Impartial Trimmer.

Bajazet to *Gloriana*, by Mrs.
Behn.

Cato's Answer to *Libanius*, by
Ayliffe.

Lord *Lucas's* Ghost.

The Brazen Head, with the
Answer to it.

On the E. of *Essex's* Murder.

Advice to *Apollo*.

On D.^r of *York's* Voyage 1678.

The Battel Royal, a Dream.

Clarendon's House-warming.

On Lord Chancellor *Hyde's* Banishment.

Answer to *Dryden's* Essay on Satyr.

All the Latin Poems on *O. Cromwel*, besides some of the English.

The Giants Wars.

On the Statue in *Stocks-Market*.

Satyr, beginning, *Of all the Wonders since the World began.*

The Royal Buss, on Dutch. of *Portsmouth*.

Ld *Stafford's* Ghost, 1682.

Epitaph on Card. *Mazarine*.

The Hind and Panther trans- vers'd, by my Ld *Hal*—*x*.

The Laureat. A Satyr on Mr. *Dryden*.

On the Bishops Confinement. *Harry Carves* last Will and Testament.

Encomium on the 7 Bishops.

Protestantism reviv'd.

Epistle to Mr. *Dryden*. By Mr. *Rymer*.

The Metamorphosis, on the Plots.

Congratulatory Poem on the P. of *O.* 1688.

— — — On Q. *Mary*.

The *Observer*. Satyr on *Le- strange*.

The Pleasures of *Tunbridg*.

The Deliverance,

Of Solitude.

Prologue spoken by Mr. *Moun- fort* on leaving the Army.

South's Poem on K. *Charles's* Restoration, Latin and Eng- ish.

10 Epitaphs on *Fleet Shepard*.

Tw

On Lord *Rocheſter's* penitent Death.

The Roundheads.

Rocheſter's Ghost.

Consolatory Epistle to *Julian*.

The Female Laureat.

The Lovers Seſſion.

Dr. *Wild's* Ghost.

The Renegado Poet.

Toland's *Clito*.

Commons Petition to the King, by the E. of *Rocheſter*.

A Satyr by the same, which K. Ch. took out of his Pocket.

The Twin-Shams.

On the E. of *Roc*—rs being diſmiſt the Treasury, by *Dryden*.

Prologue to Sir *John Falſtaff*.

On *Dryden's* turning Roman Ca- tholick.

On the D. of *Gloceſter's* Death.

On Mr. *Neal's* Projects.

On ſome Votes againſt the Ld *Sum-rs*.

The Confederates, or firſt happy day of the Iſland Princeſs.

A Song on the Taxes.

On the Lord *Lovelace's* coming to *Oxford* from *Gloceſter* Goal.

Verses found in the Ruins of the Privy-Garden.

The Life of General *Blake*.

Prologue for *Tamerlane*, by Dr. *G—th*.

K. *Charles* the Second's Ghost.

The House of *Naffaw*, by Mr. *Hughes*.

On the promoted Bishops.

Several Copys of Verses on the Queen and Prince's coming to *Oxford*, by Mr. *Harcourt*, Mr. *Finch*, &c.

A Lenten Litany.

Clon

Club of unanimous Voters.
On K. Charles the First's Statue
at Charingcross.

The Haymarket Hectors.
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raway's Coffee-house.

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Satyr on old Rowly.
Encomium on two Whiggish
Walloons.

Assembly of moderate Divines.
On Wi. Williams.

On Sir W. Jones.
On 1 d Lincoln's Brother turn-
ing Roman Catholick.

On E. D—by's Impeachment.
The D. of York's last Farewel.

Bill on H. of Commons Door.
The Respondent, or Litany
for Litany.

City's Advice to the King.
Sunday-morning's Ramble.
Stanza on Westminster-Hall
Gate.

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On the D. of Gloucester's Death,
by Dr. Bentley and Ld Jef-
feries.

Occasional Conformity, by a
West-Saxon.

Prologue to the Musick-meet-
ing, by Dr. G—th.

Catalogue of Books at St.
Jame's.

Another at the City Godmo-
thers. With 200 more.

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ed, 1703. The Second Volume is printed, 1703. The
Third, 1704. And this Fourth, 1707.

The INDEX to this Fourth Volume.

T HE Oxfordshire Nine.	pag. 1
<i>A Health to the Northamptonshire Speak-</i>	
<i>ers, 4. The Reply,</i>	5
<i>Jure Divino tofs'd in a Blanket : Or, Daniel de Foe's</i>	
<i>Memorial,</i>	6
<i>In Ecclesiam Anglic.</i>	8
<i>Epitaphium E. A.</i>	9
<i>Victory upon Victory : A Poem on the Success of his</i>	
<i>Grace the Duke of Marlborough, over the French</i>	
<i>Forces near Tirlmont, 1705.</i>	19
<i>Horace, Lib. III. Ode III. Imitated.</i>	12
<i>The Comparison, 1705.</i>	15
<i>On D. M. 1704.</i>	16
<i>On the K. of Spain's Present to the D. of M.</i>	17
<i>On the Lords and Commons Vote concerning the Dan-</i>	
<i>ger of the Church, 1705.</i>	ibid.
<i>Suppos'd to be writ by a Dignify'd Clergyman,</i>	ibid.
<i>A Declaration without Doors, 1705.</i>	18
<i>On the Duke of B——'s House. Sic siti lætantur</i>	
<i>Lares,</i>	22
<i>The doleful Complaint of Sir H. M. on the Loss of his</i>	
<i>Election at Oxford, 1705.</i>	ibid.
<i>An Ode on the Duke of Marlborough, 1706.</i>	25
<i>The Seven Wise Men,</i>	28
<i>An Allusion to the Bishop of Cambray's Supplement of</i>	
<i>Homer, 1706.</i>	30
<i>An Elegy on the burning of the Church Memorial,</i>	
<i>1705.</i>	34
	Fire

Index of the Fourth Volume. ix

<i>Fire and Fagget, or the City Bonfire,</i>	35
<i>Mully of Mountown. A Poem. By the Author of the Tale of a Tub,</i>	38
<i>Illuminations at Rome, made by Pasquin, upon the raising the Siege of Barcelona, consisting of eight Figures, big as the Life, with the following Motto's, 1706.</i>	41
<i>A Letter to Mareſchal Tallard. Made English out of French. By J. Br. 1705.</i>	42
<i>An Ode occasion'd by the Battle of Ramillies, by Mr. B——y,</i>	48
<i>The Benefits of a Theatre,</i>	49
<i>A Simile,</i>	50
<i>The Jubilee Necklace; or a Present from C. III. to the D. of M. a Satyr,</i>	51
<i>The Quietus,</i>	54
<i>Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Mountfort at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, 1705.</i>	55
<i>A Dialogue between Pasquin and Morforio, two Statues in Rome,</i>	56
<i>The Nine K——s.</i>	57
<i>The Prophecy, 1703.</i>	58
<i>The Country Parson's Advice to those little Scriblers, who pretend to write better Sense than Great Secretaries: Or, Mr. Stephens's Triumph over the Pillory, 1706.</i>	63
<i>A New Prologue spoken at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on Saturday, July the 8th, 1704. in Praise of the Wells,</i>	64
<i>Upon the first fit of the Gout.</i>	65
<i>Upon Dr. B's Suit to the E. of N. for a Bishoprick,</i>	66
<i>The Address, 1704.</i>	68
<i>To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough on his late Successes in Flanders, 1706,</i>	77
<i>Faction display'd, a Poem, 1704.</i>	79
<i>Moderation display'd, A Poem, 1705. By the Author of Faction display'd,</i>	98
<i>The</i>	

- The French King's Lamentation for the Loss of the Occasional Bill, 1705.* 109
- On the Sea Fight between Sir G. R. and Tolouse, 1704.* 112
- A Song on the same,* 113
- On the Colours in Westminster-Hall, 1704.* *ibid.*
- A New Ballad to the Tune, Which no body can deny,* 114
- The Down-Cast, 1705.* 115
- Sir S. G's Petition to the good People of Ag—ham,* 118
- The Lamentation of High-Church, 1704.* 119
- The Royal Gamesters, or the old Cards new stuffed for the conquering Game,* 122
- Advice to a Painter, 1701.* 126
- The Rook,* 127
- On K. Charles's Voyage to Spain, 1704.* 128
- Britannia's Prayer for the Queen, 1706. By Mr. Tate, Poet Laureat to her Majesty,* 129
- The Miseries of England, from the Growing Power of her Domestick Enemies, 1701.* 132
- The Rape of Lucrece. Written by Mr. William Shakespeare, and dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earl of Southampton,* 143
- Venus and Adonis. Written by Mr. Shakespeare,* 205
- The first Anniversary of the Government under his Highness the Lord Protector: suppos'd to be written by Edmond Waller of Becconsfield Esq; and printed in 1655.* 245
- G I G A N T O M A C H I A, Or a full and true Relation of the Great and Bloody Fight between three Pagan Knights and a Christian Giant, 1682.* 256.
- Bacchanalia: Or a Description of a Drunken Club, 1683.* 268
- A Poem, occasion'd by the late Discontents and Disturbances*

- bances in the State, 1691. *With Reflections upon the Rise and Progress of Priest-craft,* 285
- A pleasant Battel between two Lap-Dogs of the Entopian Court. Or a Dialogue between Sleep and Awake, Jest and Earnest, Reality and Fancy: Being fought upon the new erected Dog-Pit, lately contriv'd purposely upon this Occasion, as aforesaid, in the Anti-Chamber of the said Court, where it was fought with great Applause, Satisfaction and Consent of the Company there present: But by reason of the Author's drowsy Disposition, being late at Night, and he inclin'd to sleep, he would crave your favourable Censure of this his Pains, and judge of them as you find occasion. Printed in 1681.* 310.
- Marvel's Ghost: Being a true Copy of a Letter sent to the A. Bp. of Cant. upon his sudden Sickness, at the Prince of Orange's first Arrival into London, 168².* 318
- A Congratulatory Poem to the Reverend Dr. John Tillotson, upon his Promotion to the Arch-Bishopal See of Canterbury, 1691.* 322
- The Earth-quake of Jamaica, describ'd in a Pindarick Poem, 1692.* 327
- Midsummer-Moon: Or the Livery-Man's Complaint, 1682.* 333
- A Satyr against Brandy. Written by Jo. Hains, as he saith himself, 1683.* 345
- The Grove: Or, the Rival Muses, 1701.* 348
- A Pindarick Ode, occasion'd by the Death of the late Lord Chief Justice Treby, 1701.* 365
- The Triumph of Peace. A Poem, 1698. By Mr. Hughes.* 368
- To my Lord Chancellor Hyde. Presented on New Years-Day, 1662. By J. Dryden,* 374
- Upon the stately Structure of Bow-Church and Steeple,*

ple, <i>Burnt Ann.</i> 1666. <i>Rebuilt</i> 1679. By Dr. Wild,	379
<i>A Paradox against Liberty. Written by the Lords during their Imprisonment in the Tower,</i>	381
<i>A Dialogue between the Dutchess of Clevel—and the Dutchess of Portsmouth, at their Meeting in Paris. With the Ghost of Jane Shore,</i>	388
<i>A Satyr against Persecution,</i> 1682.	393
<i>An Elegy on his Excellency Lieutenant-General Talmash,</i> 1694. By Mr. Edm. Arwaker,	404
<i>Greenwich-Hill. A Poem. By Mr. Manning,</i>	410
<i>Prince Butler's Tale: Representing the State of the Wool-Cafe; or the East-India Cafe truly stated,</i> 1691.	422
<i>Grace before Meat at a Chriſtning,</i>	428
<i>Grace after Meat,</i>	429
<i>The Dog in the Wheel. A Satyr,</i> 1705.	430
<i>On the Death of Serjeant Darnel,</i> 1706.	433
<i>A Collection of some Satyrical Prints, publish'd beyond Sea, relating to the Affairs of Europe, since the French King plac'd his Grandson on the Throne of Spain. With their Explanations in English,</i>	435
<i>The Tunbridge Prodigy. Written by a Lady,</i>	453
<i>To the Author of the Tunbridge Prodigy,</i>	454
<i>The following Lines were wrote upon the Occasion of apprehending Sir Thomas Armstrong in Leyden, in the Year 1684. taken from the Original Print, written by R. Ferguson,</i>	456
<i>The same English'd,</i>	458
<i>On the French Subjects,</i>	459
<i>On the Duke of Marlborough. By Dr. Brady, ibid.</i>	
<i>The Royal Ramble,</i> 1697.	460
<i>Epiniſion Sacro Nomini Annæ Reginae,</i>	463
<i>In Unionem Angliæ & Scotiæ,</i>	466
<i>On his Grace the Duke of Marlborough's Going for Holland,</i> 1707. <i>In Imitation of the third Ode of the first Book of Horace,</i>	467

POEMS

ON

State-Affairs.

The *Oxfordshire* NINE.

April 1705.

PErusing the List of the Tackers in Print,
And carefully marking what Members were
Some Names I observ'd to most Counties
(in't,
(did fall:

But *Oxford* afforded no fewer than All.

(there beer;
Nine Members, Nine Tackers. And more had
And their Number as great as their Spirits were

(keen :
Or had this small County, more fierce than the rest,
But sent up as many as some in the West :
A desperate Risque we had presently run
Of the League being broke, and the Nation undone.

B

Then

Then let us be grateful, and thank Heaven for't,
 Since their Heads were so hot, that their Hands
 (were so short.

But will this agree with their Courtship, thought I,
 When the Queen was harangu'd, and extol'd to the
 Sky,

In her way to the *Bath* by the *Literate Fry*?
 Or can we imagine it mightily suits
 With Thanks for her Gift of the Tenth, and First-
 (fruits?

Unless it be grateful in Sons of the Church,
 Their best Benefactors to leave in the Lurch;
 And when for their sakes she had lessen'd her Store,
 To shut up the Purse and supply Her no more.

For clogging it so as she cannot comply,
 Is just the same thing as quite to deny.
 And *Tantalus* Story again to revive,
 By giving Her that which She cannot receive.

For if a good Bill with another be join'd,
 It should be with One of a suitable Kind:
 But to yoke it with what is not proper to pass,
 Is next to the yoking an Ox with an Ass;
 Or to imitate Him, who in Story is said
 To couple together the Quick and the Dead.

Or will it agree with their *Blenheim* Address,
 Of Speeches and Verses sent Post from the Press;
 Out-running poor *Cambridge* in Loyal Pretence,
 And before her in Haste, as behind her in Sense?
 Will not this make their Poetry backward to chime,
 And turn to Burlesque all *Addison's* Rhyme?
 Extolling our Valour, and mighty Success,
 When they shew by their Tacking they wish it were

(less:
 Or commending our Cause, when with the same
 (Breath
 By stopping our Money they starve it to Death.

Unless

Unless they suppose the Nine Muses alone (done :
Would ballance the Hurt the Nine Members had
Or the Queen were so weak as to wink at the

(Wrong,

Forget the Affront, and be pleas'd with a Song.

But still I was poring, and sought to Divine
What Mystery lay in the Number of Nine :

I thought the Nine Muses might serve for the feat,
Since there they have chosen their antient Seat.

But I found my Mistake e're I went very far :

For Tacking tends only to Discord and Jar.

The famous Nine Worthies ran next in my Mind ;

But little Agreement in this I could find :

Since nothing less worthy could ever be seen,

Than to fetter a Just and a Generous Queen.

Nor trust Her with Mony to manage the Sword,

But on the condition of breaking her Word.

Or what could they offer less Worthy and Brave,

Than to hazard a Land they were chosen to save ?

Or dangerous Tricks, and Experiments try,

Exposing us all to the Chance of a Die,

And venture at once both the Church and the State,

When they saw the *French Hannibal* stand at the

(Gate.

But still may our Queen twice a Conqueror prove ;

Of her Eoes by her Arms, and her Subjects by Love.

The last is the noblest we know of the two ;

But I fear She will find 'tis the hardest to do.

Yet let not Her Majesty wholly despair,

Tho bravest Attempts the most difficult are :

For as in Eighth *Henry* our Roses combin'd,

And in our First *James* the two Kingdoms were

(join'd ;

Who knows but our *ANNE* may by Heav'n be

(decreed

To close the wide Wounds of a Nation that bleed ?

An Union that is of Importance so high :
 Nor that of our Roses, nor Realms can out-vie.
 A Victory equal to *Blenheim* Success ;
 And justly deserving a Triumph no less.
 And what from Her Reign we must hope for alone:
 For She by her Sweetness must do it, or None.

Let us hope then and pray our next Senate may be
 As zealous for Peace and Agreement as She :
 And that our Electors may open their Eyes ;
 And think it no shame at the last to grow wise.
 Or if some of that List to the House should be sent ;
 Let us pray they may see their Mistake, and repent :
 And the powerful Charms of her Excellent Reign
 May sweeten their Tempers, and fetch them again:
 Until, with a Blush, they reflect on that Vote,
 As a taking three Kingdoms at once by the Throat :
 And the only Unkindness that ever was shown
 To the Kindest of Queens, since She sat on the
 (Throne :
 And may so regret the Indignity past,
 That as 'twas the First, so it may be the Last.

A Health to the Northamptonshire
SNEAKERS, 1705.

WE'll remember the Men
 That go with us again,
 To chuse *Knights* that can afford, Sir,
 To serve without Pension,
 Or other Pretension ;
 And *Just* and *Right* is the Word, Sir.

As for those that have Pay,
We have nothing to say,
Let the Soldier live by his Sword, Sir :
We 're for Them that are known
To have Lands of their own ;
And *Just* and *Right* is the Word, Sir.

If we chuse their Court-Tools,
They may well call us Fools,
Tho a *Double Saint*, and a *Lord*, Sir :
We are sure we can trust
Both our *Right* and our *Just* ;
And *Just* and *Right* is the Word, Sir.

The R E P L Y.

Here's a Health to the *Knight*
Who dares *Vote* and dares *Fight*,
To maintain our Religion and Laws, Sir,
Against *France* and the *Tack*,
And every mad *Jack* ;
And never will *Sneak* from the Cause, Sir.

As for those whom you seem
For their Lands to esteem,
You little can say of their Brains, Sir :
But since nothing can taint
Our Brave *Soldier* and *Saint* ;
'Tis for these Men alone we can answer.

Your dull Puns we slight
Of your *Just* and your *Right*,
The Burden of *Scoundrel* Song, Sir :
Cheat us not with a Name,
For Your *Just* Ends in *Sham* ;
And your *Cart* did always go Wrong, Sir.

Jure Divino toss'd in a Blanket :

O R,

Daniel De Foe's Memorial.

UNhappy State, condemn'd to worst of Things;
Where Lawless Rogues do write, and rail at
(Kings ;

All Regal Power with Rebel Notions treat,
And lay the *Monarch* at the People's Feet :
Bred from a Factious and Repining Crew,
Secur'd by Mercy they would never shew :
Of the first Rebel *Lucifer's* black Stamp,
Whom nought will e'er reform but honest *Hemp* ;
For meaner Punishments they banter still,
And laugh at Vengeance they deserve to feel :
Correction's nothing to such Rogues as these,
Whom yet the *best of Kings* could never please :
Tho curb'd by the same Power they disown,
They'll flatter those their Mischiefs can't dethrone,
Where like the *Viper*, when you Warmth impart,
Its Poyson swells and stings you to the Heart :
Grown strong in Impudence, in Treason bold ;
Some useful Tenets they from Scripture hold,
Misconstrue Texts, and with malicious Wit,
Vary the Glorious Truths of Sacred Writ ;
Both Right Divine, and Right of Pow'r disown,
And raise the People high above the Throne ;
Heav'n can on Monarchs no such Right bestow,
The Gift's the *Peoples*, and the Power too :

That

That Prince to rule thus has a hopeful Job,
Skur'd in a Throne to please a head-strong Mobb
A hopeful Doctrine, drawn no doubt from Hell,
To teach a stubborn People to Rebel :
Which that there may be useful Rogues to prop,
Such as *De Foe* the Devil conjures up ;
Arm'd with a Pen he sets him on to Wars,
To kindle Faction, and Intestine Jars.
With double Zeal do's *Daniel's* Breast endue,
Who writes for Bread, and for Sedition too :
The *Party's* Champion——fit for such a Cause,
And the most dauntless Rogue that ever was,
Tell us then *Satan*——speak it to his Face,
Thou Guardian-Angel of the Rebel-Race,
Is there like *Daniel* one among the Tribes,
That half so well the *Party's* Zeal describes ?
That better tells us what they've always meant,
From Royal *Anna's* Reign to Martyr'd *Charles* the
(Saint.

Repining ever, burden'd with Complaints,
Wicked as Devils, yet wou'd pass for Saints ;
A lend, seditious, misbelieving Brood,
Perverse, uneasy, obstinate and proud,
Revengeful to an infinite Degree,
Nurs'd up to Murders and Barbarity,
With ev'ry Peal of loud Rebellion chime,
(For that's their old Hereditary Crime)
A second Nature with their Milk suck'd in,
Their free-born Principle and darling Sin ;
Where seeming Piety, and Meekness grow,
Atheists in practice, but mere *Saints* in show :
As tho a formal Cant, and zealous Face,
Supply'd all signs of Honesty and Grace ;
Who for their Int'rest, are the Church's Friends,
And love Devotion as it serves their Ends.

These are the Men that would reform the Age,
 Whose Zeal and Piety lie mask'd in Rage,
 That down with Superstition cry ; Desace
 Those wicked Organs, and this painted Glass :
 Down with Church Ornaments, the Pride of Nations,
 Those worse than Heathenish Abominations ;
 With Sculptures, Surplices, and all the rest,
 The superficial Trappings of the Beast.
 When all their formal Cant and Zeal's a Cheat,
 There's scarce a Saint but is a Hypocrite ;
 Who while they do these strict Injunctions preach,
 Deny in Actions what their Words do teach,
 So when Alcides had the Monster slain,
 He made him dreadful Armour of the Skin.

Unhappy Isle— where Faction always reigns,
 And seems supported in't by Providence ;
 Satyr and Scandal Ammunition are,
 And Pen and Ink declare a Paper War,
 Where Scriblers, like our Daniel, fear a Peace,
 Who draw their whole Subsistence from the Press :
 Print is their Standard, Publishers their Drums,
 Feud is the Word, and Pamphlets are their Guns :
 Where busy Rascals serve as Volunteers,
 And help to set the Rabble by the Ears ;
 While Hell and Tumult in the Front appear,
 And Mischief, and the Devil compose the Rear.
 Oh Justice ! then such Factionous Rogues restrain,
 And send us Daniel to the Lyons Den.

In Ecclesiam Anglic.

Siste Viator, & lege
 Miraculum Nequitiae !
 Sub hoc Marmore

Con:

Conduuntur Reliquiæ
 Matris admodum Venerabilis
 (Secreto jaceat ne admodum prostituatur)
 Quæ mortua fuit dum viva,
 Et viva dum mortua.
 O Facinus impium & incredibile !
 Defensore deferta,
 Patribus afflicta,
 Filiis occisa,
 Sacrificium, suffragiis τῶν πάντων,
 Votivum, & Fanaticorum furore.

Rogas
 Quanam in Terra Hoc ?
 In Insula,
 Ubi Monarcha agit contra Monarchiam,
 Ecclesiastici contra Ecclesiam,
 Legiflatores contra Legem.
 Ægrotavit Nov 5. M. DC. LXXXVIII.
 Obiit M. DCC. V.

Epitaphium E. A.

Hic jacet E. A.
 Semi-mortua, Semi-sepulta,
 Non Romanorum vi,
 Nec Fanaticorum Furore,
 Sed spiritus Insidiis ruit.
 Oh miseranda Ecclesia !
 Cui Rex Batavus, & Patriarcha non Baptizatus;

VICTORY

VICTORY upon VICTORY: A Poem
on the Success of his Grace the Duke of
Marlborough over the French Forces
near Tirlemont, 1705.

Long did Nassau his Belgick Valour try,
By English Arms to curb French Tyranny:
Vast Sums were given, and great Armies rais'd,
And Wonders done, that glorious Prince be prais'd;
Whose matchless Conduct all Men must allow,
Perform'd strange things, the Lord knows where
(or how.
He cross'd the Seas, where blust'ring Winds arose,
And fear'd a Storm as little as his Foes.
By force of Arms rang'd Flanders round about,
To fight the French, but first to find them out,
Which when he'd done, he push'd 'em here and
(there,
And did what lying Fame can best declare.
His Actions were profusely Great 'tis true,
He bomb'd old Brussels, burnt St. Malloes too,
To th' everlasting Mem'ry of the Lord knows
who. }
But Thou Great Marlborough, hast in two Cam-
paigns, (paings,
Made happy ANNA's surpass all other Reigns;
And by thy Conduct, at a mod'rate Cost,
Retriev'd that Honour fourteen Years had lost.
In thy Great Soul, in equal ballance meet,
Both Mars's Courage and Apollo's Wit.

Thou

Thou dost with Temper all thy Actions square,
And art too Wise and Fortunate to err.
The World's great Tyrant dreads thy pow'rful
(Hand,

As if *Jove's* Thunder was at thy Command;
On thy victorious Deeds looks pale and tame,
Envies thy Feats, and startles at thy Name.

Matchless and endless is the great Renown,
Which thou hast nobly won for *England's* Crown:
Bright *Anna's* Vertues, joyn'd with thy Success,
Shine equal to the Kingdom's Happiness.
Domestick Jars are by her Scepter aw'd,
Whilst with Her Sword thou Wonders dost abroad.

Elizabeth 'tis true was Wise and Great,
And rul'd with Prudence a divided State;
Did mighty Things, outdone as yet by none,
Except good *Ann* that now ascends the Throne.
Elizabeth, to shew her Judgment, chose
The gallant *Capel* to chastize her Foes,
Whose valiant Deeds made *England's* Glory shine:
But his (Great *Marlborough*) ne'er could equal thine;
For thou already hast accomplish'd more,
Than e're was done by Prince or Peer before.

Essex, 'tis true, did wondrous Fame procure,
And long in Royal Favour slept secure.
But thou art still deservedly more Great,
And tow'rst above his Virtues and his Fate.
Thy fortunate Success does Faction tame,
Mangers their Hopes, and disappoints their Aim;
Strikes back the Terror of their threatening Brow,
And makes them look confus'd, we know not how.

O happy Hero, Wise and Valiant Prince,
Darling of Heaven, and the Crown's Defence;
The Nation's Bulwark, whose resistless Blows
Crush where they fall, and batter down our Foes.

The Pride and Glory of the Grand Allies,
 The Terror of their trembling Enemies;
 The Head that wisely does project the way
 To conquer, and the Hand that wins the Day;
 The trusty Champion of th' Imperial Throne,
 Firm to their Int'rest, faithful to our own;
 A Friend to the *Hungarian* Protestants,
 Scourge to *Bavaria*, and a Sting to *France*;
 Worship'd by *Pagan Hogen* as a God,
 Esteem'd at Home, belov'd and fear'd Abroad.
 His Glorious Actions fill the World with News,
 And are the only Themes of ev'ry Muse.
 With Mirth and Joy he does whole Nations fill,
 The World seems stagnated when he stands still.
Blenheim and *Hochstet* witness his Success,
 And this more dang'rous Conquest does no less;
 But with fresh verdant Lawrels crowns his Head,
 Such as will out-wear Time, and never fade.
Cesar himself ne'er brought more Honour home,
 Or brave *Fabritius* e'er do more for *Rome*,
 Than *Marlborough* has perform'd in all degrees,
 To *England's* Glory, and for *Europe's* Ease.
 Great *Alexander* in his youthful Heat,
 'Tis true, did all the Eastern World defeat,
 And many potent Kingdoms over-run;
 But *Marlborough* out-does all in conqu'ring one.

Horace, Lib III. Ode III. *Imitated.*

THE Man that's Resolute and Just,
 Firm to his Principles and Trust,
 Nor Hopes, nor Fears can blind;
 No Passions his Designs controul,
 Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
 Can shake his Steady Mind.

Not

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,
Nor Threatnings of a Court enrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets despair;
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose,
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes,
Of this their Poets sing;
These were the Paths the Heroes trod,
These Arts made *Hercules* a God,
And great *Nassau* a King.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd beheld the breaking Flood
With black'ning Storms combin'd:
Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way,
The Winds may for a while delay,
Not alter our Design.

The Men, whom selfish Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd;
But here a Church for Succour flies,
Insulted Law'expiring lies,
And loudly calls for Aid.

Yes, *Britans*, yes! with ardent Zeal
I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
The wounding Hand to bind!
See, Tools of Arbitrary Sway,
And Priests, like Locusts, scour away
Before the Western Wind!

Law shall again her Force resume ;
 Religion, clear'd from Clouds of *Rome*,
 With brighter Rays advance :
 The *British* Fleet shall rule the Deep ;
 The *British* Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
 Strike Terror into *France*.

Nor shall these Promises of Fate
 Be limited to my short Date ;
 When I from Cares withdraw,
 Still shall the *British* Scepter stand,
 Shall flourish in a Female Hand,
 And to Mankind give Law.

She shall Domeftick Foes unite,
 Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight,
 Whole Armies drag her Chain ;
 She shall loft *Italy* reftore,
 Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
 And give a King to *Spain*.

But, know, These Promises are giv'n,
 These great Rewards Impartial Heav'n
 Does on these Terms decree ;
 That, strictly punifhing Mens Faults,
 You let their Confcienccs and Thoughts
 Reft abfolutely Free.

Let no falfe Politicks confine
 In narrow Bounds your vaft Design,
 To make Mankind unite ;
 Nor think it a fufficient Caufe
 To punifh Men by Penal Laws,
 For not believing Right.

Rome,

Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind,

Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find,

Who ne'er Compassion knew:

By Nobler Actions theirs condemn;

For what has been reproach'd in them,

Can ne'er be prais'd in you.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre;

Muse, to what Height dost thou aspire,

Pretending to rehearse

The Thoughts of Gods, and Godlike Kings?

Cease, cease to lessen lofty Things,

By mean, ignoble Verse!

The Comparison, 1705.

That fitting Measures might be taken

To save a certain Prince's Bacon,

Three Heroes, all true Sons of Mars,

As e're look'd Enemy in the A——c,

Met lately to concert Affairs,

Eng—— the Eldest Child of Fame,

Who conquers with his very Name,

Is once more come to help at a dead Pinch,

And means to play the Devil with the French;

With M——b known far and near,

For Great Atchievements fam'd in War;

Who's wisely march'd the Lord knows where,

With Troops as good as ever fought,

Full fifty thousand Men;

He's gone to do the Lord knows what,

And will return I don't know when.

Ev'n Warlike *Lewis*, whose Designs
 Were never yet to hurt his Friends,
 Who fighting wisely can refrain,
 And Hunt while *German* Towns are ta'en.

These three, all Men of mighty Deeds,
 Together wisely laid their Heads,
 To make a smart Campaign :
 So the three famous Wits of late
 Club'd Brains together to compleat,
 A Fourth as wise Trelooby ;
 And one may wager a good Sum on't,
 Some mighty Matters soon will come on't,
 If current Rumour true be.

You'll see e'er this Campaign is o'er
 Deeds worthy to be crackt on ;
 Three Loobies writ a Farce before,
 Three Gen—ls now will act one.

On D. M. 1704.

When a Church on a Hill to the *Danube* ad-
 (vances,
 Then near to his Ruin the best Cock of *France* is ;
 Then Three shall beat Five, being anger'd in *Spain*,
 And Five on all four run to *Paris* again ;
 Then the Wit of *St. Albans* a Princess shall be,
 In Right of her Husband by the Father of Three.
 This Prophecy long since was found under-ground
 By one who was lately in *Packington's* Pound.

On

On the K. of Sp--'s Present to the D. of M.

A CCEPT, my Lord, of this small glittering thing,
 'Tis like my self, the shadow of a King;
 And with it take my Sword, 'tis fit for you;
 With it I ne'er did ought, nor e'er shall do.
 Fight for th' Allies, for Honour, and for Me;
 And when I'm King, you an Arch-Duke shall be.

*On the Lords. and Commons Vote concerning
the Danger of the Church, 1705.*

THUS is at length the horrid *Hydra* slain,
 Its many hissing Heads were rear'd in vain;
 By one *Herculean* Blow the Monster fell,
 And with it all the Hopes of *France* and *Hell*.

Suppos'd to be writ by a Dignify'd Clergyman.

WHEN *A* — *a* was the Church's Daughter,
 She acted as her Mother taught her;
 But now she's Mother to the Church,
 She leaves her Daughter in the Lurch.

A Declaration without Doors, 1705.

O Ye *Britains*, draw near,
 With Attention give Ear
 To my most profound Declaration :
 It may do you some good,
 Tho I'm not understood
 By twenty wise Men in the Nation.

I'm a Parliament Member,
 Who shall sit in *November*
 To settle the Nation's Affairs ;
 Make T — and Laws,
 Not forgetting a Clause
 About the High Church's Repairs.

The High Church's Power
 Has to this very Hour,
 Been of all my Caballing the true end ;
 But I swear by my Maker,
 If you don't choose me Speaker,
 The Cause will be certainly ruin'd.

I have sent Horse and Man
 To do all they can,
 To ingage all your Votes for the Chair :
 Some Mony I've paid,
 And more Promises made,
 Of fine things I'll do when I come there.

I was sworn to the Church,
 Both to People and Porch,
 And I'm fond of the Name of High-Flyer;
 I have shewn my good Will
 For th' Occasional Bill,
 And to set the whole Nation on Fire.

If I get in the Chair,
 It will quickly appear,
 Who is for the Church, and who not, Sir:
 I'll wipe off the Paint
 Made me look like a Saint,
 And Moderation shall die on the Spot, Sir.

I was chosen for the Nests
 Of your Highflying Priests,
 Those dainty young Sons of Apollo;
 Now my Wit's at a head,
 I'm appointed to lead,
 And I'm sure that Sir H—— will follow.

My Learning t' advance,
 I travel'd to France,
 From Paris quite down to Toulon;
 Where they make People pray
 The Government's way,
 And convert them *a mode de Dragoon*.

Before I came home,
 I travel'd to Rome,
 And receiv'd th' Infallible Blessing;
 I ne'er scrupled to bow
 To the Slipper or Toe,
 And bestow'd a true Protestant Kissing.

I view'd the great Church,
 And admir'd the Porch,
 And I counted the Steps to the Altar;
 I went to the Mattin,
 Said my Prayers in Latin,
 And I sung to her Ladyship's Platter.

I bless'd the three Nations
 With my wife Observations,
 That they might my Learning inherit;
 But as soon as 'twas printed,
 I sincerely repented,
 'Twas so laugh'd at I never could bear it.

Now from Popery and Rome,
 I'm to Coventry come,
 Where I'm quite overrun with Religion;
 The High Church and I
 Such Experiments try,
 You wou'd swear we had *Mabonnet's* Pigeon.

The Occasional Bill
 Was fram'd in our Mill,
 Of true Catholick Preparation;
 The Warp and the Woof
 Look'd like Protestant Stuff,
 But the Devil was in the Fashion.

I huzza'd for the Tack,
 For I was always a Jack,
 And was fond of *Jure Divino*;
 But with what Intent,
 Or what 'twas I meant,
 That's a thing neither you know nor I know.

To High-Church I'm as true,
 As a Protestant blue,
 And fain wou'd Dissenters be Mobbing;
 But we had such a Defeat
 In *Coventry Street*,
 That we're damnably 'fraid of their drubbing.

I hate Moderation,
 It has ruin'd the Nation,
 Both the B — s and Q — are infected;
 Do but set me i'th' Chair,
 I'll the High-Church repair,
 And Religion shall soon be dissected.

We have made such Advances,
 You'd think them Romances,
 All the Churches on Earth to unite-a;
 That *Mahomet* and We
 May quickly agree,
 And *Rome* shall no more men affright-a.

Our true *English Church*
 Shall to Popery approach,
 And Popery to her shall advance;
 The Sisters shall kiss,
 Pass by what's amiss,
 And we shall shake hands, Sir, with *France*.

Thus the Tools of the Age
 Shall quickly grow Sage,
 When they cant of their Union and Peace, Sir;
 This will Union convey
 The true Catholick way,
 And the World shall be all of a Piece, Sir.

If the Whigs and Dissenters
 Should think to prevent us,
 And oppose us with damn'd Moderation;
 By unanimous Votes,
 We will cut all their Throats,
 And so we'll unite the whole Nation.

On the Duke of B——'s House.

Sic siti latantur Lares.

HAppily hous'd these *Lares* are,
 To feed on *Vista's* and fresh Air;
 To dine with *Humphrey's* Duke each day,
 And gaze their Supper-time away.
 Wou'd *Ceres* bring her * Sheafs of Corn,
 'Twou'd better *Sheffield's* House adorn;
 To which if *Bacchus* Grapes wou'd bring,
 Then might the *Lares* laugh and sing.

*The doleful Complaint of Sir H. M. on the
 Loss of his Election at Oxford, 1705.*

YE Freeholders most dear
 Of *Cardigan-shire*,
 Look down from your Mountains with Pity,
 On the desperate Case
 Of your Knight Out of Place;
 And attend to my sorrowful Ditty.

* *His Coat of Arms is the Wheat-Sheaf.*

I left you indeed,
 In hopes to succeed
 At *Oxford*, the Seat of the Muses;
 Where Merit prevails
 At less Cost than in *Wales*,
 And the Chosen adorn him that chooses.

The Thing would be done
 As sure as a Gun,
 I was told by *Sachev'rell* my Hector;
 But now they send back
 Poor baffled Sir *Mac*,
 And call me an empty Projector.

A *Pinnacle* Fine,
 Dug out of my Mine,
 I rais'd on the Top of *High Church-a*;
 To no Purpose, God wot,
 They matter it not,
 And leave me and my Cause in the Lurch-a.

I sent to each Head,
 Bound in Blue and in Red,
 My Case of *Ashby* and *White-a*;
 But as soon as they'd read it,
 I lost all my Credit,
 And now they bid me go sh---te-a.

I drew my *Goose Quill*
 For Occasional Bill,
 And wore it quite down to the Stump-a;
 I gave them my Pelf,
 Would ha' given 'em my self,
 But they care not a F — t for Sir *Numb-a*.

I wrote o'er and o'er
 All the Bills for the Poor,
 'And *abridg'd* them to one that was longer;
 Touch'd again and again
 By my accurate Pen,
 Each Clause grew stronger and stronger.

All my Labour and Law
 Was not thought worth a Straw,
 To reward Publick Spirits no Care is;
 First my Bill with a Flout,
 Then I was thrown out,
 And sent back *with the Poor* to the Parish.

A Book I put out,
 I wrote it about
 (The Thoughts of a Man of *Black-List-a*;
 But the Stuff that came after,
 Occasion'd such Laughter,
 My Readers were almost bepist-a.

The Learned allow'd,
 Of which I am proud,
 That the Work there had been some Good in;
 But still they would say,
 'Twas all out of the way,
 And had not one word of the Pudding.

When the Poll was declar'd,
 O then it appear'd,
 At which I was too much concern'd;
 That Sir *William* had more
 By One Hundred and Four,
 Than even Sir *Humphrey* the Learned.

Had

Had the Odds been but few,
 I had ne'er look'd so blue,
 Since Regard had been paid to my Merit;
 To be beat out of Sight
 By an *Un-Writing* Knight,
 Flesh and Blood is not able to bear it.

Since they've play'd such a Game,
 Let them e'en take the Shame,
 They shall find to their Cost what will follow;
 I'll retire to my Mines,
 Where the Sun never shines,
 And a F—t for the Sons of *Apollo*.

An ODE on the D. of Marlborough,
 1706.

WHAT Pow'r of Words can equal thy Re-
 (nown,
 Illustrious God of War? What Muse can raise
 Numbers sufficient for thy Praise?
Thalia, *Arethusa*, skill'd in Song,
 The mighty Task decline;
 To *Churchill's* Race the Theme belongs,
 (*Churchill's* Race transcend the Nine.)
 'Tis * *Sunderland* alone that must inspire,
 She shares the Godlike Hero's Fire;
 And she must tune the Voice, and animate the Lyre.

O *Marlbro'*, her Influence shall supply
 The Poet's mean Ability;

* The Duke of Marlborough's Daughter married to the Earl of Sunderland.

Whilst he to sing prepares
 The Triumphs of thy Wars ;
 The Terror of thy conq'ring Arms,
 Which freed the Empire from Alarms,
 And struck the trembling *Gaul* with pannic Fears.

Lewis, once call'd *The Great*,
 In Thee beholds his Fate ;
 At *Schellemburg* thou let'st him see
 An Action worthy of thy Cause and Thee :
 On *Blenheim's* fatal Plain,
 Thousands on Thousands slain,
 Told the insulting Foe again,
 That *Marlborough*, arm'd in *ANNA's* Cause,
 To injur'd Nations should restore
 Their Rights, their Liberties and Laws.
 Forsaken Justice shall no longer mourn,
 Uninterrupted Streams of Faith return,
 Now *Marlbro's* thund'ring Arm has broke the Ty-
 (rant's Pow'r.

What Pyramids of Praise !
 What Wreaths of never-dying Bays
 Shall crown thy Glorious Head ?
 Who to sure Conquest dost thy Armies lead.
 The Passage of the *Granic* Flood,
 Which has so many Ages stood,
 Renown'd in *Grecian* Story,
 With all young *Ammon's* Deeds, are but a Foil
 To the Superior Action of the *Dyle*,
 And only serve to raise the Lustre of thy Glory.
 The Heroes of Antiquity,
 Great *Pompey*, *Cesar*, *Anthony*, and He
 Who Kindred claim with *Jove*,
 Shall blush to see
 Themselves fall short, so infinitely short of Thee.

And

And Oh ! Thou eldest Son of Fame !
How shall we 'nough adore thy Name ?
To praise thee as we ought,
The Spirit of our Lays
Should equal that with which our Hero fought,
And gain'd immortal Fame at *Rammelies*.
But Numbers are too slow,
So fast thy mighty Conquests flow ;
Such is the Terror of thy Sword,
So quick the yielding Cities Bow,
To recognize their rightful Lord.
Joyful *Iberia* shall declare
The Wonders thou hast done for her ;
Admiring *Europe* shall confess,
To thee they owe the Charms of Peace,
And Nations emulous shall crown thy vast Success.

Thrice happy *Britain* ! glorious Isle !
On Thee the rescu'd Princes smile,
And bless thy fruitful Plains,
From whence their great Deliv'rer came ;
Where *Marlbro'* drew his vital Flame,
And mighty *ANNA* reigns.
But Oh ! amidst th' extreamest Joy
Of thy exulting Swains,
How are thy Bards deprest !
What dire Confusion fills their Breast !
When anxious they behold
The *British* General, with greater Ease,
Vanquish the Nation's Enemies,
Than they find Words to celebrate his Victories.

The Seven Wise Men.

S Even Sages in these latter Times are seen,
 The Glory and Support of *Albion's* Queen;
 Whose Wisdom will the *Gordian* Knot undo,
 And be our Isle's *Palladium* 'gainst the Foe.
 Unstable *Britain* may like *Dilos* float,
 Yet still she's safe while Patriots guide the Boat.

First stands recorded, in the List of Fame,
 The gen'rous, brave, the humble S——'s Name;
 Learning's good Ornament, the Muses Pride,
 By Nature form'd in Councils to preside.
 The Poets, who in Crouds his Table throng,
 Are ravish'd with the Accents of his Tongue;
 The rhiming Guests are fed with sumptuous Fare,
 Rewards can make his gibb'rish Language clear.

A gentle D—— comes next in close Debate,
 To search into the deep Intrigues of State;
 But scarce had he in Council taken place,
 When fond *Lucinda* call'd away his Grace;
 In Liberties of Love, she told her Lord,
 His Talent was not for the Council-board.
 Her tender Limberham she did implore
 To quit those factious Follies at Threescore;
 And pleaded that his Name was only given
 To have one Man of Honour in the Seven.

Next giddy *Phaeton* begins his Flight,
 And boldly dares ascend the Orb of Light;
 But the rash Youth will soon inflame the Ball,
 And with Confusion from his Chariot fall.
 Those *Jackdaws* Eyes can never bear the Test,
 Tho they were nourish'd in an *Eagle's* Nest;
 Those artless Hands, and that untimely Zeal,
 May harm, but ne'er preserve the Commonweal:

Then

Then to his Library let him confine
 The undigested Notions of his Brain ;
 In curious Speculation spend his Days,
 And labour to preserve *J—s F—rb—s's* Praise.
 To Learning, 'tis confess'd, he's some Pretence,
 For he abounds in Books, tho not in Sense.

O valiant *Sc——* ! with unan'mous Voice,
 The Nation does applaud the Senate's Choice ;
 Grown old in Wars, thou must in Council sit,
 For Councils now, as once for Actions, fit.
 Thy penetrating Sense can soon unfold
 Mysterious Truth in thy own Cyphers told.

As a raw Youth, of the *Patrician* Race,
 In that August Assembly claims a Place,
 Only with awful Silence to attend,
 And by the Sire's wise Precepts form his tender
 Our modern Sages prudently admit (Mind,
 Young *T—f—d* should in the Committee sit ;
 Provided still the first like Stamp he bear,
 And, like the Infant *Carthaginian*, swear
 Immortal Hatred to his Father's Foes,
 And ever to support *The Good Old Cause*.

Unheard came creeping next a crafty Bard,
 Who factious Business never did retard ;
 An antient Stock, in covert Sawpits bold,
 In Plots consummate, and in Tricks grown old ;
 Since among Knaves he holds the foremost place,
 Old *Fw——n's* Footsteps who so well can trace ?
 Tho twice his Marriage-bed has been betray'd,
 Good reason still his Vengeance has allay'd.
 The Injury his former Spouse has done,
 A large Estate most amply did atone ;
 He is content his present Spouse should strol
 To gain young Bullies to the *Kit-kat* Bowl.

S——, thou mighty Genius, next arise,
 Nor let young *J——s* thy Vigilance surprize ;

Let neither Guilt, or Crime, nor sense of Pain
 Distract the Projects of thy teeming Brain,
 Those Labours may be crown'd another Reign.
 With thy accustom'd Art expound the Laws,
 Weighing the Party's Merit, not the Cause.
 Above the common Honour of a P——,
 Thy restless Soul disdains that humble Sphere.
 A Blazing-Comet to amaze the Sight,
 And with a fiery Tail the People fright.
 Thus, for a while, thou may'st with Lustre shine,
 But soon to Primitive Dregs thou must return again.

Oh *Albion*, on these Shoulders ne'er repose,
 These are thy dangerous intestine Foes ;
 These are the Tyrants who would thee enthrall,
 Resolve to govern, or o'erthrow the Ball,
 Tho they, like *Sampson*, in the Ruin fall.

*An Allusion to the Bishop of Cambray's
 Supplement of Homer, 1706.*

C *Ambray*, whilst of Seraphick Love you set
 The noblest Image in the clearest Light ;
 A Love by no Self-Interest debas'd,
 But on th' Almighty's high Perfections plac'd ;
 A Love in which true Piety consists,
 That soars to Heav'n without the help of Priests :
 Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppose,
 Support the Cheats from which her Income flows.
 Her Censures may condemn, but not confute,
 If best your elevated Notions suit
 With what to Reason seems th' Almighty's Due,
 They have th' Appearances of being true :
 And what can animated Clay produce
 Beyond a Guess, in Matters so abstruse ?

But

But when, descending from Empireal Height,
You stoop of sublunary Things to treat,
Minerva seems your Moral to dispense;
How great the Subject, how sublime the Sense!
Not the *Meonian* Bard with such a Flame
E'er sung of ruling Arts (your lofty Theme)
In your *Telamachus* (his Hero's Son)
We see the great Original outdone.

There is in Virtue sure a hidden Charm
To force Esteem, and Envy to disarm;
Else in a flatter'ing Court you ne'er had been design'd
T' instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.
Happy your Native Soil (at least by Nature so)
On none her Treasures more profusely flow.
The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with Flow'rs the Plain,
Without the Sun's too near Approach, serene.
But Heav'n in vain does on your Vineyards smile,
The Monarch's Glory mocks the Lab'rer's Toil;
Whilst to set up Pretenders to the Throne
Of other Kingdoms, he destroys his own.
Neglected *Ceres* with Reluctance yields
Her Tribute to uncultivated Fields.

What tho' elab'rate Brass with Nature strive,
And proud *Equestrian* Figures seem alive?
With various Terrors on their Basis wrought;
With yielding Cittadels surpriz'd or bought?
Such Prodigies of Art and costly Pains,
Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabble's Chains.

O despicable State of all that groan
Under a blind Dependency on One!
How far inferior to the Herds that range
With Native Freedom o'er the Woods and Plains:
With them no Fallacies of Schools prevail,
Nor of a Right Divine the nauseous Tale,
Can give to one among themselves a Pow'r,
Without Controul his Fellows to devour.

To reas'ning Humankind alone belong
The Arts to hurt themselves, by reas'ning wrong.

Howe'er the foolish Notion first began,
Of trusting abs'lute Pow'r to lawless Man;
Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force subsist,
(For who would be a Slave that can resist?)
Those sit the safest, easiest on the Throne,
That make their Peoples Interest their own;
And chusing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
Are Kings of *Men*, not of a Servile Herd.

Oh Liberty! wish'd for too late, when lost;
Like Health, by those that want thee, valu'd most.
In Regions, where no Property is known,
Thro which the *Garonne* runs, and rapid *Rhone*,
Where Peasants toil for Harvests not their own,
How gladly would they quit their fruitful Soil,
How gladly change for thee their Wine and Oil!
As Wretches chain'd and lab'ring at the Oar,
In sight of *Italy's* delightful Shore,
Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more.

Thy Laws have still their Force above the rest
Of Gothic Kingdoms; happy *Albion*, blest:
Long since their antient Freedom they have lost,
And servilely of their Subjection boast.
Thy better Fate the vain Attempt resists
Of faithless Monarchs, and designing Priests;
Unshaken yet thy Government subsists.
While Streams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,
Red'ning the *Maese*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*;
Thy *Thames*, auspicious Isle, her Thunder sends
To crush thy Foes, and to relieve thy Friends.

Say Muse (since no Surprise, or foreign Stroke
Can hurt her guarded by her Walls of Oak,
Since wholesom Laws her Liberty transfer
To future Ages) what can *Albion* fear?
Can she the dear-bought Treasure throw away?
Have Universities so great a Sway?

The

The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect
On Mansions where the Muses keep their Seat.
Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhime,
My creeping Numbers she forbids to climb;
Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
And o'er my drooping Senses Sleep prevails.

An Antique Pile near *Thames's* Silver Stream
Was the fantastick Object of my Dream;
In antient time a consecrated Fane,
But since apply'd to Uses more profane:
Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,
Oft in the Right, and oftner in the Wrong:
Of Good and Bad the variable Test,
Where the Religion that is voted best
Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest.

On the high Fabrick stood a Monster fell,
Of hideous Hue, second to none in Hell;
No Fury to be more abhor'd and fear'd,
Her Teeth and Jaws with Clods of Gore besmear'd;
Her Party-colour'd Robe obscenely stain'd
With pious Murders, Freeman rackt and chain'd;
With the implacable and brutal Rage
Of fierce Dragoons, sparing nor Sex, nor Age;
With all the horrid Instruments of Death
Torturing the Innocent, to improve their Faith,
Piercing the Roof with her infectious Breath,
Thus She began; Are then my Labours vain,
That to the Pow'r of *France* have added *Spain*?
Vain my Attempts to make that Empire great?
And shall a Woman my Designs defeat?
Baffle th'infernal Project I've begun,
And break the Measures of my fav'rite Son?
How diff'ring from the Heroes of her Race,
Who made their Humour of their Laws take place;
And, slighting Coronation-Oaths, disdain'd
Their high Prerogative should be restrain'd.

Tho her own Isle is blest'd with Liberty,
 Has she a Right to set all *Europe* free?
 Under this Roof, with Management, I may
 The Progress of her Arms at least delay.
 From a contagious Vapour I will blow
 Within these Walls, Breaches shall wider grow;
 Here let imaginary Fears prevail,
 And give a Colour to affected Zeal;
 From trivial Bills let warm Debates arise,
 Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.
 If once my treach'rous Arts and watchful Care
 Break the Confed'racy, and end the War,
 Ador'd in Hell I may in Triumph sit,
 And *Europe* to one Potentate submit.

Waking at so destable a Sound,
 I cry'd, Infernal Hag, be ever dumb!
 Here *Anna* reigns; a Queen by Heav'n bestow'd
 To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.
 As *Rome* of old gave Liberty to *Greece*,
Anna th' invaded sinking Empire frees;
 Th' Allies her Faith, her Pow'r the *French* proclaim,
 Her Piety th' Oppress'd, the World her Fame.
 At *ANNA*'s Name, dejected, pale and fear'd,
 The execrable Fantom disappear'd.

*An Elegy on the burning of the Church
 Memorial, 1705.*

NO! Sacred Pages, never more repine,
 Tho sacrific'd to Faction and Design.
 Thy Votaries by this more strong become,
 Gath'ring fresh Vigor from your Martyrdom.
Arabian Spices so, dissolv'd by Heat,
 Scatter Perfumes around, divinely sweet:

So thy Professors fell in wicked Days,
 Their Glorious Lives concluding with a Blaze.
 By such a Death would I obtain a Name,
 And make my Zeal outshine my Fun'ral Flame.
 So from the World the *Cæsars* did retire,
 Ascending to the Gods from Piles of Fire.
 So *Ptolomy's* fam'd Library did shine
 In Unlearn'd Flames; No Loss compar'd to thine.
 But we can you, Immortal Leaves, restore
 To former Life; nor the hard Fate deplore.
 Sure from your Smoak some Miracle must rise,
 As when an Angel mounted to the Skies,
 And sanctify'd the Flame in *Manoab's* Sacrifice:
 Spite of thy adverse chance, thou shalt be read,
 Nor dye, till Principle and Truth be dead.
 Thou to thy Beauty shalt again return,
 Smile like a Cherub, like a Seraph burn.
 But Oh! Expect what the three Children bore,
 A Fire that's Seven times hotter than before,
 And all *Fanatick Rage* can practise more.
 Yet thou shalt feel no Harm, no Fear disclose,
 But like the Furnace, flash upon thy Foes.

Fire and Faggot, or the City Bon-Fire.

SHE's dead! thanks to the Jury's pious Care,
 And all her sad Complaints are turn'd to Air;
 Vanish'd in Smoak, as her neglected Crys
 From Earth to Hav'n's more pitying Mansions rise.
OG—ll—nd *, to thy fam'd Zeal is due,
 That *Salter's Hall* has glorious things in view,
 That *Pinner's* and *Old-Jury's* younger *Paul's*
 Hold Saints triumphant now within their Walls;

* *Mr. Gellibrand, who solicited to get this Libel burnt.*

Since but for Thee, as sure as God's in *Gloc'ster*,
The Court had never fix'd on ways to roast her.

Th' Attempt was noble, as the Fact was bold,
Let it in *Gath* and *Askalon* be told,
That Unbelievers may from thence perceive,
We dare to punish such as dare to grieve;
Heav'n's bless the righteous *B* — each Mother's

(Son,

Who have their Sage Fore-fathers Deeds outdone,
And thus disclaim'd the Sins of *Forty One*:
They ne'er sat bogling how to judg and try her,
But flung her instantly into the Fire:
So perish all, that from these Presents dare
Speak what's offensive to the City Chair,
Or vent such Doctrines as shall disagree
With bless'd Occasional Conformity.

Not that to Thee alone we should ascribe
That *Ephraim* gains the point of *Judab's* Tribe,
And rides upon the Shoulders of his Foe,
As *High Church* yields the Day to what is Low.
Others have been Partakers in the Deed,
Witness brave *D — n*, *D — le*, *H — g — s*, *Th —*
Immortal D — nes, *Hugh H — dy*, *M — x — y*, *L — n*,
Who could not bear to see Dissenters undone;
With *Gl — r*, *H — r — s*, Saint-like *H — ch* and *H — s*,
Heroes of Worth, and of just claim to Praise,
B — d — n, *Gr — y*, *Sw — ne*, *Fr — b* and *L — k*,
Seventeen good Men, and true as ever struck,
As ever took up Arms in days of *Tore*,
Or e'er drew Basket-Hilt at *Marston Moor*.

Sculpture, in Monumental Brass erect
Those that have made the Saints the True Elect;
Their Statues in the several Niches range,
Fix'd upon Pedestals before th' Exchange.
Patriots like these the Fabrick will adorn,
And stimulate the Children yet unborn;

*To make the coming Ages be their own,
And practise the Examples they have shown.*

What if the Court no Precedent can plead,
And they from customary Rules recede,
As they beyond past Ages Foot-steps run,
And act what by the Senate's only done?
Must querimonious Mutineers imply

**Culprit was wrong'd, and did not fairly die?
The Thought's absurd, and foolish the Mistake,
Where Precedents are wanting we should make.**

Some would have had her all besmear'd with Tar,
And carry'd into *Smithfield* from the Bar,
Where Saints of old eternal Truths confess'd,
Mounting from earthly Flames to Heav'nly Rest.
But wiser Heads, who soon foresaw a Tartar,
Judg'd she from thence might have been stil'd a

And sent her to th' *Exchange*, to make her sad De-
(Martyr,
(parture.

Since no one there cou'd be suppos'd to die
Or for Religion, or for Loyalty,
Virtues unknown (their Practices a shame on)
To such whose Idol's *Gain*, and God is *Mammon*.
And there, to expiate her vile Offence,
On the bright Wings of Flame she mounted hence ;
Soar'd upward, where departed Spirits rise,
And climb'd the vast Expanse, and reach'd the Skies.

Thus *Hercules* (as Heathen Poets feign)
On Oeta's Top, like this Delinquent slain,
High o'er the Stars, Celestial Regions trod,
By being made a Mortal, made a God.

Mully of Mountown. A Poem. By the
Author of the Tale of a Tub.

I.

(Cares,

Mountown! Thou sweet Retreat from *Dublin*
Be famous for thy *Apples* and thy *Pears*,
For *Turnips*, *Carrots*, *Lettice*, *Beans*, and *Pease*,
For *Peggy's Butter*, and for *Peggy's Cheese*.
May *Clouds of Pigeons* round about thee fly,
But condescend sometimes to make a *Pye*.
May fat *Geese* gaggle with melodious Voice,
And ne'er want *Gooseberries* or *Apple-Sauce*.
Ducks in thy *Ponds*, and *Chickens* in thy *Penns*;
And be thy *Turkeys* Numerous as thy *Fens*.
May thy *Black Pigs* lye warm in little *Stye*,
And have no *Thought* to grieve them till they die.
Mountown! The *Muses* most delicious *Theam*,
O may thy *Codlins* ever swim in *Cream*!
Thy *Rash*— and *Strawberries* in *Bourdeaux* drown,
To add a redder *Tincture* to thy own;
Thy *White-Wine*, *Sugar*, *Milk* together club,
To make that gentle *Viand Syllabub*.
Thy *Tarts* to *Tarts*, *Cheefecakes* to *Cheefecakes* join,
To spoil the *Relish* of the flowing *Wine*:
But to the fading *Palate* bring *Relief*
By thy *Westphalian Ham*, or *Belgick Beef*.
And to compleat thy *Blessings* in a *Word*,
May still thy *Soil* be *Generous* as its *Lord*.

II.

Oh *Peggy*, *Peggy*, when thou go'st to *brew*,
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very *Wise*, very sedately *think*
That what you are about to make is *Drink*:

Con-

Consider *who* must drink that *Drink*, and then
What 'tis to have the Praise of *Honest Men*:
 For surely, *Peggy*, while that *Drink* does last,
 'Tis *Peggy* will be *toasted* or *disgrac'd*.
 Then if thy *Ale* in *Glass* thou would'st confine,
 To make its sparkling Rays in Beauty shine,
 Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,
 Lest a white Substance to the Surface fly,
 And, floating there, disturb the curious Eye.
 But this great *Maxim* must be understood,
Be sure, nay very sure, thy Cork be Good;
 Then future Ages shall of *Peggy* tell,
 That Nymph that *brew'd* and *bottl'd Ale* so well.

III.

How fleet is *Air*! How many things have Breath,
 Which in a moment they resign to *Death*;
 Depriv'd of *Light*, and all their happiest State,
 Not by their *Fault*, but some o'er-ruling *Fate*!
 Altho fair *Flowers*, that justly might invite,
 Are crott, nay torn away for *Man's* Delight;
 Yet still those *Flowers*, alas, can make no Moan,
 Nor has *Narcissus* now a Power to groan.
 But all those things which breathe in *different* Frame,
 By Tye of common Breath *Man's* Pity claim.
 A Gentle *Lamb* has Rhetorick to plead,
 And when she sees the Butcher's Knife decreed,
 Her Voice entreats him not to make her bleed;
 But cruel Gains, and Luxury of *Taste*,
 With *Pride*, still lays *Man's* Fellow *Mortals* waste:
 What *Earth* and *Waters* breed, or *Air* inspires,
Man for his *Palate* sits by torturing *Fires*.

Milly, a Cow sprung from a Beauteous Race,
 With spreading Front did *Mountown's* Pastures grace.
 Gentle she was, and with a gentle *Stream*,
 Each Morn and Night gave *Milk* that equal'd *Cream*.

Offending None, of None she stood in Dread,
Much less of Persons which she daily fed :

But Innocence cannot it self defend (Friend.

Gainst Treacherous Arts vail'd with the Name of

Robin of Derbyshire, whose Temper shocks

The Constitution of his Native Rocks,

Born in a * Place, which if it once be nam'd,

Wou'd make a Blushing Modesty asham'd :

He with Indulgence kindly ~~did~~ appear,

To make poor *Mully* his peculiar Care.

But inwardly this sullen churlish Thief

Had all his Mind plac'd upon *Mully's* Beef :

His Fancy fed on her, and thus he'd cry,

Mully, as sure as I'm alive you die ;

'Tis a brave Cow, O Sirs when *Christmas* comes,

These *Shins* shall make the *Porridge* grac'd with *Plumbs*.

Then midst our Cups, while we profusely *Dine*,

This *Blade* shall enter deep in *Mully's* *Chine* : (Roast ?

What *Ribs*, what *Rumps*, what *Bak'd*, *Boil'd*, *Stew'd*, and

There shan't a single *Tripe* of her be lost. (Sounds,

When *Peggy*, Nymph of *Mountown*, heard these

She griev'd to hear of *Mully's* future Wounds :

What Crime, says she, has gentle *Mully* done ?

Witness the Rising and the Setting *Sun*,

That knows what *Milk* she constantly would give ;

Let that quench *Robin's* Rage, and *Mully* live.

Daniel, a Sprightly Swain, that us'd to slash

The vigorous Steeds that drew his Lord's Calash,

To *Peggy's* side inclin'd ; for 'twas well known

How well he lov'd those Cattle of his own.

Then *Terence* spoke oraculous and fly,

He'd neither grant the Question, or deny ; (Pys. }

Pleading for *Milk*, his Thoughts were on *Mince*. }

But all his Arguments so dubious were,

That *Mully* thence had neither Hopes nor Fear.

* *The Devil's Arse of Peak.*

You've

You've spoke, says *Robin*, but now let me tell ye
 'Tis not fair-spoken Words that fill the Belly ;
 Pudding and Beef I love, and cannot stoop
 To recommend your *Bonny-Clapper Sloop* ;
 You say she's *innocent*, but what of *that* ?
 'Tis more than *Crime* sufficient that she's *Fat* ;
 And that which is prevailing in this Case,
 Is, there's another *Cow* to fill her Place.
 And granting *Mully* to have *Milk* in store,
 Yet still this other *Cow* will give us more ;
 She dies—stop here my *Muse*, forbear the rest,
 And vail that Grief which cannot be express.

*Illuminations at Rome, made by Pasquin,
 upon the raising the Siege at Barcelona,
 consisting of Eight Figures, big as the
 Life, with the following Motto's, 1706.*

1. **T**HE Lord giving Sight to the Man born
 blind, with the Duke of Savoy's Figure.
 The Motto,

Domine, jam video. Lord, now I see.

2. *Peter* coming forth upon hearing the Cock
 crow, with the Pope's Figure. The Motto,
Et egressus, flevit amare. And he went forth, and
 wept bitterly.

3. *Saul* dying on Mount *Gilboa*, with the Elector
 of *Bavaria's* Figure. The Motto,
Tenent me undique Angustia. Sorrows compass
 me about.

4. *Pharaoh* in the *Red-Sea*, with the French
 King's Figure. The Motto,
Ex omnibus non unus re- There remain'd not so
manfit. much as one of them.

5. *Judas*

5. *Judas going to hang himself, with Portocare-ro's Figure. The Motto,*
Peccavi, tradito San- I have sinn'd, in that I
guine innoxio. have betray'd innocent
 Blood.

6. *Judith with Holofernes's Head in her Hand, with the Queen of England's Figure. The Motto,*
Tradidit Dominus Po- God has deliver'd his
testatem ejus in ma- Power into the Hands
num Femina. of a Woman.

7. *Jonah in the Ship surrounded with Waves, with the Duke of Anjou's Figure. The Motto,*
Propter me exorta est For my sake is this great
hec Tempestas. Tempest rais'd.

8. *The Daughters of Sion rejoicing, with the Grandees of Spain, when they went to meet Charles the Third. The Motto,*
Abstulit Opprobrium ex He has taken away the
Israel. Reproach from *Israel.*

His Holiness having offer'd a great Sum for the Discovery of the Author, he thereupon affix'd on the Palace-Gate these following Words:

Græci carent Ablativo, Itali Dativo, Ego No-
minativo.

A Letter to Mareschal Tallard. Made English out of French. By J. Br.

1705.

IT's true, *Tallard*, when sickle Chance deny'd,
 At *Blenheim's* fatal Field to crown thy Side,
 Where Right again did win; and *Europe* see
 Thy Master's Lillies droop, tho led by Thee:

It might be well allow'd thee to repine,
 For who's a *Stoick*, in a Case like thine ?
 But now since others striving to repair
 Thy Country's Loss, with as successless Care,
 Ha' found superior *Britain's* Strength the same,
 O'erthrown like Thee in the mad Chace of Fame ;
 Forgive th'unsteddy Goddess thy Defeat,
 And count it *Churchill's* Privilege to beat.

In Ages past, the mighty Mortal name,
 That could an equal Place in Annals claim ;
 The Boasts and Wonders of the *Trojan* Race,
 From *Rome's* aspiring Twins, to *Cæsar*, trace ;
 Thro the long Roll of all their Labours run,
 Till ev'ry Town subdu'd, and Battel won.
 But as thou dost the glorious Search pursue,
 And leaving antient Valour, turn to New ;
 Be just to *Churchill's* Worth, and thy best Praise
 (bestow,

A noble Spirit's Gift, on such a matchless Foe.
 For see assisting Fate, with Force Divine,
 Once more for him the doubtful Scale incline ;
 See *Flanders* now a bloody Prospect yield,
 And *Blenheim* rival'd by *Ramilia's* Field.
 Where met alike, and by as daring Men,
 The Warrior has out-strip'd his Country's Hopes :—
 Observe how soon usurpt Dominion fell, (gain.
 While juster Titles were asserted well ;
 How to reduce the long contested Soil
 Of *Belgia's* better half, was but a Se'nights Toil.
 Then own, *Tallard*, tho there but little be
 Of Truth allow'd in Tales of Chivalry ;
 Tho where great Acts are pictur'd in Extremes,
 We think 'em oft'nest but the Writer's Dreams.
 Some Prodigies authentick we may call,
 And all that's strange, is not Apocryphal.
 When *Spierbach's* Fortune, to thy Valour kind,
 Did thy serener Brow with Laurels bind ;

When

When thou bought'st Conquest at a rate too high,
 Since thy Defeat, which paid it, was so nigh;
 Thy Soul could surely, with Applauses warm,
 No Thought of her approaching Sorrow form;
 Nor while on Seas so smooth thy Fate did steer,
 Imagine Shelves and Quicksands would appear.
 That double Trophy on his Borders got,
 Old hoary *Rhine* yet cannot ha' forgot;
 When he a Witness of the *Germans* Grief,
 From his deep Channel saw *Landau's* Relief:
 The false Assurance of Eternal Praise,
 Thy *Lewis* then infer'd from one well-gotten Bays;
 For tho he thought Confederate Force to break,
 The *Boyan* Duke, and *Marfin* were too weak;
 He doubted not but those combin'd with you,
 Would on the *Danube* turn the Ballance too.
 'Twas then (O Flattery of *Bourbon's* Fate!)
 The Race of *Cesar's*, in its threatned State,
 Beginning first of Succour to despair,
 The Shock of three such Torrents scarce could bear.
 In vain the Swords of *Lewis* and *Eugene*,
 So oft in *Turkish* Fields successful seen,
 (Where never drawn without expected Gain,
 The waxing Moons they still compell'd to wain.)
 Your Rage oppos'd, while the big Tide was high;
 To stem it quite another Arm must fly.
 The bold Physician of an Empire's Fears,
 For this great Task reserv'd, at last appears:
 It's succ'ring *Churchill*, who with Justice great,
 No Blank e'er draws among the Lots of Fate;
 As if but He to fix the Goddess knew,
 And Laurels only for his Temples grew:
 Hard was the Warrior's March, and long the Way,
 Till *Schellemburg* he reacht, his first Essay,
 Where *Europe* did on both thy Rivals see
 The Blush of a Defeat unshar'd by thee.

Twas

'Twas a brave Effort ! but one more as great
The Hero wants to make the Gain compleat :
Two Chiefs ha' fled, but till the Third be fought,
His Sum of Trophies is imperfect thought.
And now, *Tallard*, what kind Oblivion, say,
Can rase the Journal out of that unhappy Day ?
When, one lost Battle eager to retrieve,
Thou didst a second's Gain secure believe :
Too sure 'twas Malice of thy veering Fate,
And Glory never laid a falser Bait !
A smaller Force, it's true, did thine oppose,
But such a Leader made the Odds thy Foes ;
Nor could, the profer'd Fight, thy feebler Side
Accept with Safety, tho it might with Pride.

With how much Blood the Field was crimson'd
My Muse forbears to grate a Captive's Ear ; (here,
What Thousands perisht in the *Danube* Stream,
By full as many sung, is grown too stale a Theme.
On Thee alone my wond'ring Thought's intent,
Thy Fortune to my Eyes that Day present.
Methinks I hear from thy unwilling Tongue
That abject Word at last of *Quarter* wrung ;
And see thy utmost need extort the Sound,
Which gives thy drooping Soul its deepest Wound.
Their Liberty, with thee to Life inclin'd,
A hundred valiant Chiefs besides resign'd :
Submission, mean in any other Place,
Where such a Hero wins, does lessen the Disgrace,
But urg'd by Danger, and by Safety led,
O Shame to all his Wreaths ! *Bavaria* fled !
Too happy ! had he been like thee confin'd,
And not reserv'd for a worse Fate behind.

'Twas Comfort yet to see thy Conduct since,
Nor censur'd by thy Friends, nor punish'd by thy
What tho with Spite to thy Undoing us'd, (Prince,
A Chief too rash, some Enemies accus'd ;

A gentle Master soon their Malice cross;
And with a Province paid a Battle lost.

Let next my Muse, thy Victor's Mercy boast,
And strive herself to pay the Debt thou ow'st
For such a Triumph: When he made thee bend,
Did one insulting Word thy Ears offend?
Say, Did not he (tho Captives may allow
Some Arrogance in those who make 'em bow)
Kind to thy Grief, yet faithful to his Charge,
Of Conqueror, and Friend, the Parts discharge?
For since the Chance of that abandon'd Field,
Which saw thee, destitute of Succour, yield,
From *Britain's* Queen, to moderate thy Pain,
A gentle Prison his Request did gain:
O pleasing Change! which sends thee kindly o'er
From *Danube's* hated Banks to *Trent's* delightful
(Shore.

It's there thou dwell'st, and with no Cloud between,
Hast two revolving Suns already seen;
Of so much Ease, and Liberty possessest,
Thy Embassy it self scarce shew'd thee half so blest.
Not so the *Boyan* Duke; his Planets still,
O just Reward for broken Faith! are ill;
His State subverted, and his Titles lost,
He finds too late the Price his Treasons cost.
To try the Fortune of another Plain,
It's true, he picks his Fugitives again;
Dares a third time his Victor's Fury meet,
And (what could else be thought) does feel a third
Thy Monarch, eager of a Battel's Gain, (Defeat.
His *Villeroy* and *Marfin* sends in vain;
Confus'd they run, as scar'd by Magick Charms,
And catch contagious Ruin from his Arms.

Now take a View (if where thou art confin'd,
Thy Master's Fate employs thy anxious Mind)
Of his abortive Schemes, and then confess,
Since laid unjustly they could be no less:

To win the Nations he did once perplex,
 And to his own surrounding Crowns annex ;
 (Howe'er thy King expected to prevail)
 Was such a Task, he could not chuse but fail :
 For the Great *William's* Arms (ordain'd by Fate
 To buttress up the first declining State)
 Successless often did in Fields engage,
 And stopt ('twas all it could) but half his Rage ;
 Yet see (strange Female Force) *Imperial ANNE*
 Compleats the Work unfinish'd by the Man.

O durst some Minister, in Council near,
 But speak a famous Truth in *Bourbon's* Ear !
 And, one fit Moment, artfully relate
 The *Scythian* Queen's Success, and *Persian* Foun-
 (der's Fate ;

The Moral well apply'd, might make him see
 A Woman's Arm had quell'd a greater King than he.

That thus she triumphs, while the World forgets
 The *Tudor's* Glory, and *Plantagenet's*.

While lessen'd every new victorious Year,
 Her hundred Great Forefathers Acts appear.
 To valiant Hands, *Tallard*, abroad she owes,
 And Heads expert at home for Council chose.
 The State of *Britain*, thus prodigious grown,
 It is not *Churchill's* Arm supports alone ;
 For other Heroes make, by *ANNE's* Command,
 Their Thunders fear'd at Sea, like his by Land :
 And *Peterborough* wants no Wreaths in *Spain*,
 By whose officious Toil, a Crown is *Charles's* Gain.

But as no Empire yet so blest has bin,
 That had not still some Enemies within :
 Them too with Art uncommon she subdues,
 And Mildness is the Weapon she doth use :
 Such Means to conquer Faction seldom fail,
 For where the Queen proves weak, the Mother
 (does prevail.

Now

Now sure, *Tallard*, a Princess fram'd like Her,
Necessity of Winning must infer.

The certain Danger to thy Master paint,
And thence be canoniz'd thy Country's Saint ;
Her suffer'ing Sons an ended War would ease,
The Lenitive alone for their Disease :

Where Blood no longer Subjects can afford,
It's Husbandry of State, to sheath the Sword.

Nor should he think it, of a Blush the Cause,
To let a Woman's Tongue impose him Laws ;
He soon may find, in turning Annals o'er,
Kings stooping often on as mean a Score.

It grates, I know, to that soft Sex to bow,
Which Custom still the Weaker does allow.

But let him see what States *Eliza* shook,
Or on the *Roman* dread *Bonduca* took ;

Then tell the Trophies which adorn the Throne
Of our third Female Boast ; and sure he'll own,
(Howe'er it justly may to some belong)

In *British* Queens, at least, the Attribute is wrong.

An ODE occasion'd by the Battel of Ramellies. By Mr. B——y.

HOW will the grateful Senate praise !
What new recording Pillars raise !
That with Eternal Battles glow
To kindle *Britains* for the Foe.

Our *Roman* Sires to Merit free,
Profuse of Immortality ;
Of Him who had his Country serv'd,
In various Piles the Fame preserv'd :
On Earth the Hero frown'd in Brass,
And shook the Skies with Jove in Verse :

His

His Fellows on his Fame rely,
 And swear by his Divinity:
 Had Fate indulg'd the *Roman* Name,
 And with a *Churchill* swell'd her Fame,
 New Obelisks had reach'd the Skies,
 And shadow'd half their Deities.
Pharsalia vanish'd in the Blaze
 Of *Blenheim*, and of *Rammels*!
 But meaner Paths the *Roman* trod,
 By making Slaves to grow a God:
 Whilst *Britain's* Hero never gains
 A Conquest, but to break their Chains;
 From whose each glorious Toil might rise
 A *Cæsar*, or a *Hercules*.

Thus from his Race the Fair may claim
 A Title to a Beauty's Fame;
 Rich in a Lip! a Cheek! a Hand!
 Or any Charm of *Sunderland*.

The Benefits of a Theatre.

PRithee Jerry be quiet, cease railing in vain,
 Nor banter the Stage with *Investives* again;
 I find thou art ignorant still of its Merit,
 And rail but as Quakers when warm'd with the

(Spirit;

Shall a Place be put down when we see it affords
 Fit Wives for great Poets, and W—s for great
 Since *Angellica* blest with a singular Grace (Lords?
 Had by her fine Acting preserv'd all his Plays,
 In an amorous Rapture young *Valentine* said,
 One so fit for his Plays, might be fit for his Bed;
 He warmly pursu'd her, she yielded her Charms,
 And blest the kind Youngster in her kinder Arms:

But at length the poor Nymph did for Justice im-
(plore,

H'as married her now, tho he'd — her before.

It such things will help to reform thy ill Nature,

Prithee *Jerry* enquire the Truth of the Matter.

Ask *D* — *n* the Rake what he means at Threescore?

Or prithee ask *C* — *n* what made her turn W —

To be kept by a Duke there is much to be said

Especially too since she soundly is paid for't; (for't,

Since her Voice and her Eyes could his Grace so
(bewitch,

'Twas better snap him than be mumb'l'd by *R* — *ch*,

Next ask honest *P* — *ce* what the Devil he thinks on,

To let his dear *Betty* be stallion'd by *K* — *n*?

What Philtres his Lordship made use of to win her,

That one so demure should be turn'd to a Sinner?

A Saint in appearance; but true *Flesh and Blood*,

Who resisted the Devil as long as she could.

So long he attack'd her, the Matter is clear,

She perfectly long'd to be — by a *P* —.

A SIMILE.

DEAR *Thomas*, didst thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop?

There, *Thomas*, didst thou never see

(Tis but by way of Simile)

A *Squirrel* spend his little Rage,

In jumping round a rouling Cage?

The Cage, as either side turn'd up,

Striking a Ring of Bells a top — ;

Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,

The foolish Creature thinks he climbs:

But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,

He never gets two Inches higher.

So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under Pindar's Shades,
In noble Songs and lofty Odes,
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods :
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own Verses sound :
Brought back, how fast so e'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

*The Jubilee Necklace; or a Present from
C. III. to the D. of M. a Satyr.*

IN days of Yore, when *Albion's* Kings did break
The Papal Yoke that long had gall'd their Neck,
Boldly resolv'd to vindicate their Right,
Resolv'd with superstitious *Rome* to fight,
Alternate Victories their Armies won,
Now th' *English* conquer, then the *English* run ;
Fortune to both alike did prove benign,
Doubtful to which the Glory to resign ;
At length the *Britons* charg'd the *Roman* Foe,
And put them to a total Overthrow :
The *Roman* Powers being thus o'erthrown,
The *Roman* Pontiff with Paternal Groan
Utter'd these Words from his declining Throne.

I see the fatal Crisis now is come
That puts a Period to our Mother *Rome* ;
Methinks my Mitre's fallen off my Head,
Methinks my Majesty's already fled ;
Help, I conjure you, as you hope to share
(After my Death) the noble Porph'ry Chair ;
Help to support the Ark of God from Fall,
Whose Ruin needs must overwhelm you all.

He said—and strait the Scarlet-Brother rose,
Whose Robes conform'd in colour to his Nose :

His Speech (as well became a Man of God)
Scented of Fire, of Faggot and of Blood ;
He mov'd his Holiness to try again
By open Force, his Fortune on the Plain.

He sat ——— and soon arose another Son
Of the same Church, but a more prudent one :
May't please your Holiness, the Card'nal cry'd,
Some under-handed Dealings must be try'd ;
Some private Envoys into *Britain* send,
They most infallibly will gain your end.

Scarce had he spoke, when all the Conclave said,
Those means, and those alone should be essay'd.
They call'd St. *Dominick*, a Sparkish Fry'r,
One of Address, a Person *de-bon-aire*,
Who long a Confessor to Nuns had been,
Who all the Female Weaknesses had seen ;
Him they commission'd into *Britain*, there (Tare :
Amongst the *British* Wheat, to sow the *Romish*
Him they instruct t' attack the Female Sex,
Soft and compliant as the Ductile Wax :
Strictly they charg'd him all such means to try
As best would sute with Female Levity.

The Fryer thus instructed, wasted o're
To Fertile *Albion's* Sea-surrounded shore ;
Where being arriv'd, a cunning Scheme he drew
O'th' Measures he intended to pursue :
Soon he, by his insinuating Art,
Subdu'd the Fort of fair *Corinna's* Heart ;
To her, the Priest a Necklace did present,
Whose very Make explain'd the bad Intent
Of him that gave it : at the end there hung
A Cross of Beads most exquisitely strung.
Thus then the Frier (when the Crucifix
Hung down from bigotted *Corinna's* Neck)
His Kisses to the Pendant Cross address'd ;
But his Design's to kill *Corinna's* Breast.

Simple *Corinna* in her Necklace prides,
 Whilst Priest her Folly secretly derides ;
 He laughs to see that Sex impos'd upon,
 To see the Female Sex so eas'ly won,
 To see the Women glory in their Shame,
 And value what's destructive of their Fame.

How pleasant is't for cunning Priest to pray,
 And seem to th' Crucifix his Pray'rs to say, (way ? }
 Whilst wanton Hands and Minds do strole another }

How lend is't in the Bosom Cross to set,
 As if you'd say, This Place is to be let ?

What is it but to tempt the Wanton Priests
 To wish to be a Cross to lie betwixt your Breasts ?

“ *Corinna*, vainer Lovers to intice,
 “ By this pretended Signal prompts their Vice,
 “ While they pay Homage to her flowing Breast,
 “ The pointing Jewel represents the rest.
 “ Thus outward Zeal they to that Image show,
 “ But 'tis the *Idol's* meant that dwells below :
 “ She meant it to her self, and 'tis as good
 “ To have it spoke, as have it understood.

No sooner had *Corinna* us'd the Fashion,
 But all the Modish Ladies in the Nation
 Resolv'd to imitate *Corinna's* Dress,
 And wear dependant Cross between their Breasts ;
 Thus the Contagion o'er the Sex did fly,
 And all were pleas'd with Popish Frillery.
 The Priest well knew he soon should win the Men,
 Could he but o'er their Wives a Conquest gain ;
 For Man has always us'd to be, from *Adam*,
 Yielding to th' Will of his Endearing Madam.
 So subtle Serpent first with *Eve* began,
 And having won her, overreach'd the Man ;
 Just so *Rome's* Priests (the Serpent's Progeny)
 Do imitate their Father's Policy.

But now the time, too soon the time was come,
 That *Dominick* must Retrograde to *Rome*,

To tell th' Event of his Commission,
 To tell what mighty Wonders he had done.
 Soon as h' arriv'd the Consistory sat,
 Eager to hear St. *Dominick* relate
 The wonderful, th' incredible Success
 He had i'th' Business of his Holiness.

Nor were their Expectations bankt, for he
 With all his Art harangu'd the Company,
 Telling them how successful he had been,
 What means he us'd the *British* Hearts to win.
 This soon made all the Cardinals agree,
 That Necklaces and such like Foppery
 Would not impede the Growth of Popery.

Then they resolv'd another Priest to send
 To perfect this, their so Important End.

The QUIETUS.

How fleeting is Honor? Who'd strive to be Great,
 Or glitter with Pomp in a Car of the State,
 When so oft 'tis attended with *Phaeton's* Fate?

Applauses and Glory may prop 'em awhile,
 The King and the Council alike on 'em smile,
 Till at length they are caught and trapp'd in a Toil.

When S——s first handl'd the Purse and the Mace,
 His Wit might have told him in *Clarendon's* Case,
 He attempted to sit in a Quicksilver Place.

But my Lord he was mortal, and each has his Failing,
 He adher'd to the Court, and practis'd wrong Dealing,
 Old S——r and M——ve did both fall a Railing.

To

To his *Quietus* he was forc'd to submit,
He'd *Bloss* in his Tables he knew would be hit,
Which *H—w* and some others won'd never acquit.

The *King* and the *Council*, as some do surmise,
Do juggle together, and seem to advise,
While a crafty old Fox rules all in Disguise.

The Measures are taken from *S——d's* Nod,
Who in old *Macchiavel's* Maxims has trod ;
To pleasure his Prince he'd forfeit his God.

A Politick *Jack*, who in Times is a Peeper, (deeper,
Own'd *S——s* had Faults, but *W——'s* would be
Then whip goes the *Seal*, and adieu my Lord *K——r*.

*Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Mountfort at the
Theater Royal in Drury Lane, 1705.*

As a young Lawyer many Years will drudg,
In hopes at last to be a lazy Judg ;
And as a Statesman shows a busy Face,
To sneak, or rail himself into a Place :
So a young Actress strives your Hearts r'ingage,
That some kind Man may take her off the Stage.
Were it my Lot, I'm thinking where to choole,
And who wou'd best become the Marriage-Noose :
Criticks abhor it, Beaus the least are fit,
Who more want Manhood, tho they much want Wit.
A Country Squire would do, some Loving Hound,
That's Bailiff to his Wife, and tills her Ground ;
But then an active Lass finds small Delight
In one who drinks all Day, and snores all Night.

A Colonel I could like, *that loves the War,*
 One that is absent from me half the Year ;
 Returns with Plunder laden, and full Pay,
 But in two Months he'll game it all away.
 In short, I think, tho that's a standing Jest,
 A foolish, plodding *Cheapside* Husband's best ;
 For City-Wives are grown most Courtly High,
 And Mourning wear when Foreign Princes die ;
 Tho lately they have found it to their Cost,
 Many have mourn'd their Husbands Credit lost.
 But e'er my self to such a Pitch I rate,
 Let my good Acting first deserve that Fate :
 A *Phoenix* once you had, That each allows, [*Sighing.*
 Think from Her Ashes I, I only rose ;
 Like her no Pains I'll spare, like her to last,
 And please in various Ways your various Taste ;
 Believe me, promising, tho Young and Wild,
 And for the Mother's Worth support the Child.

*A Dialogue between Pasquin and Morforio,
 Two Statues in Rome.*

Mor. **W**HY how now *Pas*-- since the last Election,
 I thought you had no Business for Re-
 (flection ?

French Luid-ores, that never us'd to fail,
 Have lost their Virtue now, and can't prevail ;
 And honest *Clement* wisely does espouse,
 Distinctions laid aside, the *Common Cause*.

Pas. True, but the *English* Senators have made
 Themselves the Subject of a *Pasquinade*——

Mor. Pray hold your Tongue. [*Pas*— Why so ?
 (I need not fear,
 Their Serjeant surely cannot reach me here,

Mor.

Mor. Their Privileges daily they extend,
For, like the World to come, they're without End;
And if their Pow'r but equally increase,
You may have Cause to wish you'd held your Peace.
But what's the Quarrel? [*Pas*—I can make it out,
That tho' 500 us'd to Sit and Vote,
(At least 400 Senators and odd)

They're now reduc'd to 4. [*Mor*— To 4?

[*Pas*— To 4 indeed.

One *M*, one *S*, two *H H*'s, and no more,
The Nation represent, and that's but Four.
The rest are (*O*'s) and no Number make,
Unless you do from these the Units take. (know,

Mor. How can that be? [*Pas*— If you desire to
Ned will inform you, and *Jack* tell you HOW.

Ask at *Vienna*, Shall we War proclaim?

To be resolv'd they'll bid you go to them:

And at the *Hague* they'll tell you, It's as they,

And not the King and his Allies shall say.

Huffing *D'Avaux* does vaunt and swear *Be Gar*,

My Master de de Dutch nor no Confederate fear,

If *S.* and *Shak Hoo* 'gainst him den declare:

Den be vill make his own, and den videsse,

Can winde and turn de rest wick way dey please.

But who, except *Lewis le Grand*, that knows

The Force of *Luid'ores*, would e'er suppose,

That *Four* should lead *Four Hundred* by the Nose!

The Nine *K*—s.

W*ill's* wafted to *Holland* on some State Intrigue,
Or gone for to visit his *Hog*— as at *Flig*;
For fear in his Absence his Subjects repine,
He canton'd his Kingdom, and left 'em to *Nine*,
Eight ignorant *P*—rs, and a Blockish *D*—ne.

To

To make up the *Hydra* there's C—, that dull Tool,
 Who governs the Church as the State he does rule.
 To make their Commissions more glibly run down,
 'Twas wisely contriv'd to hedg in the Gown;
 P— is the Sage, who o'er all does preside,
 Flush'd with *Champaign* is a giddy rascall Guide.
 If the Goblet but airs his Brain and his Pulse,
 The State's in an Ague, and we are convuls'd.
 D— is the Haughty, the Blossoming Rake,
 Is just fit to govern the *Asse* in the Peak;
 Who tortures his Tenants, and nought will defray,
 We quickly shall see how a Scepter he'll sway.
 The K— had better have kept to the Law,
 To banter a Witness, and find out a Flaw,
 What he knows in the State I'd not give him a
 {Scraw.}

'Tis true, he's translated by some lucky Hit,
 Like the Frog in the Fable he'll swell till he split;
 The Conclusion will prove him to be a stark Ass,
 He'd better have kept to his Fees and his Glass.
 The Monarch was mad, or he'd ne'er have employ'd
 A Blab in the State, that his Secrets deserv'd.
 Now M—'s advanc'd, yet most of the Wise
 Will have him to rule as his Wife does advise.
 Some Lady at Court perhaps may repine,
 She is a Lord Justice as well as the Nine.

The Prophecy, 1703.

VVhen Great *Nassau* is dead and gone,
 That Hero of the British Throne,
 Whose Equal never will be known.

2.

When Rogues bare-fac'd appear in Packs,
When State Physicians are all Quacks,
And Privy Counsellors are Jacks.

3.

When Contradictions do meet,
And Knaves are at the Helm of State,
Tho faithful and unfortunate.

4.

When *M*——— *b*, *G*——— *n*, *L*——— *y*,
Have acted over the old Story,
And *Ireland* has been rul'd by Tory.

5.

When *S*——, *H*——, and Jack *H*——
Agree the Nation to undo,
Tho each would hang the other two.

6.

When nauseous Jack can quiet sit,
That is, when all his Venom's spit,
Of Constitution and of Wit.

7.

When *Gloucester* has smelt out the Knave,
And Patriot Jack Recourse must have
To Foreign Borough to inlave.

8.

When *England's* Interest is seen clearly,
When Parties carry matters fairly,
And Trimming is left off by *H*——— *y*.

9.

When *S*——— *r* scorns Salt-Petre Pence,
When *Bolles* to *Bedlam* 'as no pretence,
And any *B*——— *tie* can talk Sense.

10.

When *H*——— *ges*, richly worth the Gallows,
For what the *Magdalen College* tells us,
Shall represent those very Fellows.

11.

When Worth's prefer'd without the Ready,
 When wav'ring *B* — *le* is once fixt steady,
 When *H* — *s* is less Knave than *Ady*.

12.

When *Harry B* — *le* shall keep less Pother
 With his no Hair, and be no Lover,
 Or be as honest as his Brother.

13.

When *B* — *gtow* is in Disgrace,
 'Cause he won't vote to get a Place,
 The promis'd, is not call'd his Grace.

14.

When Tories fall into a Trance,
 And give up dear Non-Resistance,
 And cease to wish Success to France.

15.

When *M* — *ve*, who long seem'd proof-Place,
 The first that's vacant does embrace,
 To Geese and Ganders the same Sauce.

16.

When honest Men dare shew their Faces,
 When Wit and Sense are no Disgraces,
 When *C* — *by* has no minc'd Places.

17.

When *R* — *b* has left his Puns,
 When *C* — *ts* has only his Coach Duns,
 And *Jack's* Lieutenant of the Guns.

18.

When he has Places in Possession,
 For having open made Profession,
 Against the Protestant Succession.

19.

That chief of the informing kind,
 To whom old *Escrick's* Soul we find
 By wondrous Transmigration join'd.

20.

When *England's* Bulwark, our great Fleet,
That never should fear odds they meet,
Shall basely on the Square retreat.

21.

When comes to nought our great Descent,
And most Men think 'twas never meant,
When *R* ——— is are on such Errands sent.

22.

When *S* ———, whom all Knaves do dread,
The truest *Britan* e'er was bred,
Shall therefore lose his able Head.

23.

When *W* ——— one prudent thing has done,
T' exchange the lopt one for his own;
Better have that that's off than none.

24.

When Church to Charity is given,
That is, when Numbers odd or even,
Or *Rowe's* in Chappel of *St. Stephen*.

25.

When the dull *Dutch* turn merry Grigs,
When true-born *Englishmen* turn Prigs,
When Bishops are condemn'd for Whigs.

26.

When *S* ——— *m* shall leave off to swive,
And under *C* ——— *n's* Trade shall thrive,
The dullest Clergy-man alive.

27.

When *Western* Prelates swear and rant,
And 't does appear that there's no want
Of Sense in Honest *T* ——— of *Cant*.

28.

When *Ned*, omniscient Proto-Martyr,
To calver'd *Salmon* shall give Quarter,
Or leave his Trade of following after.

29.

When *E-----* shall forswear the Summer,
And spend with his own Wife a Summer,
And for St. *A-----* leave dear *P-----*.

30.

When *W-----*'s crooked falcon Relick,
Of Sense and Shape intirely Belgick,
Shall be by *B-----* deem'd Anglick.

31.

When Men can fancy such a Whale,
And such old stuff is made a Sale,
To catch our silly Dukes withal.

32.

When *Tear-shirt W-----*, fam'd for weanching,
His Whores and Gardens is retrenching,
Or shall consent to let the *French* in.

33.

When *France* shall faithfully keep Leagues,
When *Maintenon* leaves State Intrigues,
And Men are born with two left Legs.

34.

When these Strange things shall come to pass,
England shall be, or I'm an Ass,
The strangest Queendom ever was.

The

*The Country Parson's Advice to those little
Scriblers, who pretend to write better
Sense than Great Secretaries: Or, Mr.
Stephens's Triumph over the Pillary,
1706.*

BE wise as *Ad* ———, as *Br* ——— be brave,
As *Philips* Airy, and as *Jones* look Grave;
Humble as *Prior* be; *Sacheverell's* Zeal,
For Church and Loyalty, will fit you well.
Like *Pittis*, I would have you love the Church,
But not like him, be by her left i'th' Lurch,
For the well governing your Poetry,
Rymer and *Dennis* let your Patterns be:
And if it be at last your Scribling Fate
To triumph o'er a Pill'ry, e'er too late,
Like me recant, and be not obstinate.

Remember *Tutchin's* Boldness for his Cause,
That stood the fiery Trial of the Laws.
When sneaking Scriblers poorly sue for Grace,
He triumphs o'er 'em with an honest Face.
So *Ridpath* smiles at all Fate's harsh Decrees,
But can't be pleas'd, when forc'd to pay his Fees.
When *Parchment-Rolls*, like murd'ring War-
Libels, that raise the trembling Poets fears, (ears,
And set Mankind together by the Ears.
These to avoid, in dull Translation Trade,
Bowyer, and *Savage*, and *Oldmixon* read;
Or deal in News, and write whate'er you will,
But mind you Scribble on the right Side still:

Then

Then you may Letters from *Altea* bring,
 If like *Fontaine*, 'tis with a just Design
 To please the Government and serve the Queen.

So writes *De Foe*, an Author now in Vogue,
 Who was so lately Pillor'd for a R-----;
 Therefore let his Example, yours be made;
 Neither of Fines, nor Pillories, be afraid.

Leffy writes on, and *Gildon* still is free
 To laugh at *Ward* for writing Poetry;
 Whose Prose escapes the Censure of the Times,
 And Informations fall on jingling Rhymes.
 To sum up all; let *Drake*'s just Merit be
 A Caution to Poetick Liberty.

Since *Ward*'s true *Genius*, and since *Gildon*'s Sense,
 At last has brought them to a Dearth of Pence,
 'Tis hard their Learning, and each Turn of Wit,
 Should only make them for this Triumph fit.

*A New Prologue spoken at the Theatre in
 Lincolns-Inn-Fields, on Saturday,
 July the 8th, 1704. in Praise of
 the Wells.*

WHY Is great *Phœbus* stil'd the God of Lays,
 Who proves so great an Enemy to Plays?
 Most Products thrive by those prolifick Fires,
 By which the Languid, Drooping Stage expires.
 The Sun calls forth the Town to Rural Sport,
 For Wilds and Fields ye change the Stage and
 To Baths and Wells the Beaus and Belles resort.
 To Wells, that great Receipt which Doctors give;
 To Wells, by which none but Physicians live;

To

To *Wells*, that heal the Gout, and cause the Stone;
 To *Wells*, that give ten Pains in curing one.
 There the dull Splenetick is cur'd of Life,
 And the tormented Husband eas'd of Wife.
 For Wife, the worst of Plagues, as some suppose,
 Is carry'd off by *Waters*, or by *Beaus*.
 Their painful Love, to Youth the worst Mishap,
 Is cur'd by that most sure Recelt, a Clap.
 There finds a Virgin Help, with Firs upon her,
 Of that most languishing Disease call'd Honour.
 There the young Squire, sick of his happy Fate,
 Is purg'd of Folly, and a great Estate.
 There barren Spouse is sent by trading Sot,
 And there a Pox, or Alderman is got.
 In short, of all Degrees the *Wells* draw some;
 But more are those call'd by the Martial Drum:
 The Tragick Scenes Abroad spoil those at Home.
 Tragick indeed, but Tragick to our Foes;
 Let wide *Germania* sing, *Germania* knows,
 How much to *Britain's* Bravery she owes.
 To *Anna's* Arms the *Austrian* owes his Crown,
 She saves the Father, and restores the Son.

Upon the first fit of the Gout.

Welcome thou friendly Earnest of Fourscore,
 Promise of Health, that hast alone the
 (Power
 T' attend the Rich, unenvy'd by the Poor.
 Thou that dost *Esculapius* deride,
 And o'er his Gallypots in Triumphs ride:
 Thou that art us'd t' attend the Royal Throne,
 And under-prop the Head that wears the Crown:
 Thou that in Privy-Councils oft dost wait,
 And guardst from drowsy Sleep the Eyes of State:
 F Thou

Thou that upon the Bench art mounted high,
 And warn'st the Judges how they tread awry :
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd Prelates Toe,
 Emphatically urge the Pains below :
 Thou that art always half the City's Grace,
 And add'st to solemn Noddles solemn Pace :
 Thou that art ne'er from Velvet Slippers free,
 Whence comes this unsought Honour unto me ?
 Whence does this mighty Condescension flow
 To visit my poor Tabernacle ? Oh !
 As *Jove* vouchsaf'd on *Ida*'s top, 'tis said,
 At poor *Philemon*'s Cot to take a Bed ;
 Pleas'd with his poor, but hospitable Feast,
Jove bid him ask and granted his Request.
 So do thou grant (for thou'rt of Race Divine,
 Begot on *Venus* by the God of Wine)
 My humble Suit ; and either give me Store
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

*Upon Dr. B's Suit to the E. of N. for a
 Bishoprick.*

Among the little Pages that were sent
 With Morning How D'yes, and a Compliment,
 Was seen a lofty Member of the Church,
 Whose Name I think they said was Dr. B.
 With Primitive Humility he sat,
 Fawning and cringing at the Lady's Gate ;
 Trying t' ingage the Porter in Discourse,
 Whether her Grace were better now or worse :
 In hopes by just Degrees he might ascend,
 And to the waiting Maid his Business recommend.
 The honest Porter, easy of Access,
 Began his Brother Gown-man to caress :

And

And soon familiar grown in close Debate,
Told him some secret Mysteries of State.
The won'd-be-Prelate vainly now began
To think he should a Dignity obtain;
And pleas'd with the new Friendship he had gain'd;
Hasted forthwith to kiss black *Dicky's* hand;
Dicky the black, whose great and favorite Name
Is known as far as that of *Nottingham*;
Dicky who to the Church was ever kind, (Friend.
Thrice shook his Hand, thrice swore he'd be his
Slighted, contemn'd, and scorn'd by Men of Sense,
Noted for Ignorance and Impudence,
Thus meanly he is forc'd t' implore the Aid
Of Porter, Valet, Page, and Chambermaid.
Next let us trace him to the *Western* Quire,
And see with what Applause he fills the Chair.
With such a Graceful Boldness does he teach,
You'd swear all was his own that he did preach;
So gay in borrow'd Feathers does he shine;
But *Sprat* and *South* are known in every Line.
For *South's* deep Learning always will appear,
And *Sprat* will be distinguish'd by the Ear.
My Brother *B.* crys *Sprat* in Courtly tone,
Hath to my Sermons too much Honour done.
Whilst rugged *South*, made of a coarser Mould,
Swears he's a Thief, and scandalously bold.
Some do indeed admire his wondrous Height,
As if he could support the Churches Weight;
That he alone could bear the Ballance down,
'Gainst Whiggish Primate and the *Scotish* Loon:
With Care he will the Right Divine maintain,
And many Female Proselytes he'll gain.
With the fair Sex Knaves still will most prevail, }
Hypocrisy with them can never fail.
The crafty Priest well knows his subtle Art,
And will continue still to act his Part.

Whether in Midnight Healths the Bowls go round,
 Whether at Dice he is with Fortune crown'd ;
 Whether he forms some dark or deep Design,
 For killing Wives he never thought a Crime;
 Whether his false deluding Tongue does move
 To Matrimonial or Incestuous Love.
 But here my Muse, be silent as the Night,
 In which he acts those Scenes of leud Delight,
 Left thou transgress the bounds of Satyr's Laws,
 Of Mother-Church espouse her Bully's Cause.

The Address, 1704.

YE Men of Might, and muckle Power,
 Our Representing K——s;
 Who High-Church Zealots to restore,
 And Toleration Acts devour,
 Would make us all your Slaves.

You lately told her Majesty,
 You would retrieve her Honour ;
 'Tis plain you meant it to deceive :
 And you'll the Nation's Faults retrieve,
 By bringing new ones on her.

If you would have us think you're true,
 Let Actions make it known ;
 The Nation's Happiness pursue,
 Her old Miscarriages review,
 But don't forget your own.

Tell us, ye Sons of Emptiness.
 Explain this Contradiction :
 How can Contention bring forth Peace,
 Or how a Nation have Success,
 Without the Laws Protection ?

You

You that with Lawyers so abound,
 And Men of Elocution;
 Your *M——b*, *W——r*, and *N——y* send,
 See if they can your Works defend,
 As well as Constitution.

You meet in Clubs, and strong Cabals,
 To controvert Elections:
 But Party Interest there prevails,
 Merit and Sense of Honour fails,
 And meets with no Protection.

With House of Peers you're wondrous Nice,
 Of Reputation tender;
 But they see thro the thin disguise,
 And where you're foolish, they're as wise,
 And they're our true Defenders.

In Reason, Management, and Law,
 They turn you round and round;
 No Age such Bubbles ever saw,
 The Lines of Justice thwart you draw,
 And all your Plots confound.

With mighty Votes, and furious Bill,
 You keep a wretched pother;
 But *M——* manag'd it so ill,
 The Cheat came out against your Will,
 And sav'd Dissenting Brother.

The blundring Orator betray'd
 The *Snake of Persecution*;
 The *Trojan Ass* so loudly bray'd,
 It made the Nation all afraid,
 In spite of Elocution.

He told you Places were ingross'd
 In all the wiser Nations,
 By those that worship God the most ;
 But we have found it to our cost,
 'T has here been out of Fashion.

For Rogues get into Church and State,
 And wise Men circumvent ;
 Lendness directs the Magistrate,
 Knaves rule *the Cash*, and Fools *the Fleet*,
 And both the P——t.

With Royal Faith her Majesty
 Had back'd the Toleration ;
 And you, with *English* Honesty,
 Wou'd have her Faith and Vows deny,
 And ruin all the Nation.

No wonder you're asham'd to print
 The Votes of your Proceeding ;
 The Nation soon knew what you meant,
 And that there would be something in't,
That would not bear the reading.

Of *William's* Grants you now complain,
 Without regard to Merit ;
 But the leud Gifts of former Reigns,
 To *Whores* and *Papists*, you maintain,
 And *Bastards* may inherit.

You recognize wise N——m,
 As one that did his Duty ;
 And there are other Rogues of Fame,
 To whom you ought to do the same,
 Because they are so true t' ye.

But

But here the Mischief of it lies,
Your Character's a Scandal ;
For *any Knaves* in Church-disguise,
And *any Fool* you like's as wise,
When we're to be trapan'd all.

You are the Men that once cry'd down
The Treaty of Partition ;
After the mighty things y' have done,
Pray have you not reduc'd the Crown
Into a worse Condition ?

We wou'd be glad you'd make it plain,
And fain we would believe it,
When better Terms you'l for us gain,
And how those better Terms maintain,
That we might all perceive it.

The very day you first began
Dissenters to reform,
Heaven told you 'twou'd be all in vain,
And did its just Dislike explain,
In a prodigious Storm.

But Heaven those Men corrects in vain,
Who are for Judgment worse ;
Who still their Vices will retain,
Who first the Blessing dare disdain,
And then despise the Curse.

In all the grand Faux-Pa's you make,
Cou'd you be curs'd alone,
Wou'd Heaven such proper Vengeance take,
We might not suffer for your sake,
You were welcome to go on.

Then you might all your selves undo,
 And for the time to come
 Make out this Riddle to be true,
 How you can foreign Wars pursue,
 By raising Feuds at home.

When you look back on *William's* Reign,
 And his Mistakes disclose,
 Of his bad Conduct you complain ;
 But if you'd view it o'er again,
 'Twould all your own expose.

Your want of Temper to the last,
 Did his Designs defeat,
 Always too slow, or else too fast,
 Too backward, or in too much hast,
 Too cold or else too hot.

We wish you would look back upon
 The modern things you boast,
 The great Exploits your Fleets have done,
 The Glory gain'd, the Conquest won,
 And how much all has cost.

With wonted Courage and Success
 Sir *R——k* invaded *Spain* ;
 His wonted Conduct we confess,
 And all Men own the Happiness,
 That he's come home again.

The Lords have now thrown out your Bill,
 Which moves your Indignation ;
 But you betray your want of Skill,
 And manage your Revenge so ill,
 You're the jest of all the Nation.

Your

Your Ancestors with one Consent,
Complain'd of Lawless Power ;
Made Laws our Bondage to prevent,
And you of those good Deeds repent,
And all those Laws devour.

You are the first that are apply'd
T' exalt th' encroaching Crown,
As if you did not know *that Pride,*
When mounted up, and ask'd to ride,
Wou'd pull Religion down.

Your Strange Unparallel'd Address
No less affronts the Queen,
Prompts her the lawful Power t' abuse,
Tells her she holds the Reins too loose,
And knows not how to reign.

Did ever *House of K——* but you,
Like this betray the Nation ?
Is this our Freedom to pursue,
Pray what's Prerogative to you,
In *representing Station* ?

Your Business is, as all Men know,
Our *Grievance to redress,*
Supply the Crown, support it too,
But not to prompt, *the Lord knows who,*
The People to oppress.

In former time, when Tyrants reign'd,
Your Treatments were too rough;
But if you'd have your Sense explain'd,
You give the Queen to understand,
She's not severe enough.

Is this the blessed way you take
 Our Freedoms to defend,
 To force the Queen her Vows to break,
 And all her soft Resolves forsake,
 And abs'lute Power extend ?

This Nation has had Kings enough
 That rul'd with Power Despotick,
 Who of Tyrannick Arts made Proof,
 And us'd the Nation much too rough,
 By means and ways Exotic.

At these you always snarl'd, and show'd
 Your discontented Spirit,
 And now you would be understood,
 Because you have a Queen too good,
 You know not how to bear it.

With humble Cant, and lowly Speech,
 How you besiege her Throne,
 Tell her She is too mild, *by Mich*,
 That she must whip the Nation's B — h,
 And make her Power be known.

Have Patience, till by Management
 You bring your King from *France* ;
 'Tis plain, the scope of your Intent
 Is there, *or else the Devils in't*,
 And you're all mad by chance.

When your young Hero mounts the Throne,
 You'll quickly have a Proof ;
 He'll quickly make the difference known,
 And take just Care to have it shown,
 He'll tyrannize enough.

What.

What Pity 'tis you should be fool'd,
And balk'd in your Petition ?
They who with Scorpions will be rul'd,
And they who will be ruin'd, should
Be mock'd in their Submission.

If e'er Tyrannick Powers possess,
And re-reduce the Nation,
They'll bear their Date from this Address,
And you'll too late your Crimes confess,
But merit no Compassion.

Now you fall foul upon the Press,
And talk of Regulation ;
When you our Libelling suppress,
Pray drop your Votes among the rest,
For they lampoon the Nation.

You are the *Monkeys* of the State,
And *Ape* our true Defenders ;
Heav'n guard us from the hasty Fate,
Which wise Men look for from the Cheat
Of all such vile Pretenders.

You are the Nation's true Lampoon,
In Banter be it spoken :
If you won'd save us, 'Tis too soon ;
And 'tis too late to be undone,
Because our Eyes are open.

And now you stand in Peer's Records,
Usurpers of the Nation ;
No Men regard your forfeit Words,
The Nation's Eyes are on the Lords,
And there's our Expectation.

Your

Your *G* — s, *W* — s, *R* — s shall there
 Their due Deserts encounter,
 And in due time *Vile R* — — —
 And *N* — — — m may both appear
 To give a black Account there.

Assure your selves the Nation will
 The House of Lords defend,
 You've lost your Interest and your Skill,
 And never will regain it, till
 Your Manners come to mend.

That you betray the People's Trust,
 The Nation knows is true,
 Are Arbitrary and Unjust ;
 And if we will be sav'd, we must
 Find other Men than You.

And now you cavil with the Lords,
 Because they first reprov'd you ;
 Your Manners just Remark affords,
 But most of all your Decent Words,
 Have *R* — — s and *S* — — — s prov'd you.

Go home for shame ; But first the Queen
 Address for Dissolution,
 No more in that high House be seen,
 Where such a Scandal you ha' been
 To th' English Constitution.

TO THE QUEEN
 ON HER
 ADDRESS FOR DISSOLUTION
 OF THE
 HOUSE OF COMMONS
 IN THE
 YEAR 1689

To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough
on his late Successes in Flanders, 1706.

WHile you, my Lord, with an extensive Hand,
O'er distant Provinces hold wide Command,
Mean are those Honours which the Muse can give,
That in your Name alone aspires to live.
She sees with Rapture your Victorious Arms,
The Dawn of Liberty's transporting Charms;
Tries her young Pinions, and would soar on high,
But dazzl'd, downward is compell'd to fly.
Yet who in silence can such Blessings share!
Thanks to the Gods a pleasing Tribute are.
Thrice happy Britain! Favourite of Heav'n!
To whom th' Almighty's righteous Hand has giv'n
A Queen, from Ages rolling down design'd
To break our Chains, and bless undone Mankind.
She was that Godlike Boon reserv'd in Store,
When e'er he should *Nassau* to Heav'n restore.
And now impatient to discharge her Trust,
She bids the Sword shake off its slavish Rust;
Each Warlike Instrument obeys her Will,
As you, my Lord, command to save, or kill.
O'er all the Confines of the Christian World,
As Lightning swift, her dread Commands are
(hurl'd.

Three mighty People rais'd from sad Distress,
The *Po*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine* confess:
But where She does a nearer Friendship own,
She there in Plenty pours her Blessings down.
Replete with Joy, the grateful *Dutch* shall tell,
How *Antwerp*, *Brussels*, mighty *Menin* fell.

Those Towns which late, like an impending Storm,
 Did all the Neighb'ring Provinces alarm,
 Do now their Peace, their Liberty confirm.

Oft have *Batavia's* Sons our Queens implor'd,
 As oft have known their sinking State restor'd:
 When lab'ring under *Alva's* heavy Yoke
Eliza freed them, and their Bondage broke:
 Again preserv'd by *ANNA's* Arms they rise,
 And vanquish'd *France* forsakes the glorious Prize.

In vain had Industry enlarg'd that Land,
 Which Nature gave with a penurious Hand;
 In vain all Arts they 'gainst the Waves explore,
 Should Tyranny insult their wretched Shore.
 Crown'd with Success, to curb the Seas they strive,
 But can no Limits to Ambition give.
 Nor shall *Batavia* feel alone that Influence,
 Which *Anna* does by *Churchil's* Hand dispense:
Europe and all her grateful Sons shall tell,
 By what Illustrious Chief proud *Gallia* fell;
 How great her Danger, sudden her Relief,
Britannia's Glory, and the Tyrant's Grief.

Naked and bound *Andromeda* thus lay,
 To the Sea's foulest Monster meant a Prey,
 Nor Tears nor Pray'rs defer the fatal Day.
 See! the Devourer from afar appears,
 And his huge Crest above the Billows rears;
 To either Shore the frighten'd Ocean flies,
 And far above their Brim the Surges rise.
 Look down O *Ammon*! See the wretched Maid!
 Relent, ye Pow'rs, and send a Godlike Aid:
 Our Vows are heard, the Gods a Hero give,
 And the releas'd *Andromeda* shall live.

Faction display'd, a Poem, 1704.

*To the conceal'd Author of this Excellent
Poem.*

When Dryden's tuneful celebrated Muse
Did God-like *David* for her Subject chuse,
She soar'd above her known and common Height,
To Heav'n she rais'd her Voice, to Heav'n she took
(her flight.
Such is your Muse's Subject, such her Tongue,
Witness this polish'd and melodious Song:
Where the same Majesty of Verse,
The same just Stile, the same deep Sense appears.
No Jests nor Puns deform the study'd Page,
But all is manly Thought and noble Rage;
But all along the mighty Genius shines,
Informs and animates the Sacred Lines.
Not Heav'nly *Horace* more correctly writ,
Tho to refine his Sense, united met
The Critick's Judgment, and the Poet's Wit.

C. D.

To the unknown Author of the incomparable
Poem, *Faction Display'd.*

O Matchless Genius! Whose exalted Lays
Transcend my humble and unequal Praise.
Not fam'd *Apelles* Pencil could express
The Beauteous Heav'n of *Cytherea's* Face;
Nor any Art your Muse's Image draw,
Who what she is, like Light, her self can only show.

Let other Poets, in untuneful Verse,
Or *Della's*, or *Lardella's* Charms rehearse;
Let Songs and Sonnets be their humble Choice,
Let them conform their Subjects to their Voice.
But you refin'd your more extended Thought
(With Judgment, Wit, Experience, Learning fraught)
Pursues a loftier Theme, a nobler Height,
And fathoms all the Secrets of the State;
Displays the *Wily Arts* of Human Kind,
How *Faction* sours the Blood, and knows upon the Mind.

Strong and Majestick does your Stile appear,
Your Notions weighty, your Reflections clear.
With nicest Art you turn each polish'd Line,
To make your Darling *Celsus* in full Lustre shine.
But Oh! In what a moving Strain you mourn
O'er the belov'd *Marcellus* sacred Urn;
Mingling the sweetest Joy with the severest Grief,
Like the fam'd Spear, at once you wound, at once
(relieve.

'Twas Harmony, as Learned Antients thought,
The *Nat'ral World* to Form and Order brought,
And may your Heav'nly ever tuneful Lays
Make all our Factions, our Divisions cease,
Charm and compose the *Moral World* to Peace.

To the READER.

TIS the Criticks Objection to Lucan, that his Poem is too Historical; but it must be said in his Defence, that tho' for that Reason he may perhaps delight less, yet he certainly instructs more, which is the better End of Poetry. We have in him a more distinct Idea of the Characters of Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, and Brutus, than we have of Augustus (under the Person of Æneas) in Virgil. We have Truth and Nakedness in one; Fiction and Embellishment in the other. Tho' some Fault (I beg pardon for the Allusion) will probably be found with this Paper of Verses, I have this to say for my self, that tho' I may fall as far short of some of the Whig Writers in Poetry, as Lucan does of Virgil, yet I have outdone them as much in Sincerity. For I have not form'd an Imaginary Poetical Design, but describ'd a real one: Such a one as is now actually carrying on by the restless and turbulent Spirits of some Men, even in the very Place where I have laid the Scene.

If then what I have said be true, and the Sense of the honest Part of the Kingdom, the Reader cannot think any Liberty I have taken reflecting or scandalous; for Truth is never so, tho' it may be sometimes unseasonable. But he must own, that I have acquitted the Duty of a good Subject, in endeavoring to lay open the Enemies of our Constitution. A Constitution whose Government is projected upon a more refin'd Policy, and experienc'd Wisdom, than any in the World. Other Countries labour under the Bondage of Arbitrary Princes, or more Arbitrary Commonwealths. But here the Prerogative of the King, and the Liberty of the Subject are a mutual Barrier to each other;

and it is not the Fault of our Constitution that we are not the Envy, as well as the Terror of our Neighbor Nations. But Faction is of the Growth of our Soil; and what some Philosophers have affirm'd of the Frame of the Universe, that it subsists by the constant Jarring of the Elements, and that there is a perpetual Warfare in Nature, may properly be said of the present State of England. For it is compounded of so many obstinate Sectaries and inveterate Parties, that they are no more to be reconcil'd than the differing Principles in Nature, and are like to continue their Disputes too to the End of the World.

Nothing contributes more to the fomenting these Civil Embroilments, than a Set of Mercenary Writers, who like the Swiss Soldiers, are always ready to fight on the Side that pays best. And as none has labored more, so none is more scandalous, than a certain Doctor, who after having scribbled himself, and that simple Wretch his Son into Preferment, has lately appeared in his proper Colours, and unsaid what he formerly urged with so much Vehemence, and pretended Zeal for his Country's Good. Trimming was then an Abomination to him, and one would hardly have thought that Tom Double had been his own Character; but now we plainly see what his Aim was: This Cerberus resolv'd to continue barking, till his Moutb was stop'd with some Delicious Morsel, which has at last happily compos'd his Fury into Peace and Moderation. We are like to be well instructed indeed, when such Men as these pretend to give us Schemes of Morality and Government, when they undertake to direct our Principles, and guide our Consciences. Sure he has a very contemptible Opinion of Mankind, or a very great one of himself, to imagine, because he was read with Pleasure when he fell in with the Peoples just Resentments of the Proceedings of a devout Ministry, that he will therefore impose his own shuffling, inconsistent, unintelligible

telligible Politicks upon them. What was Reason and Justice then, will be so still in spite of all the poor Arguments he can bring to the contrary; and if he had had the least degree of Modesty, he would either have pursued his former Notions, or have been silent.

But such a Cause could expect no better an Advocate; and those who employ'd him to propose and recommend their Trimming Measures (which always proceed from Cowardice or Self-Interest) have the Morification to see him receiv'd with that Contempt he deserves from all Parties.

I wish the Promoters of this new Doctrine of Moderation have not already put it out of their Power to crush the Faction, which they have hitherto so imprudently cherisht, and which at last (if I have not Display'd it in very false Colours) will certainly tear and destroy the Government.

Faction Display'd.

SAY, Goddess Muse, for thy All-searching Eyes
Can Traytors trace thro ev'ry dark Disguise,
Can penetrate Intriguing Statesmens Hearts,
Their deepest Plots, and all their wily Arts.
Say, how a Fierce Cabal combin'd of late,
Employ their anxious Thoughts t'imbroil the State;
What angry Pow'r inspires 'em to complain
In Anna's Gentle and Propitious Reign.
Faction, a restless and repining Fiend,
Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind:
Off-spring of Chaos, Enemy to Form,
By whose destructive Arts the World is torn.
He taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And Jove's avenging Thunder to defy.
He rais'd the Hand, that struck the fatal Blow,
Which martyr'd Jove's Vicegerent here below:

She still pursues him with relentless Hate,
 Arraigns his Mem'ry, and insults his Fate.
 'Tis She, that would, for ev'ry slight Offence,
 Depose a true Hereditary Prince;
 That would Usurpers for their Treason crown,
 Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong

(down,

And *exil'd Monarchs* reassert their rightful Throne.

No Constitution in the World can boast
 A Scheme of Laws more rational, more just,
 Than *England's* are; where Sovereign, Kingly

(Sway

Is mixt and qualify'd with such Alloy,
 That Free-born Subjects willingly obey:
 Nor yet so basely mixt, as that our Kings
 Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rless Things.

For tho', indeed, they can have no Pretence
 With *Fundamental Contracts* to dispense,
 (For that were Conquest) yet, those Rights main-
 Prerogative is high, and unrestrain'd; (tain'd,

In equal Distance from Extremes we move,
 No Tyranny, nor Commonwealth approve.
 Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
 Which not protects Mankind, but does devour:
 Nor Commonwealth, a Monster, *Hydra State*,
 Whose many Heads threaten each others Fate,
 And load their Body with unweildy Weight:
 But a successive Monarchy we own,
 With all the lawful Sanctions of a Crown.

Such was our old establish'd *English Frame*,
 Which might have flourish'd Ages yet the same,
 But for this envious Fiend; who still prepares
 To sow the Seed of long intestine Wars.

Near the Imperial Palace's Remains,
 Where nothing now but Desolation reigns,
 (Fatal Presage of Monarchy's Decline,
 And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)

There

There stands an Antique Venerable Pile,
 Whose Lords were once the Glories of our Iles:
 But now it mourns that Race of Hero's dead,
 And droops, and hangs its melancholy Head.
 This Pile (howe'er for better Ends design'd,
 An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
 Is *Faction's* Refuge; where she keeps her Court,
 Where all her darling Votaries resort.
 Here, when their *glorious N*— fell, they met
 On new Resolves and Measures to debate.

Say then, my Muse, their secret Thoughts display,
 Expose their dark Designs to open Day.

This Grand *Cabal* was held at dead of Night,
 (For Ghosts and Furies always shun the Light)
 Despair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em dumb,
 Till *Moro* rose (the Master of the Dome)

A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L—,
 Who prov'd his want of Sense in ev'ry Word;

When hissing thus, his fetter'd Tongue broke loose;

‘ I take it as an Honour that you've chose

For this Debate, your humble Servant's House.

‘ The House henceforward shall recorded stand

As the *Palladium* of the linking Land;

‘ And I to future Ages be renown'd,

‘ The Party's Bulwark, and the Nation's Mound.

‘ Now *N*—, the immortal *N*—'s gone,

‘ We justly his untimely Herse bemoan.

‘ O that I could restore his Life again!

‘ For who can bear a Woman's servile Chain?

Full of such stuff, he would have giv'n it vent,

But that black *Ario's* Fierceness did prevent;

A *Scotch*, Seditious, Unbelieving Priest,

The brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feast*;

Who first his Patron, then his Prince betray'd,

And does that Church, he's sworn to guard, invade;

Warm with Rebellious Rage, he thus begun:

‘ To talk of calling Life agen is vain.

' Peace to the glorious Dead. We justly mourn
 ' His Ashes, ever sacred be his Urn :
 ' But here, my L——, we're all together met,
 ' To vow to A——'s Sceptre endless Hate.
 ' For since my hope of *Winton* is expir'd,
 ' With just Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
 ' I'll write, and talk, and preach her Title down,
 ' My thundring Voice shall shake her in the Throne;
 ' Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown. }
 ' A Pause ensu'd, till *Patriarcho's* Grace
 Was pleas'd to rear his huge unweildy Mass ;
 ' A Mass unanimated with a Soul,
 Or else he'd ne'er be made so vile a Tool ;
 He'd ne'er his Apostolick Charge profane,
 And Atheists, and * Fanaticks Cause maintain.
 At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
 The Bulky Primate yawn'd, and Silence broke.
 ' I much approve my Brother's zealous Heat,
 ' Such is the noble Ardour of the Great, }
 ' On which Success and Praise will ever wait. }
 ' But I'm untaught in Politician Schools, }
 ' Unpractis'd in their Arts, and studied Rules, }
 ' By which they make the Wisest of us Fools. }
 ' The Task be therefore yours, to forge some Plot,
 ' And I'll be ready with my trusty Vote, }
 ' Nor e'er give your Commands a second Thought. }
 ' Tho I were mute, you must confess I've stood,
 ' Fixt as a Rock, amidst the beating Flood :
 ' Witness St. *Aph's*, and St. *D——d's* Cause,
 ' Where obstinately I transgress'd the Laws ;
 ' And did in either Case Injustice show,
 ' Here sav'd a Friend, there triumph'd o'er a Foe.
 Then old *Mysterio* shook his Silver Hairs,
 Loaded with Learning, Prophecy and Years.

* The *Maidstone Esthete*.

Whom Faction's Zeal to fierce *Unchristian* Strife,
 Had hurry'd in the left Extream of Life.
 Strange Dotage ! Thus to sacrifice his Ease,
 When Nature whispers Men to crown their days
 With sweet Retirement and Religious Peace !
 Fore-knowledg struggl'd in his heavy Breast,
 E'er he in these dark Terms his Fears exprest.
 ' The Stars rowl adverse, and malignant shine,
 ' Some dire Portend ! some Comet I divine !
 ' I plainly in the *Revelations* find,
 ' That *A* — to the *Beast* will be inclin'd.
 ' Howe're, tho She, and all her Senate frown,
 ' I'll wage eternal War with *P* — — — — — son,
 ' And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.
 As he went on, his Tongue a trembling seiz'd,
 And all his Pow'r of Utterance suppress'd.
 So when the *Sibyl* felt th' Inspiring God,
 She raving lost her Voice, and speechless stood.
 Unhappy Church, by such Usurpers sway'd !
 How is thy Prim'tive Purity decay'd ?
 How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
 When *Laud* or *Sancroft* fill'd the sacred Chair ?
Laud, tho by some traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
 Whilst *Patriarcho* is despis'd and scorn'd,
 Shall be by me for ever prais'd, for ever mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemish'd Life, divinely pure,
 In its own heav'nly Innocence secure,
 The teeth of Time, the blasts of Envy shall endure.
 When for th'establish'd Faith they should contend,
 Meekness and Christian Charity pretend ;
 But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
 For *Schism* and *Toleration* they engage ;
 With strange Delight and Eagerness espouse
Occasional Conformists shameful Cause ;
 Oppress thy Friends, and vindicate thy Foes.
 Thy Guardian Laws to weaken they combine,
 And tamely thy Essential Rights resign.

Thy antient Truths with modern-Glosses blend,
 Destroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down,
 Such Arts have Christianity o'rethrown:
 For *Scepticism*, that now triumphant reigns,
 Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
 Where She Forlorn, Contemn'd, Despairing lies,
 Nor hopes a Refuge but her Native Skies.
 But Muse proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too long,
 That would inflame thy Satyrizing Song.

Clodio, with kindling Emulation, heard
 What this Triumvirate of Priests declar'd.

Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,
 Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbld by Disgrace;
 Whose Working, Turbulent, Fanatick Mind
 No Tenderness can move, no Ties can bind.
 To gain a Rake he'll drink, and whore, and rant,
 T'engage a Puritan will pray and cant:
 So Satan can in differing Forms appear,
 Or radiant Light, or gloomy Darknesh wear.
 Thrice he blasphem'd, and thrice he frantick swore
 By ev'ry terrible Infernal Pow'r;
 Then wav'd his Staff, and said:

'Tho *N* — 's Death has all our Measures broke,
 Yet never will we bend to *A* — 's Yoke.

'The glorious Revolution was in vain,
 If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.

'Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,

'E'r that damn'd Form of Government prevail.

'O had he liv'd to perfect his Design,

'We ne'er had been subjected to her Reign,

'But rooted out the *S* — 's hated Line!

'Howe'er, since Fate has otherwise decreed,

'We may on his unfinish'd Scheme proceed.

'We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in one inveigh,

'And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway.

'We

' We may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance,
 ' Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France* :
 ' Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria's* Flood,
 ' Which for ten rowling Centuries has stood :
 ' Argue how th' *Roman* and *Athenian* State
 ' Were only, when Republicks, truly Great,
 ' 'Tis easy the Unreas'ning Mob to guide,
 ' For they are always on the Faction's Side.
 ' This labor'd here, 'twill be our next Resort;
 ' To manage and cajole S——'s Court.
 ' To——nd alone for such a Work is fit,
 ' In all the Arts of Villany compleat.
 ' The *Scotch*, a Rough, Revolting, Stubborn Kind,
 ' Have long at *England's* growing Power repin'd.
 ' Nor need we with unnecessary Care,
 ' Endeavour to foment Rebellion there.
 ' For scarce our *N——*'s Empire they endur'd,
 ' Tho he their antient Liberties restor'd,
 ' And murm'ring now they ask a foreign Lord. }
 ' But (Health suppos'd) to * *Ireland* I'll repair,
 ' And right or wrong usurp the Common's Chair ;
 ' That Point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our Cause,
 ' Soon undermine our hot-brain'd tow'ring Foes.
 ' At least I'll substitute some wealthy Friend, }
 ' Who shall with Heat and Arrogance contend }
 ' To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command.
 So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,
 And when h' had form'd the Schemewithin his Mind,
 In such a warm Harangue his Friends address'd,
 And open'd all the Secrets of his Breast.
 This hit *Sigillo's* Thoughts, and made him cool, }
 Tho just before he scarcely could controul
 The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul ; }

* *This Project was once talk'd of.*

His restless Soul, that rends his sickly Frame,
 Worn with a poys'nous and corroding Flame;
 An unjust J——e, and blemish of the M——,
 Witness the *Bankers* long depending Case;
 A shallow Statesman, tho of mighty Fame,
 For who can e'er that crust *Par——on* name,
 But to his foul Disgrace, and to his Shame?
 Besides, in spite of all his loud Defence;
 He shew'd a want of Honesty or Sense,
 In passing ev'ry plund'ring Courtier's Grants.
 He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
 Deist, Republican, Adulterer.

Thus his lov'd *Clodio* for his Speech he prais'd,
 And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.

- ' There spoke the Guardian Genius of our Cause,
- ' Whose ev'ry Word deserves divine Applause.
- ' Not ev'n * *Cetbego's* self could form a Plot,
- ' More nicely spun, more exquisitely wrought;
- ' Tho he, to his immortal envied Fame,
- ' The Glory of the Revolution claim.
- ' 'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit,
- ' Did *James*, and all his *Jesuit-Train* defeat.
- ' He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jest,
- ' Impos'd upon the World by some designing Priest;
- ' Nor therefore fear'd; but to their Idols bow'd,
- ' Prevaricating with his King, his God.
- ' A *Proteus*, ever acting in Disguise;
- ' A finish'd Statesman, intricately wise;
- ' A second *Machiavel*, who soar'd above
- ' The little Tyes of Gratitude and Love;
- ' Whose harden'd Conscience never felt Remorse,
- ' Reflection is the puny Sinner's Curse.
- ' But why should I *Cetbego's* Praise pursue,
- ' When all his Vertues, *Clodio*, shine in you?

c. 1782 The Person here represented, was living at the time of this Cabal.

' You

' You can another Revolution frame,
 ' The same your Principle, your Skill the same.
 ' Whilst then the wav'ring *Irish* are your Care,
 ' Believe we'll use our utmost Efforts here,
 ' Nor Time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money spare. }
 ' *Cetbeg* in your Absence shall preside
 ' O're our Debates, and ev'ry Consult guide:
 ' Like the supreme directing Hand of *Jove*,
 ' Shall act unseen, and all around him move.
 ' I, as the Moderator of the Laws,
 ' Will find a way to sanctify our Cause,
 ' Will prove, in *Passive Jacobites* despight,
 ' Rebellion is a free-born Peoples Right.
 ' Then as we take our Circuits thro the Land, }
 ' We'll mould the stern Freeholders to our Hand; }
 ' Awe their Elections, and their Votes command. }
 ' When with our faithful City-Friends we dine,
 ' We'll mingle Treason with the flowing Wine.
 ' We'll plant in every Coffee-house a Spy,
 ' That boldly shall the Ministry decry;
 ' Shall praise the past, the present Reign condemn,
 ' And all their Measures, all their Councils blame:
 ' Shall spread a thousand idle, groundless Tales,
 ' Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and Peace of *W*— :
 ' Shall never fail Objections still to raise,
 ' (Whatever is transacted with Success). }
 ' And turn their greatest Honour to Disgrace. }
 ' This Chymick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
 ' From sweetest Things will rankest Poyson draw.

Narcisso next, magnificently Gay,
 Smil'd his Assent, but not a Word would say.
 He fear'd to strain his Voice by talking loud,
 Nor was his Quail-pipe made for such a Crowd.
 A batter'd Beau, yet youthful in Decay,
 Who dresses, whores, and games his time away.
 Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice
 With all that Wealth, profusely spent, supplies.

And

And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.

Then squeal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat
Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,
Nor will we here the blustering Speech repeat.
A Bully L —, whose wild mad Looks proclaim
His Bosom warm'd with more than Hero's Flame.
Fighting and Railing are his chief Delight,
Promiscuously opposing Wrong and Right.
Whate'er he does is always in Extreams,
Sometimes the *Whig*, sometimes the *Tory* damns,
His various Temper and impetuous Mind,
To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.

He never was, nor e'er will be content
With any Prince, with any Government.

Last rose *Bathillo*, deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.

A gay, pragmatical, pretending Tool,
Opiniatively wise, and pertly dull.

A Demy Statesman, Talkative and Lond,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud;

A Leader fit for the unthinking Crond.

With dapper Gesture, but with haughty Look,
His leud Associates vainly he bespoke.

Do you perform the Politicians Part,

I'll bring th' Assistance of the Muses Art.

The Poet Tribe are all at my devoir,

And write as I command, as I inspire.

C—g—ve for me *Pastora*'s Death did mourn,

And her white Name with Sable Verse adorn.

R—— too is mine, and of the *Whiggish* Train,

'Twas he that sung immortal *Tamerlane*,

Tho' now he dwindles to an * humbler Strain.

* *The Fair Penitent.*

‘ I help’d to polish *G—tb’s* rough, awkward Lays,
 ‘ Taught him in tuneful Lines to sound our Party’s
 (Praise.

‘ *W—sh* Votes with us, who, tho he never writ,
 ‘ Yet passes for a Critick and a Wit.
 ‘ *Van’s* Bandy, Plotless Plays were once our boast;
 ‘ But now the Poet’s in the Builder lost.
 ‘ On *A——son* we safely may depend,
 ‘ A Pension never fails to gain a Friend.
 ‘ Thro *Alpine Hills* he shall my Name resound,
 ‘ And make his Patron known in *Classick Ground*.
 ‘ These pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
 ‘ Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecenas* too.
 ‘ Princes but sit unsettl’d on their Thrones,
 ‘ Unless supported by *Apollo’s* Sons.
 ‘ *Augustus* had the *Mantuan*, and *Venusian Muse*,
 ‘ And happier *N——* had his *M——gues*.
 ‘ But *A——*, that ill fated Tory Queen,
 ‘ Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet’s Pen.

Triton, who like the vast *Leviathan*

Long wallow’d in the Treasures of the Main,
 Was all Attention, and suspended hung,
 For ev’ry Rebel Heart has not a Tongue.
 Besides, there stood a num’rous Train of *P——*;
 Below the Notice of Recording Verse.
 Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, *B——rs* and Cits,
 Toasters, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons and Wits
 Compos’d the medly Crew; but I forbear
 To give ’em any Place, or Mention here.
 For since the Muse would blush to paint their Crimes,
 Let Decency restrain th’ *Invective Rhimes*.

(Throng

When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro’ all the
 Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.
 Not antient *Demagogues*, with more Applause,
 Asserted and espous’d the Rabble’s Cause.

Now

Now this Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,
 When *Bibbipolo* from behind appear'd,
 As well describ'd by th' old Satyrick Bard;
With Leering Looks, Bullfac'd and Freckled fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air.
 Sweating and puffing for a while he stood,
 And then broke forth in this insulting Mood.
 ' I am the Touchstone of all Modern Wit,
 ' Without my stamp in vain your Poets write.
 ' Those only purchase everliving Fame;
 ' That in my Miscellany plant their Name:
 ' Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid,
 ' Because I follow a Mechanick Trade, (spread.
 ' I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours }
 ' I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,
 ' A Club that gave Direction to the State.
 ' 'Twas there we first instructed all our Youth,
 ' To talk profane, and laugh at Sacred Truth.
 ' We taught them how to tosst, and rhyme and bite;
 ' To sleep away the Day, and drink away the Night.
 Some this fantastick Speech approv'd, some sneer'd,
 The Wight grew Cholerick, and disappear'd.

Mean time the Fury smil'd, who all this while
 Sat hov'ring on the Summit of the Pile.
 A secret and exulting Joy she finds,
 To see her Influence brooding on their Minds;
 And the bare Prospect of such Noble Ills
 Her Thoughts with rapt'rous Speculation fills.
 Then She-----

' With what delight do I my Sons behold,
 ' So resolutely brave, so fiercely bold?
 ' Sure nothing can resist their boundless Course,
 ' Nothing subdue their well-united Force.
 ' *Volsung*, who will solely now command
 ' The publick Purse, and T---s---e of the Land,

c Wants Constancy and Courage to oppose
 c A Band of such exasperated Foes.
 c For how shall he that moves by Craft and Fear,
 c Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare ?
 c What did he e'er in all his Life perform,
 c But shrunk at the Approach of every Storm ;
 c But when the tott'ring Church his Aid requir'd,
 c With *Moderation Principles* inspir'd,
 c Forsook his Friends and decently retir'd.
 c Nor has he any real just Pretence
 c To that vast Depth of Politicks and Sense.
 c For where's the Depth, when Publick Credit's
 c To manage an o'reflowing T---s---y ? (high,
 c Or where the Sense to know the Tricks of Game,
 c Since *S---ms*, Sir *Ja--es*, *H--ll--way* may claim
 c A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame ?
 c I fear the Man, who dares the Truth assert,
 c Who never plays the Double-dealing Part ;
 c The Patriot's Soul disdains the Trimmer's Art.
 c Such *Celsus* is, but I foresee his Fate
 c To be supplanted by *Sempronia's* Hate.
 c (*Sempronia* of a leud procuring Race,
 c The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Disgrace.)
 c 'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
 c For Hell would then imploy her Fiend in vain.
 c He never knew to prostitute the State,
 c Never by being guilty to be Great.
 c Nor yet when Publick Storms came rowling on,
 c Did he or Danger or his Duty shun.
 c *Rome's* subtle Priests with Sophistry essay'd,
 c With Wealth and Honor in the Ballance laid,
 c To shock his Faith ; but nothing could controul
 c The firm Resolves of his unbias'd Soul,
 c True to his Conscience, as the Needle to the Pole.
 c Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,
 c He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own ;

c Whilst

' Whilst others keep their Int'rest still in view,
 ' And meaner Spirits meaner Ends pursue.
 ' So the fixt Stars harmoniously comply
 ' With the first Publick Motion of the Sky;
 ' Whilst wandring Planets oppositely move,
 ' Within the narrow Orbs of private Love.
 She stopp'd — for now her Anger 'gan to rise,
 Flush'd in her Cheeks, and sparkl'd in her Eyes.
 And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,
 That she was forc'd the Worth, she hates, to praise.
 The Dawn dispers'd the Croud, she took her flight
 To the low Regions of Eternal Night.

O *England*, how revolving is thy State!
 How few thy Blessings! how severe thy Fate!
 O destin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
 By those, whose Duty 'tis to serve and aid!
 A griping vile degenerate Viper Brood,
 That tears thy Vitals and exhausts thy Blood.
 A varying Kind, that no fixt Rule pursue,
 But often form their Principles anew;
 Unknowing where to lodg Supreme Command,
 Or in the King, or Peers, or People's Hand.
 One while the People's Sov'reignty they own,
 To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown;
 Who to his Subjects when at length restor'd,
 Without distinction was their common Lord.
 What Party else to *David's* happy Throne,
 Wou'd have prefer'd a giddy *Abfalon*?
 But when a King is moulded to their Mind,
 Then they to him would have all Sway confin'd;
 Nor in their own despotick boundless Reign,
 Of injur'd Rights, and Property complain:
 Nay with a Standing Force thy Sons would awe,
 The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrants Law.
 But, if nor King, nor Commons will comply
 With their detest'd Acts of Villany,

They

They strive the Peas declining Pow'r to raise,
 And get Impeachments voted into Praise.
 Blest Patriots these, who Liberty imploy,
 T' elude thy Laws and Liberty destroy!

Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled,
 Which once inspir'd thy antient Patriots dead?
 Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd,
 When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd:
 Who spread, like Branching Oaks, their Arms a-
 (round,

To shelter and protect their Parent Ground;
 Tho Storms of Thunder rattl'd o'er their Head,
 Yet all was safe beneath their Guardian Shade.
 Or sure Historians on our Faith impose,
 And never such a Race of Men arose;
 Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws;
 Or Providence, incens'd by guilty Times,
 With-holds its Grace, and dooms us to our Crimes.

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
 Will sooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)
 If my condoling mournful Muse presume
 To visit thy *Marcellus* Sacred Tomb.

For his Hereditary Gifts alone (down
 Could have retriev'd thy Fame, and carry'd }
 The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun. }

O may thy Angel guard her Royal Mind,
 That Fav'rites nor seduce, nor Trimmers blind.

For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
 With Her will flourish, and with her will end.

But my shock'd Thoughts the sad Idea shun,
 (The sad Idea gives eternal Moan)

When she shall late, but ah! too soon comply
 With Nature, to adorn her kindred Sky.

For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?

Who represent the Mother, but the Son?

O! had the Pow'r, that governs human Fate,
 His Years extended to a longer Date.

Mean time the Fiend revolving in her Thought
 The mighty Change *Cethego's* Death had wrought,
 Resolv'd at length to summon to her Aid
 Each Plotting Devil, each Seditious Shade.
 She gave the Signal, and a dreadful Sound
 Ran bellowing thro' all th' Abyfs profound.

Then thus she eas'd her anxious Soul——
 O dearest Friends! O faithful Ministers!
 Ye mutual Partners of my Joys and Cares;
 New Ways, new Means my restless Thoughts im-
 How *Albion* to reduce, her Peace destroy. (ploy,
 Long have I labor'd, but Alas! in vain,
 For now succeeds the Heavenly *Anna's* Reign;
 Who watchful guards a Stubborn Peoples Good,
 By Fears not stagger'd, nor by Force subdu'd.
 Such are the Gifts of her Capacious Mind,
 Where Justice, Mercy, Piety are join'd.
 As Motion, Light and Heat combin'd in one,
 Make up the glorious Essence of the Sun,
 But still She Mortal is, nor will I cease,
 'Till my Revenge be crown'd with wish'd Success.

First then, suppose we should devest the Throne
 Of Friends, whose Souls are kindred to her own.
Celsus disgrac'd, *Hortensio* next appears,
 Whose Vigilance still baffles all my Cares;
 To whom by Right of Ancestry belong
 A Loyal Heart, and a Perswasive Tongue.
 Now Plots are form'd, and Publick Tempests rowl,
 He boasts a strange unshaken strength of Soul.
 Fearless against their Foes the Church sustains,
 Alike their Friendship and their Hate disdains;
 Disdains their Clamour and Seditious Noise,
 Secure in the Applauding Senate's Voice.
 Of Noble Stem, in whose Collat'ral Lines
 Virtue with equal Force and Lustre shines.
 When *Suada* Pleads, Success attends the Cause,
Suada the Glory of the *British* Laws.

Not

Not the fam'd Orators of Old were heard
With more attentive Awe, more deep Regard,
When thronging round them, their charm'd Au-
(dience hung

On the attacking Musick of their Tongue.

Nor Hell to *Lælio* can her Praise refuse,
Whose Worth deserves his own recording Muse;
Who in *Sophia's* Court with just Applause, (Cause.
Maintain'd his Sov'reign's Rights, his Country's
For 'tis in him, with Anguish, that I find
All the Endowments of a Gen'rous Mind,
Whate'er is Great and Brave, whate'er Refin'd. }

For 'tis in him Fame doubly does commend
An active Patriot, and a faithful Friend.
Then from his near Attendance be remov'd
Urbano, tho by all admir'd and lov'd :

Tho his sweet Temper and obliging Port,
Become his Office, and adorn the Court.

He seems by Nature form'd Mankind to please,
So Free, so unconstrain'd in his Address,
Improv'd by ev'ry Vertue, ev'ry Grace. }

Senato too, who bravely does deride
Sempronia's little Arts, and Female Pride;
Whose lofty Look, and whose Majestick Mien
Confess the tow'ring God-like Soul within.

A Speaker of unparallel'd Renown,
Long in the Senate, long in Council known.

Ally'd to *Celsus* by the Noblest Claim,
By the same Principles, by Worth the same.
Old as he is, still firm his Heart remains,
And dauntless his declining Frame sustains.

So, pois'd on its own Base, the Center bears
The Nodding Fabrick of the Universe.

Be these, and such as these, discharg'd from
The *Better Genii* that the Crown support. (Court,
Then, in their stead, let *Mod'rate* Statesmen reign,
Practise their new pretended Golden Mean.

A Notion undefin'd in Virtue's Schools,
 Unrecommended by her sacred Rules.
 A Modern Coward Principle, design'd
 To stifle Justice and unnerve the Mind.
 A Trick by Knaves contriv'd, impos'd on Fools,
 But scorn'd by Patriots and exalted Souls :
 For *Mod'rate* Statesmen, like *Camelions*, wear
 A different Form in ev'ry different Air.
 They stick at nothing to secure their Ends,
 Carefs their Enemies, betray their Friends.
 Their Medly Temper, their amphibious Mind
 Is fraught with Principles of every kind ;
 Nor ever can from Stain and Error free,
 Assert its Native Truth, and Energy.
 As the four Elements so blended were
 In their first Chaos, so united there,
 That since they ne'er could fully be disjoin'd,
 Each retains something of each other's kind.
 Nor this is wholly Air, nor that pure Flame,
 But still in both some Atoms are the same.

Let *Jano*, second of this Trimming Band,
 Next to *Volpone* deck'd with Honors stand.
 Like him for secret Policy renown'd,
 Like him with all the Gifts of Cunning crown'd.
 None better can the Jarring Senate guide,
 Or lure the flying Camp to either side.
 Of an invet'rate old Fanatick Race,
 Of canting Parents, sprung this Child of Grace.
 In show a Tory, but a Whig in Heart ;
 For Saints may safely act the Sinners Part.
 Once he was ours, and will be ours again,
 For Art to stifle Nature strives in vain :
 For ev'ry thing, when from its Center born,
 Still thither tends, still thither will return.
 Let him with these Accomplishments supply
Hortensio's steady Faith, and Loyalty.

Brucbus,

Bruchus, for he has Wealth to buy a Place,
 Shall wear *Urbano's* Key, his Post disgrace.
 A Worthy Son, in whom collected shine
 The Follies of his mad and Ideot Line.
 Lord of the woful Countenance, whose Skin
 Seems fear'd without, and putrify'd within.
 A Dapper Animal, whose Pigmy size
 Provokes the Ladies Scorn, and mocks their Eyes.
 But Balls and Musick are his greatest Care,
 So willing is the Wretch to please the Fair.
 'Tis strange, that Men, what Nature has deny'd,
 Should make their only Aim, their only Pride.
 Let *Britono*, who from the Parent Moon
 Derives his *Welsh* Descent directly down,
 Succeed *Senato* in his High Command,
 And bear the Staff of Honour in his Hand.
 A flutt'ring empty Fop, that ev'ry Night,
 Sits laughing loud, and jesting in the Pit,
 Whilst a surrounding Croud of Whores and Bawds,
 His spritely Converse, and his Wit applauds.
 An Atlas proper to sustain the Weight
 Of an incumber'd, and declining State.
 Let these, as useful Tools, a while possess
 The Court-Preferments, and indulge their Ease.
 But they shall fly, like Mists, before the Sun,
 When my Design's to full Perfection grown, (own.
 Exert their Power, and make the ruin'd World my
 When thus the Fury had her Scheme display'd,
 Assenting Hell a low Obeisance paid.

Molech, Protector of the Papal Chair,
 Author of Massacres and Christian War,
 Was now convinc'd that Sanguinary Laws
 Could ne'er the Reformation's Growth oppose,
 Could ne'er in *Albion's* Church advance his Cause.
 He therefore urg'd with his old constant Hate,
 By *Mod'rate* Means consents to work her Fate.

He finds how soon by Toleration's Aid,
 Her Power is weaken'd, and her Rights betray'd.
 Nor doubts *Occasional Conformity*
 Will by degrees her Essence quite destroy.
 Then Satan, Prince of the Fanatick Train,
 Who form'd the Conduct of their glorious Reign,
 Approv'd the Scheme, not hoping to restore
 His Subjects to their late unbounded Pow'r.
 For well he knew their Avarice and Pride
 Had wean'd the Bankrupt Nation from their side.
 But these Auspicious Moderation Times,
 By not detecting, sanctify their Crimes;
 By baffling Justice, and eluding Law,
 Make Vice insult, and Sin triumphant grow;
 Nay, such th' Effects of Moderation are,
 The Guilty to reward, as well as spare.
 Hence Foes to Prelacy are clad in Lawn,
 Hence Rebels are the Fav'rites of the Throne.
 What could they more desire, than thus to pass
 The blest Remainder of their happy Days,
 Fatted with Plunder, and dissolv'd in Ease?
 Nor *Belial*, th' Atheist's Patron, could complain,
 For Moderation would enlarge his Reign,
 Where all unpunish'd talk, and live profane;
 Where Irreligion Providence denies, (Skies.
 Nor dreads the Laws of Earth, nor Thunder of the
Mammon, the Trader's and the Courtier's God,
 No sooner heard the Project, but allow'd;
 For hence his Vor'ries uncontroll'd might live,
 And endless Frauds commit, and endless Bribes re-
 But most *Cethego* the Design approves, (Ceive.
 Who dead and living in *Mæander's* moves,
 He knew how he deluded hapless *James*,
 By the same wily Arts, and subtle Schemes,
 Proposes then, that he alone be sent,
 To execute the Fury's New Intent,

When

When he had ended, thus he soon replies :
 Blest be the Shade, that can so well advise,
 On thee thy Goddess smiles, on thee relies.
 Fly, nimbly to thy Native Soil repair,
 Urge and inforce the well-form'd Counsel there.
 Occasion favours, the Cabal is met
 At thy own Mansion; thy below'd Retreat,
 The Muses Darling Theme, the Graces Seat.
 There *Clodio's* and *Sigillo's* Anxious Thoughts
 Are brooding o'er Imaginary Plots.
 Whilst *Bibliopolo* with his awkward Jests
 Deserves his Dinner, and diverts the Guests.
Batbilio, in his own unborrow'd Strains,
 Young *Sacharissa's* Angel Form profanes :
 Whilst her dull Husband, senseless of her Charms,
 Lies lumpish in her soft encircling Arms.
 For he to Wisdom makes a grave Pretence,
 But wants, alas ! his Father's Depth of Sense.
 Howe'er supplying all Defects of Wit,
 He shews a true Fanatick Zeal and Heat.

She spoke—the Spectre in a Moment gains
Altropia's Balmy Air, the Flow'ry Plains.
 At his Approach the Dome's Foundation shook,
 When 'midst their Revels rushing in he broke.
 Involv'd in Wreaths of Smoak, a while he stood,
 Seeming at distance an unshapen Cloud.
 But soon, the Cloud ascending to the Skies,
 He manifest was seen before their Eyes.
 Horror and Guilt shook ev'ry Conscious Breast,
 But *Bibliopolo* most his Fears exprest,
 Fainting he tumbled—Pass we o'er the rest.
Clodio alone, fix'd and unmov'd appear'd,
 And what the Phantom said, undaunted heard.
 Forbear, my Friends, your hot Pursuits restrain,
 Behold your lov'd *Cetbego* once again.
 From Faction's dark unbottom'd Cell I come,
 Fraught with *Britannia's* Fate, and final Doom.

For,

For, meditating Vengeance in her Mind,
 At length a finish'd Plan she has design'd.
 Nor doubts by mod'rate Methods to obtain,
 What she by rougher Arts has sought in vain,
 That Whigs should triumph in a Tory Reign. }

Thus he began, and then proceeds to tell
 What Faction had before reveal'd in Hell.
Clodio was raptur'd, and in Terms like these,
 His Joy and Approbation did express.
 Since thy divided State permits, be thou,
 As once a Friend, a Guardian Genius now.
 Give us to execute this grand Design,
 Thine be the Conduct, and the Glory thine.
 Attempts that often baffle human Care,
 By aiding Spirits soon effected are;
 Their Knowledge in immediate Intuition lies,
 Nor does, like ours, from long Deductions rise.

Pleas'd with this Answer, the retiring Ghost
 Condens'd the ambient Air, and in a Cloud was lost.

Here cease thy Satyr, Muse, and form thy Tongue
 To louder Numbers, and Heroick Song:
 Here celebrate, unbiass'd as thou art,
 The Triumphs of *Scmpronius*'s other Part, }

Now the *Imperial Eagle* hung her Head,
 Drooping she mourn'd, her wonted Thunder fled.
 Now was she fitted for a foreign Yoke,
 Her Scepter nodded, her Dominion shook.
 Such was the tott'ring State of antient *Rome*,
 When conq'ring *Hannibal* pronounc'd her Doom.
 When yet the fatal *Capua* was unknown,
 That blasted all the Laurels *Canna* won.
 Where shall she Succour seek? or whither fly?
 Shall she for ever in Confusion lie?
 Shall the first Kingdom of the *Christian World*
 Be un-reliev'd, in endless Ruin hurl'd?

Not

Not so ! Her Aid Auspicious *Anna* brings,
Anna the Angel of unhappy Kings.
She sends *Camillo* with an *English* Force,
To stem the Ravaging Invader's Course.
France and *Bavaria* now in vain combine,
In vain their Fierce unnumbered Legions joyn:
In vain the Thunderbolts of War oppose ;
Eugenio and *Camillo* are their Foes.
Like *Cæsar*, both for Stratagems renown'd,
Like *Alexander*, both with Martial Fury crown'd.

At length the great decisive Day drew near,
On which alone depended all the War.
At length the Fight began, the Cannon roar'd,
Nor knew the Empire yet her Sov'reign Lord.
But soon *Camillo* with resistless Arms,
With double Rage, the Hostile Troops alarms ;
The Troops that thought no Valor match'd their
(own,

Till *English* Courage bore them headlong down.
Before his conqu'ring Sword they vanquish'd fly,
Or in the Field, or in the *Danube* die.
The *Danube* reeking, ran a Purple Flood,
Swell'd and distain'd with Deluges of Blood.
O were I Poet equal to my Theme ! (Stream,
The future World should wond'ring read this
Where many Thousand Warriors more were slain,
Or than on *Xanthus* Banks, or the *Pharsalian* Plain:
Tho these to all Exploits are far prefer'd,
One by the *Grecian*, one the *Roman* Bard.
Hence is the Empire to it self restor'd,
Revolting Nations recognize their Lord.
Lewis no more shall Godlike Titles claim,
Nor *Europe* aw'd and trembling dread his Name.
Hence a new Scene of Happiness appears,
A long Successive Train of Golden Years.
So sav'd *Demetrius* the *Athenian* State,
Oppress'd by Foes, and sunk with adverse Fate.

No

No soon'r was the bloody Battel won,
 But all his Fame with Adoration own;
 But on the mighty Victor they bestow'd
 The sacred Stile and Honours of a God.
 But tho no Altars we profanely raise,
 But tho a less, we pay a juster Praise;
 All but the blind Idolatry intend, (commend.
 Which ridicules the glorious Worth it would
 When with his *Eastern* Spoils returning Home,
Augustus enter'd his applauding *Rome*,
Virgil and *Horace* waited on his Fame,
 Glad to record the Muses Patron's Name;
 And well could they in-ever living Strains,
 Describe his Triumphs, and reward his Pains.
 But modern Heroes, tho as truly brave
 As those of old, not equal Poets have.
 No *Virgils* now, nor *Horaces* to raise
 Trophies proportion'd to their deathless Praise.
 An *Addison* perhaps, or *Tate* may write;
Volpone pays them for their *Venal* Wit.
 But since my Muse, warm'd with a gen'rous Flame,
 Unbrib'd would eternize *Camillo's* Name;
 Let him accept such Homage as she brings,
 Nor think that wholly uninspir'd she sings.
 But; Goddess, still one Labor more remains,
 Still *Nereo* claims thy Tributary Strains;
 Tune thy Harmonious Voice to *Nereo's* Praise,
 A Subject pregnant with immortal Lays.
 'Tis he extends the Heav'nly *Anna's* Reign
 High as the Stars, unbounded as the Main.
 'Tis he, whose Valour the *Batavian* Wars
 Inur'd to Glory from his greener Years.
 'Tis he *La Hogue's* opposing Ord'nance bore,
 Nor fear'd the Lightning Blasts, nor Thunders roar.
 'Tis he with *Scipio*, Darling of our Isle,
 From vanquish'd *Vigo* forc'd the *Indian* Spoil.

'Tis he the *Straits* Defence so lately storm'd,
 A Town by Nature fortify'd and arm'd.
 'Tis he, unequal far in Force, o'ercame
 A Fleet secure of Conquest and of Fame,
 A Fleet by vast Expence for War prepar'd,
 At once the *Spaniards* Terror and their Guard!
 For what can *English* Bravery withstand?
 When *Nereo* or *Camillo* do command,
 It vindicates the Sea and triumphs o'er the Land.
 'Tis he Detraction's baleful Breath has born,
 But with a Noble and Heroick Scorn,
 For let his Foes this Just Monition have,
 Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave.
 So *Aristides* long with Malice strove,
 Nor could his Vertue win a Faction's People's Love!

*The French King's Lamentation for the
 Loss of the Occasional Bill, 1705.*

I Think I shall never despair,
 Tho beaten at *Hochstet* full sore,
 Since I have gotten somewhere

130 and 4.

Tho *Malbro'* has ruin'd my Cause,
 I'll soon that matter restore,
 For amongst the Makers of Laws

I've 130 and 4.

The Cub that I've cherish'd so long,
 In time will pay off his score,
 For I find his Party is strong,

'Tis 130 and 4.

I'll send him home to his Throne,
 Which his Father abandon'd before,
 I'm sure he will be maintain'd

By the 130 and 4.

The

The Alliance had all been dissolv'd,
And I had got all in my Power,
Had then the Question been carry'd

By the 130 and 4.

My Son had been tack'd unto *Spain*
Much faster than ever before,
Had the great Design but gone on

Of the 130 and 4.

But they have put some of my Friends
Into Places of Profit and Power,
Or else the Question had gone

With the 130 and 4.

There's *H*——nd, and *H*——t, and *H*——w,
And *St. J*——n, and *M*——l, and *M*——re,
Have now forsaken their Friends,

The 130 and 4.

I think my Affairs at Sea
Look better than ever before,
Some Officers are of the Mind

Of the 130 and 4.

Some Captains have made me a Present,
Of some of their Ships of War,
And these are all of a piece

With the 130 and 4.

I'll fit out an *English* Fleet,
To the Number of half a Score,
And these shall all be employ'd

For the 130 and 4.

Am not I a Politick Prince,
Who have ruin'd Mankind with my Power,
To have in a Protestant Land

130 and 4 ?

I have had my Cabals in that Nation
These 45 Years, and more,
And I find I'm not yet out of Fashion

With the 130 and 4.

With Wenches I doz'd an old Stallion,
He *Dunkirk* resign'd for a Whore,
And I play a new Game of Rebellion

With the 130 and 4.

I govern'd and gull'd Brother *Jemmy*,
He firmly believ'd what I swore,
Till they banish'd him hither to see me,

From the 130 and 4.

I maintain now their dear Prince of *Wales*,
As I did his old Father before,
Tho I wish he was gone from *Verfailles*,

To his 130 and 4.

Now to keep these brave Allies in heart,
I'm glad my Friend *Tallard's* gone o're,
I hope he'll again do his Part

With the 130 and 4.

Tho he sheath'd his Sword with Disgrace,
Yet he knows how to draw a *Laid Or*,
And that Weapon shall always have place

With the 130 and 4.

Anjou must be left in the lurch,
(The most Catholick Son of the Whore)
Till he's rais'd by such Sons of the Church,

As the 130 and 4.

When my Troops were sent all a packing,
No Plaster so fisted my Sore,
As the Brawling and Wrangling and Tacking

Of the 130 and 4.

The Kings of the *Spaniards* and *Romans*,
Must be humbled and torn'd out of Dooms,
If I get but another House of Commons

Like the 130 and 4.

Nor shall my strong Hopes ever feulter,
Tho I'm squeez'd and drain'd very Poor,
Till Justice is tack'd with a Halter

To the 130 and 4.

*On the Sea Fight between Sir G. R. and
Tolouse, 1704.*

WHO does not extol our Conquest Marine?
 Courage and Conduct, *Rook and Tolouse,*
 'Twas the sharpest Engagement that ever seen,
 Courage, &c.
 An Action so glorious was never yet known,
 Courage, &c.
 Where no Ship was taken, and no Trophy won,
 Courage, &c.
 'Tis plain that the *French* by Sir *George* were out-shot,
 Courage, &c.
 They only th' Advantage, we Victory got,
 Courage, &c.
 Their Fleet a whole day we did terribly maul,
 Courage, &c.
 And pursu'd them two more without Powder or Ball,
 Courage, &c.
 The Flag man that madly the close Fight began,
 Courage, &c.
 Had lost all his Squadron and not sav'd a Man,
 Courage, &c.
 Had not the *Cool Admiral* to Prudence inclin'd,
 Courage, &c.
 The distance maintain'd in spite of the Wind,
 Courage, &c.
 We conquer'd the French, but had they been beat,
 Courage, &c.
 Our Conquest tho' glorious had been more compleat,
 Courage, &c.
 If our Hero abroad no Laurels has got,
 Courage, &c.
 Yet he triumphs at home, and is Victor by Vote,
 Courage, &c.

A Song on the same.

AS brave Sir *Rooke Thouloufe* did beat,
So brave *Thouloufe* beat him ;
But whensoever they meet again,
George will his *Jacquet* trim.
They both did fight, they both did beat,
They both did run away ;
They both did strive to meet again
The quite contrary way.

On the Colours in Westminster-Hall, 1704.

AS *Hodge* and *Dick*, who lately came
From *Lichfield*, and from *Nottingham*,
Walk'd up the long litigious Hall,
Where Knaves at one another bawl ;
Quoth *Hodg*, Adzookers! what are these
That hang aloft as thick as Bees?
Dick who (besides his Country Tricks)
Was hugely vers'd in Politicks,
And never miss'd a Market-day
To read what *Jones* and *Dyer* say,
Thus gravely answer'd: Friend, quoth he,
I marl at thy Stupidity ;
If thou had'st read, as I have done,
The News that weekly comes to Town,
Thou'dst not been ignorant ; but now
Listen a while and thou shalt know.
These on the right are what were took
From *French-men* by the Noble *Rooke* ;
Those on the left from *Blenheim* came,
Where *Marlborough* increas'd his Fame

For thus, in most of your Addresses,
 The Matter wonderful express is.
 They tell you plainly how that we
 Obtain'd a double Victory,
 First one at Land, then one at Sea,
 A Jolly Red-Coat standing by,
 Cry'd out, You Whoreson that's a Lye;
 Come up you Dog, and then look back,
 Here's neither Pendant, Flag nor Jack.
 With that, an honest Tar steps in,
 Before a Quarrel could begin,
 And cry'd, Hold fast Brother, that is true,
 These Trophies all belong to you.
 We fought the *French* indeed, but they
 Would not be beat, but run away,
 And so did we another day.
 We saw their Flags, but could not catch 'em,
 But *Shovel's* going now to fetch 'em.
 They all shook hands but *Dick*, and he
 Was plaguily concern'd to see
 They spoil'd his Noble Rookery.

A new Ballad.

ALL the Materials are the same,
 Of Beauty and Desire;
 In a fair Woman's goodly Frame,
 No Brightness is without a Flame,
 No Flame without a Fire.

*Then tell me what those Creatures are,
 Who wou'd be thought both chaste and fair?*

2.

If on her Neck her Hair be spread,
 With many a curious Ring;

That

That Heat which serves to curl her Head,
Will make her mad to be a Bed,
And do another Thing.

Then tell me, &c.

3.

If Modesty it self appears
With Blushes in her Face;
Think you the Blood that dances there,
Can revel it no other where,
Or warm no other Place?

Then tell me, &c.

4.

Ask but of her Philosophy,
What gives her Lips the Balm,
What makes her Breasts to heave so high,
What Spir'ts give motion to her Eye,
And moisture to her Palm?

Then tell me, &c.

5.

Then, *Celia*, be not coy, for that
Betrays thy Self and thee:
There's not a Beauty nor a Grace
Bedecks thy Body or thy Face,
But plead within for me.

*Then tell me what those Women are,
Who wou'd be thought both Chast and Fair.*

The Down-Cast, 1705.

A Way with your Ballads, be gon with old *Simon*,
What a Rope can you find so delightful to
(rhime on?
What signify Hundreds, and Thirties, and Fours,
When the Bill they have brooded is cast out of doors?
I cannot indeed disown their Good Nature,
I know they design'd well, but that makes no matter.

Had the Bill been japan'd into one that gives Mony,
Then the Queen had receiv'd some Gall with her
Hony. (science)

The Tax must be rais'd with squeezing the Con-
(Some thought this was neither Injustice nor Non-
But now I am gravel'd in all my Devices, (sense)
My Policy's foundred, my Scheme's all in pieces.

The Archbishop of *Paris*, my great Cater-Cousin,
Will scarce keep his Fiddle in Tune without Rosin.
You know when my Forces make Enemies flee 'em,
The Choire and the Cardinal roar a *Te Deum*.

Nay tho I am trounc'd and made to disgorge,
Or make a Draw-game on't (as I did with Sir *George*)
Yet all these Defeats I can prudently gild (Field.
With the Name of a Triumph on the Sea, or the
When my Gains are the shortest, my Songs are the
(longest,

The Gazette and Bishop will call it a Conquest.
But here's a Miscarriage above all Disguise,
To prove this Good News needs a Bushel of Lies.
The Crime of Dissenting I strive to inhance,
To damn the Indulgence with the Edict of *Nantz*;
To bring down the Whigs, and the Men of the
Low-Church, (Church;
I retain'd all the Papists, and the Atheists of No-
They that were most famous for swearing and
(storming,

Sustain'd the Dispute against Partial Conforming:
The Reasons they for the Bill's Piety bring,
Are such as prove me the most Christian King;
For this is most easy, when Men set their desire on't,
To make a Virtue of Rage, and a Saint of a Tyrant.
Don't say that a Church-Persecution looks odly,
I've a hundred Divines that say this is godly.
It's stuff for to preach up Accord and Alliance
With Low-Church and Round-heads, hold 'em all
(at Defiance.

Hang

Hang out bloody Flags for the Men that do ever ill.
Live up to the Doctrine of Pious *Sacheveril*.

The Church is a falling, and these Men must prop
By fixing a Crime on each Interloper. (her,

The Commons took care of their Bill, like good
Nurses, (Curfes)

(Tho in that House 'twas plagu'd with Reasons and
But when it went up for their Lordships Concur-
rence, (horrence,

They read it, and then kick'd it out with Ab-
Its Advancement was only like that of those Fel-
(lows,

Who rise up the Ladder, to hang on the Gallows.
It's true, I ad my Champions in that upper House,
Who ventur'd their Credit this Cause to espouse,
And had rather be laugh'd at than smother their

(Fury
(These Worthies look fine in my Books I'll assure ye)

Great *W—sea* bully'd the Lords with a huff,

And *N—m* spoke more Rhetorical stuff;

My Lord's Grace of *T—* shook his Head with the
(Hair on't,

And said, the Religion of this Bill's apparent,
(And he was i'th' right on't, for no Church e'er
(stood

More firmly than ours that's cemented with Blood)

But the Politick Issues are things that he leaves

To such of the Peers as wear no Lawn-Sleeves.

My good Lord of *L—n*, in very odd Fashion,

Stood up for to mumble a pithy Oration,

But (whether the Duns and the Bailiffs had scar'd
him)

He mutter'd so low that scarce any one heard him,
Tho had he been audible, few would regard him.

In the heat of these Arguments learned and able,
The Bill was stretch'd out on its Death-bed, the
(Table.

For

For alas, all these Topicks of Flattery and Error,
Were banter'd and martyr'd to my very great
(Horror.

That this brave Contrivance again should miscarry-a,
Comes heavily after the Stroak at *Bavaria*;
My Veteran Troops at *Hochstet* were routed,
My Veteran Agents in *England* are flouted.

There's *Sommers* and *Wharton*, with others in vogue,
And *Orford* who puts me in mind of *La Hogue*,
With *Peterborough*, *Hallifax*, *Sarum*, and *Mobun*,
In all to the Number of Seventy one;
As some of the Commons would have tack'd it,
(so they

First read it, than rack'd it, and packt it away.

The Bill was Asthmatick quite thro the Debate,
And bloated with Venom, lay waiting its Fate.

Sometimes it wou'd redden, and my Agents wou'd
(smile on't,

Till the Vollics of Reason made it faint, and then
silent. (stated,

But the worst of all came when the Question was
Then it fetch'd a long Gasp and humbly departed.

What I took for a Champion's no more than a
(Martyr,

By pushing it forwards I've but caught a Tartar.

*Sir S. G's Petition to the good People of
Ag—sham.*

MY Petition, good People of *A — m*, hear,
For now my Heart aches, and my Head's full
(of Care;

For I find I have too much Reason to fear
That you will not chuse me a Member.
My

My Qualifications I will rehearse,
Which I pray you amongst my Electors disperse,
And to shew you my Parts I will do it in Verse.

I hope you will chuse me a Member.

Since a Knighthood I got, and an Alderman's Gown,
With these I set up for to bully the Town,

(known;

Tho some say I'm the arrantest Coxcomb that's
O therefore pray chuse me a Member.

The Marks of my Church you may see in my Face,
I've the Wit of a Goose, and the Brains of an Ass,
(Brass;

And my Phiz—— has been often rubb'd over; with
O therefore pray chuse me a Member.

I could show you my Love to the Young Prince of
But I am afraid you'll be telling of Tales, (Wales,
By my Actions you see I look to'ard *Versailles*;

O therefore pray chuse me a Member.

But Sir *Thomas's* Work-house afflicts me full sore,
Who obliges the Town by employing the Poor;
But I and my Lord will destroy 't to our Pow'r.

O therefore pray chuse us both Members.

If a Fool and a Knave you've a mind to obtain,
You will find that your labour will not be in vain,
If we the Election do happen to gain,

By being both chosen your Members.

The Lamentation of High-Church, 1704.

THUS God does bless our Sovereign *Anne*,
Makes her a glorious Queen,
For by her Arms such Feats are done,
The like was never seen.

She for the Clergy did provide,
Which was full well I trow ;
And now we must be on her side,
Whether we will or no.

But Moderation is her Text,
Which she does so explain,
That we shall sorely be perplext
How to turn Tale again.

For my Lord Duke, and my Lord Sly,
Both join in with the Court,
And they are lifted up so high
They'l make us but their Sport.

The Duke the Victory did obtain,
Or else h'had got a Tartar ;
If he had been beaten back again,
Perhaps he had been shorter.

And now they take the Sons of the Church,
And put them into Places,
Which makes them leave us in the lurch,
Oh ! this the very Case is.

Our rich and constant *M*———ll now,
Since they a Place have gave him,
He votes not as he us'd to do,
But just as they would have him.

Our Bully-back *Jack H*—w, alas !
Since he is made Pay-Master,
What my Lord *Sly* will have him do,
He'l do it in all hast Sir.

Young

Young *H* ——— *d* too, that talkt so much
To bring the Lords to Trial,
He minds not Us, nor Them, nor Church,
But minds the Navy-Royal.

Our prating *Ar* ——— *M* ——— *re*, whom we
Always rely'd on still,
For seven hundred Pounds a Year
Does vote against the Bill.

That Cunning Fox the Speaker too,
That us'd to trick and trim,
Wherein his Interest is concern'd,
The Church may sink or swim.

Thus you may see that Sons of Church
The Places are prefer'd to;
And that the Queen might please us all,
Sh'as oblig'd the Sacred Herd too.

And yet the Whigs vote for the Queen
More heartily than we do;
And is not this as sad a thing
As any Man can see to?

Now the Cause I will explain,
Why we do grumble still,
We cannot persecute again,
Altho we have the Will——

We thought when their *Dutch* King was dead,
We should have leave to smite 'em,
But now our Hands are so ty'd up,
We cannot *Gibeonite* 'em.

And

And now they say the House of Lords
 Do's keep 'em all from Ruin,
 Whilst to bring home our Natural Prince
 I'th t'other House is brewing.

Thus sorrowfully must we sing,
 Or mournfully may say,
 Our Queen is so much like *Their King*,
 Alack and well-aday.

*The Royal Gamesters, or the old Cards new
 shuffled for the Conquering Game.*

Germany.

E'RE we to play this Match prepare,
 Let's know, first, who together are.

Holland.

Let *England* deal the Cards about,
 The four Knaves play, the rest stand out.

Prussia.

France is a Gamester, and must fall,
 Else Odds will beat the Devil and all.

France.

What I have won I'll venture still,
 I will give nothing but the Deal.

England.

Play fair then, and it is agreed,
 The two black Knaves against the Red;
 The Kings shall hold another Sett,
 And the four Queens shall set the Bett.
 The Knaves of *France* and *Spain* are black,
 'Tis *Germany* must hold the Pack.

Germany.

Germany.

Give me the Cards, the Deal is mine,
Diamonds are Trumps, Who betts this time?

Holland.

I'll hold ten Thousand Livers by
'Gainst *France* and *Spain*; I'll tell you why,
Because the Odds are ten to one,
They'l certainly be both undone.

Savoy.

I'll take you up, with you I'll lay,
That *France* and *Spain* will hold you play.

Denmark.

I'll nothing bett on either side;

Portugal.

Nor I until I see them try'd.

Bavaria.

I know on which side I would bett,
But will not tell my Mind as yet.

Sweden.

Nor I, but still will Neuter stand;
And do them Service underhand.

Poland.

One single Game with *Suedes* I'll try,
I'll make the smooth-fac'd Youth comply,

Venice.

Go on, and prosper all, say I.

The First Game, 1702.

Germany held good Cards, and play'd them well;
Got some by Tricks and Honours, and some
by Deal.

The second Deal *France* held the Cards, and then
The Game seem'd two to one for *France* & *Spain*,
But in a little time they turn'd again.

For Fortune now old *Lewis's* Side forsakes,
England won all, but *Holland* drew the Stakes.

The

The Second Game, 1703.

THE Second Game *Bavaria* took their Parts,
 And the first Deal turn'd up the King of Hearts,
 Got the Court Cards and Trumps into his Power,
 And put the Slip upon the Emperor.
 And well it was for *France* he serv'd him so,
 For *Lewis* else had quickly been brought low ;
Germany fretted thus to see it go. }
England still play'd its Part, and won some Tricks,
 And fairly brought the Game up Eight, to Six.
 But *Germany* had no good Cards to play,
 And by ill Fortune gave the Game away.
Savoy did from *France* and *Spain* divide,
 And ventur'd all on the contrary Side ;
 Loses some Stakes, but *England* lends him more,
 And *Portugal* does for that same declare,

The Third Game, 1704.

BUT vex'd to see the Business done by halves,
England and *Holland* took the Cards themselves.
Germany laid his last Stake down to play }
France cut the Cards, and *Holland* led the way,
 But all the Stress upon the Dealers lay.
 The first Deal from the Cards *Bavaria* lost,
 And fear'd that now his great Designs are cross'd.
Holland deals next, *France* the first Trick did get,
 But *England* by the Honours won the Sett.
Bavaria ruin'd threw the Cards away,
 And had not left another Cross to play.

The Fourth Game, 1705.

FRANCE to the last Stake brought, & *Spain* the same,
 But *Germany* revok'd and spoil'd the Game ;
 Which

Which made the other Gamesters for to swear,
 He did not play at all upon the Square.
England chang'd Sides, and took the *Dutch* again,
 Whilst *Portugal* play single hand with *Spain*.
 But after many Deals, and mighty cross
 Between them both, there little was but loss.
 Now *England* deals about for the last Stake,
 And had a hand that made Great *Monsieur* quake.
 But when the Sett to a Conclusion came,
Holland lost Dealing, and quite bank'd the Game.

The Conquering Game, 1706.

E*ngland* deals next, and *France* is fain
 To lend a losing Stake to *Spain*.
Savoy betts all, *France* threatens hard
 To take from him his Leading Card:
 But *England* all the rest restore,
 And tell him they will lend him more.
 Now on all Sides the Stakes are down,
 And *Spain* plays briskly for the Crown:
 And *Portugal* some Betts doth lay,
 Which *England* does, and *Holland* pay.
 The first Deal *Spain* three Tricks does lose,
 Which doth old *Lewis* much confuse.
France shuffles next, more Stakes doth bett,
 And threatens hard to win the Sett,
 E're *Germany* his Cards can sort;
 While *Venice* laughs and likes the Sport.
England says nothing all the while,
 But plays such Cards makes *Holland* smile.
France wins a Stake or two at first,
 And *Swedes* would back them if they durst:
 But *Poland* holds him to't as yet,
 And hopes to gain his last lost Bett.
France with his best Court-Cards begins,
 While *Spain* lose faster than he wins.

The

The Lot grows warm, brisk Play is shown,
 And *Savoy* lays his last Stake down.
 But *Germany* with Trumps supply'd,
 Soon turns the Game on t'other side.
France with the Ace of Hearts doth join,
 But *England* plays the King and Queen.
 Old *Lewis* vex'd, yet looking grave,
 With speed throws down another Knave,
 And questions not the Game to save.
 While *Portugal*, with Anger then,
 Plays down another Single Ten :
 At which the Gamesters seem'd to smile,
 And stood amaz'd a little while.
 But when he some Excuse did make,
 They pass it by as a Mistake.
Venice at last for *Holland* betts,
 And holds ten thousand Pounds on th'Sett.
France offers now to part the Stakes,
 And *Spain* the self-same Proffer makes :
 But *England* will to neither stand,
 For all the Honours are in their Hand.
France plays a Trump then, for to try
 In whose Hand all the others lie ;
 Which he soon found unto his Cost ;
 When *Spain* perceiving all was lost,
 Throws down the Cards, & gives the Sett for gone,
Bavaria takes it up and plays it on :
 But *England* trumps about, & so the Game is won.

Advice to a Painter, 1701.

Painter, I've seen a Picture represent
 The Five illustrious Gentlemen of *Kent* :

Just

Just such a Piece as that, for size, I'd have,
 But for each *Hero* there pourtray a *Knewe*;
 Each Traytor's Guilt discover in his Face,
 And let just Art detect their want of Grace.

Draw *Robin Hood* a plotting in a Chair,
 And *Little John* well pleas'd to see him there,
 Brothers in Villany as next in Shire.
 Place *H—t* next, and then let *F—ch* appear;
 Let *Tallard's* Gold and *Sydney's* Blood be there;
 Then *Kit* the Trimmer, & when these you've drew,
 The *Merry Andrew* of *St. Bartholomew*
 Bring in with his Fool's Coat, and close the Shew.

But hold—there are a Couple wanting yet,
 Whose Effigies thou art in *England's* Debt,
 Old *Ned*; and let me see—a Coronet,
 A Hide-bound Carcass, that deserves no Name,
 But what of old in *French* from *Dunkirk* came;
 When his vile Sire that Fortresses did betray,
 To those his Son would sell us all away.

Now *Auro Patriam* for their Motto chuse,
 And say, We have a Right to speak that lose.

The Rook.

OF old, the very Name of *Drake*
 Made the whole *Spanish* Nation quake.
 And ev'n of late, an *English Rook*
 Scar'd all their Coast, and one Town took.
 Some say, they were more scar'd than hurt,
 And will not thank the Black-bird for't:
 Envyng that one of his dark Feather
 Shou'd guard the *Roman* Eagle thither;
 And after that made all the Sail
 Of *Spain* and *France* quite to turn Tail.

Tho

Tho Whiggish Malice will not say,
 This Noble Rook's a Bird of Prey ;
 Yet Truth must make all Men allow,
 That he has been a good Scare-Crow,
 And left *Thoulouse* in fearful pain,
 He'l pluck a Crow with him again.

On K. Charles's Voyage to Spain, 1704.

Back'd with Confederate Force, the *Austrian*
 goes,
 To find in *Spain* strong Friends, and feeble Foes.
 How long has our poor *Gazetteer* mistook,
 First made a Monarch, then redubb'd a Duke !
Philip was King of *Spain* two Months ago,
 And now, the Lord be prais'd, Duke *Charles* is so.

Britannia's Prayer for the Queen, 1706.

By Mr. Tate, Poet Laureat to her Majesty.

HOW justly now might I aspire
To Mighty *Pindar's* Force and Fire !
When Gods and God-like Kings he did rehearse,
And crown'd them with immortal Verse,
Worth all their Statutes, by the skilful'st Hand,
That only could for short-liv'd Ages stand.
But the Possession of the Golden Lyre,
Where all the Charms of Harmony conspire,
The Muse to *Pindar* did confine :
Pindar alone she does permit
In Wit's sublimest Orb to sit,
And, like the Sun, without a Rival shine.

Zeal therefore shall perform the Muse's Part,
And Poetry's Deficiencies supply ;
Zeal, that shall vie with Art,
And mount the Song as high.

Besides, my Theme, so Charming, so Divine !
Without a Muse, shall raise Poetick Fire ;
A QUEEN, that can, beyond a Muse, inspire,
A QUEEN more sacred than the **NINE**.

O best of Sov'reigns ! From your lofty Sphere,
Vouchsafe your trembling Bard to hear,
Vouchsafe your Votary to hear ;
Who in sincere, tho slender Lays,
Attempts the Triumphs of your Praise,
And to attempt is all —————

For what rash Mortal will pretend
 In Words to comprehend
 Vertues, where Speech no Aid affords ;
 Graces, beyond the narrow Bounds of Words ;
 Or number Royal Gifts that Number's Pow'r tran-
 (scend ?

To You (her Sacred Guardian here)
 Happy *Britannia* ever will address,
 And, with repeated Vows confess,
 That, in her Sov'reign Sphere,
 Your Equal never rose, nor shall hereafter rise.
 The best and greatest Prize
 That Fate e'er gave, or ever shall bestow ;
 And, yet for ought we Mortals know,
 Another Golden Season may be seen,
 A Second Golden Age, but never such a QUEEN:
 A QUEEN ! Whom all United Vertues crown,
 That, singly, gave her Ancestors Renown :
 She does their precious Ore ingross,
 Without the least Remains of Dross,
 So Sublimated, so Refin'd,
 That now Those Sons of Light,
 So glorious in their Night,
 Languish like Stars by the Sun's Beams out-shin'd.

Amidst these Triumphs of her State,
 Advanc'd to such a dang'rous Height,
 And jealous of her future Fate,
 Posterity is now *BRITANNIA's* Care ;
 For them she prays — What therefore is her Pray'r ?
 Not for Increase of Wealth, more *Blenheim-Spoils* ;
 More Trophies of her Hero's Toils,
 To hear her Naval Thunder roar,
 Alarming all th' *Atlantick* Shoar ;
 Great *ANNA* there new Garlands win ;
 New Conquests there begin,
 Where *Hercules* gave o'er.

Suc-

Successfully for these she has address,
But sums her Wishes now in One Request,
And does for that with utmost Ardour call,
The mighty Blessing that includes them All.

That such a Princess, so belov'd
By Heaven, by *Britain*, and by All approv'd,
Whom every Nation wish their own,
To bless her People long may long possess her Throne:

Long may my Queen survive to be
By Justice, Prudence, Constancy,
The True Vicegerent of the Deity;
To cherish Peace, support Allies,
And Haughty Tyrants to chastise,
The Grievs of *Europe* to redress;
The Universal Patroness.
Live *ANNA*! for the Publick Welfare Live;
And live to share the Blessings that you give;
In your Protection safe our Law remains,
Sweet Liberty, with You, her antient Rights regains,
With you Religion's crown'd, with you Religion
(reigns.

Then, since assur'd, whene'er You go,
Of everlasting Welcome there,
May your Return to Native Skies be slow;
This is the Gen'ral Pray'r.
While You remain, our World is blest;
When You remove—— I leave the rest
To be in Sighs Express.

*The Miseries of England, from the Growing
Power of her Domestick Enemies, 1701.*

ALBION, disclose thy drousy Eyes, and see
The Bondage that surrounds thy Liberty ;
Put on thy mourning Weeds, prepare to groan
Beneath that Fate thy Foes are hurry'ng on :
Thou hast not only those Abroad to fear,
But worse at Home that Favour's Badges wear ;
Who fond of Honours lurk beneath the Throne,
And sacrifice thy Welfare to their own :
They envy Monarchy, thy Church they hate,
And are but flatt'ring Sycophants of State ;
Who widen Discords, and Dissensions breed,
Yet are, by Querks, from common Justice freed ;
Upheld by Brethren partial to their Cause,
T'abuse the Kingdom, and defy the Laws ;
Rais'd for some secret Services in State,
From narrow Fortunes to be vastly Great.
These for new Wars may well express their hast,
Who throve so strangely in the fruitless last,
And Mercenary-like delight in Broils,
To fill their Coffers with the Kingdom's Spoils.
So those that live on Wrecks calm Weather hate,
Because they gain most when the Storm is great.
Nations in trouble, like to Ships distress'd,
Often by those that help them are oppress'd.
Statesmen, like Salvages, the Publick save,
And for small Service great Rewards will have.

(sincere,

Those who with Hands unbrib'd, and Hearts
'Twixt Prince and People in a Medium steer,
Preserve that Ballance which supports the State,
And makes the People Safe, and Monarch Great.
Such worthy Patriots merit our Esteem,
Vnd shine like Jems about the Diadem,

En:

Enjoying what they equally approve,
Their Prince's Favor, and their Country's Love.

But those aspiring Minions, who extend
Their Master's Pow'r, to serve their own by-End,
Beyond those Fences which the Laws have made,
That neither Part should t'other's Rights invade;
Confound that Concord in the Soul of Pow'r,
That makes the Whole harmoniously secure;
Filling each Subject's Heart with Discontent,
Weakening the pow'rful Frame of Government,
By straining all its Springs beyond their due extent. }
So th'active Man, too prodigal of Strength,
Exerts his strenuous Sinews, till at length,
Aiming to show some wonderful Exploit,
Amazing to the fond Spectator's sight,
He breaks in the attempt some Nerve within,
And lamely leaves unfinish'd his Design;
Thus strains himself beyond just Nature's Laws,
And gains Contempt instead of vain Applause.
So fare ambitious Ministers of State,
Who stretch their Power to be unjustly Great.

Some from Obscurity start up on high,
And are made Great for none knows what, or why.
To ill Compliance brib'd with golden Baits,
Glean from the Publick Treasure large Estates;
And for dark Stratagems perform'd by stealth,
Glut their base Av'rice with the Nation's Wealth.
These are reserv'd to pacify the Rage
Of injur'd People in a prying Age;
And must, when sullen Times require, atone
For other's Ills as tamely as their own,
And with their Sanative Destruction heal
The painful Wounds the angry Publick feel.

Others born Great, more wary, and more wise,
Bulky in Wealth, and subtle in Advice,
Run with the Crown for Honor and for Gold,
But yet for Safety with their Country hold:

Betwixt them both their own By-ends pursue,
 By both much trusted, but to neither true;
 From Post to Post they unsuspected slide,
 And in one Station never long reside;
 But in due Season, to oblige the State,
 Make way for Favorites of a later Date.
 Some forward Tools, who hasty to aspire,
 Will yield to all their Monarch can desire;
 And for unlawful Deeds obscurely done,
 Are quickly rais'd and oft despis'd as soon:
 Whilst those more cunning shift from Place to Place,
 And still steer clear of Danger and Disgrace;
 Yet glean and plunder safely as they move,
 And raise their Minions thro Design not Love;
 Who stand as Skreens that interrupt the Light,
 To hide their Patrons Ills from human sight;
 Labouring where e'er they come to bellow forth
 My Lord's great Honour, Honesty and Worth;
 What mighty things for th' Publick he has done,
 What Universal Love his Deeds have won:
 Whilst those that try my worthy Patriot find,
 He's Courtier true, all Words, and those but Wind.
 Such Lords as these the hoodwink'd Nation fleece,
 As if the People were their Sheep or Geese,
 And they the Foxes that the Flocks betray,
 Making th' unthinking Innocents their Prey.
 These are the Men the Common-wealth abuse,
 Plunder its Treasure, and their Power misuse;
 To private Ends pervert their Publick Trust,
 And for base Bribes submit to things unjust.
 By their vast Fortunes we are Debtors made,
 Of Sums too mighty to be nam'd or paid;
 Whose growing Int'rest does so fast accrue,
 The Nation scarce can raise it when its due.
 By what strange Measures must we then prepare,
 New sinews for a fresh more vig'rous War;

Since

Since Debts we owe are too profusely large,
Without the People's Murmurs to discharge ?
Besides, if we project no wiser ways
T' apply and husband what the Publick raise,
How should old Debts be otherwise than due,
Since ev'ry Tax we raise begets a New ?

What Man, who with the Eye of Reason sees,
Can justify Enormities like these ?
Or what blind partial Ideot can plead,
That such Misconducts no Inspection need ?
What Tool, but he who does his Country hate,
Would labour such Faults to extenuate ;
Or strenuously oppose what's clear as Light,
To make such dark Intrigues of State look white ?
What close clandestine Service can atone
For Ills like these to the whole Publick done ?
Or who but Guilty Favorites make Delays
Of common Justice by uncommon Ways ;
Whose very Friends their Crimes with Horror see,
Thro the dim Glass of Partiality :
Tho pleas'd and proud their Leaders are so great,
And busy Actors on the stage of State,
Yet the whole Faction some Concern must feel,
To see full Sharers play their Parts so ill ;
Having no more in their Behalf to say,
But only plead th' Advantage of Delay,
Believing they have manag'd Things awry,
And done what Justice cannot justify ;
Objecting, that alone the great Affair,
Relating to the new Impending War, -
Does at this Juncture just Precedence claim,
And ought to be the Senate's only Aim ;
Whilst such small Trifles unredrest should ly,
Or be at least defer'd till by and by,
And all such petty Faults neglected be,
Till some more proper Opportunity.

Wholesom Advice, and wisely urg'd by those,
 Who side for Interest with Domestick Foes,
 And frightening us with Foreign Ills to come,
 Wound fain encourage those we find at home.
 Shame on Forbearance ! shall the Commonweal
 Endure with Patience, Mischiefs that they feel,
 And arm against those Ills we only fear,
 Neglecting present Wrongs the Publick bear ?
 If Men in Trust shall sink the Nation's Aid,
 And common Justice by a Trick evade :
 If such a Latitude as this we give,
 How can our Arms succeed, or Nation thrive ?
 What is't that made our Funds deficient prove,
 And caus'd those Debts we cannot yet remove ?
 What is't of late prevented our Success,
 And made *France* greater and old *England* less ?
 Why is the payment of the Fleet delay'd,
 And why the Transport-Service yet unpay'd ?
 Why is the Army in such large Arrears,
 That serv'd us in the late successless Wars ?
 Whorais'd Estates miraculously soon,
 And left these National Concerns undone ?
 Why not those Persons from their Posts remov'd,
 By the last Senate blam'd, and disapprov'd ?
 And why not, if known guilty of a Fault,
 Without delay to common Justice brought ?
 Neglect of such Misguidance in the State,
 Brought *Rome* to Ruin which was once so great ;
 Her publick Treasure being misapply'd,
 Forc'd her to stoop to those she once defy'd.
 If such Abuses are excus'd so long,
 Till Common Practice justifies the Wrong ;
 That careless Nation does it self betray,
 Laying a Ground-work for its own Decay ;
 And like the *Pellican* expends its Blood,
 To fledge a greedy, worthless, callow Brood.

Yet from some partial Penman have we heard,
Errors so small deserve not our Regard ;
Or else that we such Trifles should defer,
To be the last dull Siftings of our Care.

In the late Wars they cannot but allow,
That *France* was nothing near so strong as now;
The fatal Union which so much we dread,
Tho long ago foreseen, was then unmade :
And wealthy *England*, when the War began,
More rich in Coin, and numerous in Men,
With Voice united cry'd, *To Arms, To Arms,*
And every Pulse beat nothing but Alarms.
The People's Hearts and Purses open lay,
Some fond to fight and others free to pay ;
The forward Rabble needed no Decoy,
But freely enter'd, and embark'd with Joy.
Each tipling Hero o'er his Belch would swear,
He'd have a Vineyard of his own next Year ;
And doubted not but so far to advance,
That in a Cup of Soldier's Cordial *Nants*,
He'd drink to *England* in the midst of *France*.
Strong foresight of Success the Nation fed,
And mighty hopes the Common People led ;
The Kingdom rich, and ev'ry Native free
To hazard all to curb *French* Tyranny.
Thus wanting neither Mony, Men nor Will,
The faithless *French* to conquer, or to kill ;
But all things made a kind auspicious show,
And look'd more fortunate by much than now :
Threat'ning our miscall'd cow'rdly Enemy,
With sad Destruction both by Land and Sea.
What then obstructed the Designs we laid,
That our great Hopes no better Issue had ?
What hinder'd us we humbl'd not our Foes,
Nor then effected what we now propose ?
When the whole Kingdom richer was by far,
And ev'ry Genius well inclin'd to War.

What

What then obstructed our desir'd Success,
 But some Misconducts we may now redress?
 What made our long expensive Wars prove vain;
 And leave us worse than if they'd ne'er began?
 What made us give the *Gallick* Tyrant Breath,
 To gain his Ends by *Ferdinando's* Death?
 Thus by a Peace mis-tim'd we sooth'd our Fate,
 And made th' aspiring Foe just twice as Great.
 What made our Taxes, tho' profusely large,
 Always too slender to support the Charge?

Such worthless Numbers gleaned from our Funds
 Private Rewards, the Publick Int'rest wounds.
 Some climb to Posts of Profit misbestow'd,
 And, hasty to be Great, grow rich by Fraud:
 Others by begging private Boons and Grants,
 Swallow what should relieve the Nation's Wants.
 Thus from small Merits make a wondrous Rise,
 And become huge State-Monsters in a trice:
 Hatch'd up and fledg'd beneath a bounteous Throne,
 From callow Wrens to mighty Eagles grown:
 Having no Herald their Deserts to prove,
 But the large Badges of Imperial Love.
 Such Men as these the Nation's Wealth ingross,
 Gaining vast Riches by the Kingdom's Loss.

And shall we now a War like Madmen make,
 With these Domestick Dangers at our Back?
 Shall mercenary Tools in Trust remain,
 To cheat the Kingdom o'er and o'er again?
 Must we run headlong to a dubious War,
 To make rich Minions, and our Country poor?
 And ne'er look back on those Enormities
 That caus'd our Debts, and our Deficiencies?
 Which did our Arms obstruct, our Measures break,
 When we were stronger, and our Foes more weak?
 Pray, What Success can we in War expect,
 If we those Ills as frivolous reject,

Which

Which stain'd our Conduct, & our Arms disgrac'd,
By rend'ring us successless in the last?

One Cause of these did our late Ends prevent,
Our Foes great Strength, or our Mismanagement:
If our Misconduct, we should then take care
To mend our Faults before we make the War;
Remove those selfish mercenary Props
That stop'd our Speed, and mar'd our mighty Hopes.
Or when our Swords shall for the Laurel strive,
What Prospect can unbiass'd Reason give,
That *England* with her Arms shall now do more,
And finish what she left undone before?
No, we must first those Obstacles remove,
That made our late long Contest fruitless prove.

If our Foes Strength superior was to ours,
And stem'd the Force of our United Pow'rs;
And we too feeble for our great Design,
When we abounded most in Men and Coin;
And *France*, as 'tis believ'd, now stronger grown,
By its late Union with the *Spanish* Throne:
'Tis then high time our Fury should abate,
For no Success on our Attempts can wait,
Except kind Providence proves our Confederate. }

The Coffee-Politician, grave and wise,
To this objects, and warmly thus replys:
What if the *French* by *Spain* are stronger made,
We're still superior by the *German* Aid!
And if but *England*, with a gen'rous Heart,
Would at one push her utmost Strength exert,
We might o'er *France* be Conquerors with ease,
And make the Tyrant truckle as we please.

But should the Nation this Advice receive,
And yield the utmost she at once could give,
Yet not accomplish what we now project,
And humble *France* so soon as we expect,
But further Strength, and more Supplies shall need,
Than we can raise t' effect the Glorious Deed;

What

What Mis'ries must our vain Attempts attend,
 If Fortune crown not with Success the End ?
 Into what Slav'ry must the Nation fall,
 If to no purpose we should spend our All ?
 Contempt and Poverty we then should find,
 Instead of Spoils and Trophies we design'd.
 Then our long Contest for a time must cease,
 And fruitless end in an Inglorious Peace.
 Who first want Mony, first must sheath their
 For War no *Forma Pauperis* affords: (Swords,
 Therefore let's think of Means, e'er we proceed
 To raise Supplies so great a War must need.

One pow'rful Party has declar'd for Arms,
 And ev'ry Faction's Pamphlet sounds Alarms :
 But above all, they show the greatest haste,
 Who by foul Dealings prosper'd in the last,
 And would involve us headlong in a War,
 To thrive by Crimes which yet unpunish'd are ;
 Who furnish'd *France* in the late Wars with Lead
 For Ball, to knock our Army on the head :
 Thus rais'd vast Riches by such Ills as these,
 And dealt, unpunish'd, with our Enemies.
 These are the Wolves who so impatient are,
 And such a hideous howling keep for War ;
 Stretching their noisy Throats where e'er they run,
 Crying Arm, Arm, or *England* thou'rt undone.

Thus a Necessity they strongly plead,
 To break that Peace so lately we agreed ;
 Which if delay'd had strengthen'd our Allies,
 Show'd *France* less Pow'rful, & our selves more Wise.
 By Arms prevented what without prevail'd,
 And stop'd that War for Ages now intail'd.
Europe has long her Observation made,
 Of what Designs her prosp'rous Foe has laid :
 Our present State might eas'ly be foreseen,
 And by right Measures might have hindred been.

The fatal Union should have prov'd but weak,
Which now requires a vigorous War to break.

But since our Foes to such a height are grown,
From our Neglect, or Conduct of their own;
No matter which or whether made thus great,
By Chance, Industry, or Decree of Fate:
Yet from the Danger of their Pride and Pow'r
We're farthest off, and stand the most secure;
And therefore should be careful how we run
Rashly to meet those Mischiefs we may shun;
But with due Patience and Discretion wait
Till our Rich Neighbours, more expos'd to Fate,
Shall crave our Aid, to free them from their Fears,
On the same Terms they lately gave us theirs.
We were the Sufferers, they Advantage made,
And little less than all the Charge we paid,
Besides a liberal Present for their useless Aid.
Which in their Bank, Rich as an *Indian* Mine,
Lies bag'd and bury'd close in *English* Coin.

England be wise, and make thy self amends,
Return the costly Favours of thy Friends;
Let now thy Justice to thy Self be seen,
And be as kind as they to Us have been;
Neither be aw'd, or yet by Flatteries drawn,
Tho our Foes threaten, and our Neighbours fawn,
To call a distant Evil on our Heads,
And take upon our selves what *Holland* dreads:
But make the Charge, e'er we the War begin,
Just equal to the Danger we are in;
And if assist our Friends with further Aid,
To be allow'd, and that Expence repay'd.
For why should we, that have least Cause to fear,
Defend a Neighbour whom the Danger's near;
And we endure the Toil, and pay the Cost,
When they, without our Help, must needs be lost?

First pay our Debts, and we shall see how far
We're able to maintain a vigorous War,

And ev'ry fatal Obstacle remove,
 That made our Taxes so deficient prove ;
 Or we shall toil beneath a tiresom Weight,
 And but with half our *English* Courage fight,
 Like Tinkers Dogs, with Budgets on their Backs,
 Or Carriers Horses laden with their Packs.
 Oppressions unforeseen we soon shall feel,
 And with hard Dealers we shall hardly deal :
 Weary of War repent our lavish'd Pounds,
 And court Balsamick Peace to heal our Wounds.

But since such Motives of a speedy War,
 On every side engagingly appear,
 That as our fierce impatient Heroes say,
 Both Shame and Danger must attend Delay ;
 Our forward Nation no Expence must grudge,
 To save our wiser kind Allies the *Dutch* ;
 And next revenge the great Dishonour done
 By the *French* Tyrant to the *English* Throne :
 Therefore, good People, since for cause well known,
England's sharp Sword a second time is drawn,
 'Tis dangerous now to dote upon your Coin,
 Your love of Wealth may baulk the great Design.
 Millions are Sinews that exert the Sword,
 Therefore Supplies without regret afford ;
 Bullet in War is grown a Modern Cheat,
 Silver, not Lead, must do the mighty Feat, (pleat. }
 Mony must bless our Arms, and our Success com- }
 Therefore your Aid most willingly impart,
 And draw your Pursestrings with a gen'rous Heart.
 What you're *assess'd* with chearful Spirits give,
 Good Will makes every thing the better thrive.

Besides, consider, tho the Tax runs high,
 Just at this Juncture for a large Supply ;
 War cannot always last, 'twill one day cease,
 And if not end in Conquest, 'twill in Peace ;
 And Peace alone in ev'ry good Man's Sense,
 Is held a Blessing worth a War's Expence.

What

What Niggard then can at a War repine,
 Carr'd on with such a peaceable Design?
 Besides, what *Albumazar* can foresee,
 What the blest Issue of our Arms may be?
 Who knows but we may force aspiring *France*
 To low'r the Prizes of her Cordial *Nants*,
 And cause *French Claret* to become less dear
 In *England*, than our home-brew'd Ale and Beer?
 For certain ev'ry *Englishman* 'twould please,
 To see our Quarrels end in such a Peace, (these. }
 That would produce at last such glorious Days as }

*The Rape of Lucrece. Written by Mr.
 William Shakespeare, and dedicated
 to the Right Honourable the Earl of
 Southampton.*

The Argument.

LUCIUS Tarquinius (for his excessive Pride sur-
 nam'd Superbus) after he had caus'd his own Fa-
 ther-in-Law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murder'd,
 and contrary to the Roman Laws and Customs, not
 requiring or staying for the People's Suffrages, had
 possessed himself of the Kingdom; went accompany'd with
 his Sons and other Noblemen of Rome to besiege Ardea:
 during which Siege, the principal Men of the Army
 meeting one Evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius
 the King's Son, in their Discourses after Supper, every

one commended the Vertues of his own Wife ; among whom Colatinus extol'd the incomparable Chastity of his Wife Lucrece. In that pleasant Humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by their secret and sudden Arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouch'd, only Colatinus finds his Wife (tho it were late in the Night) spinning amongst her Maids, the other Ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in several Disports. Whereupon the Noblemen yielded Colatinus the Victory, and his Wife the Fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflam'd with Lucrece's Beauty ; yet smothering his Passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the Camp, from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his state) royally entertain'd and lodg'd by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently ravish'd her, and early in the Morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her Father, another to the Camp for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius : and finding Lucrece attir'd in Mourning Habit, demanded the Cause of her Sorrow. She first taking an Oath of them for her Revenge, reveal'd the Actor, and whole Matter of his Dealing, and withall suddenly stabb'd her self. Which done, with one Consent, they all vow'd to root out the whole hated Family of the Tarquins : and bearing the dead Body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the People with the Doer and Manner of the vile Deed, with a bitter Invektive against the Tyranny of the King ; wherewith the People were so mov'd with one Consent, and a general Acclamation, that the Tarquins were all exil'd, and the State-Government chang'd from Kings to Consuls.

The Rape of Lucrece.

FROM the besieg'd *Ardea* all in post,
 Born by the trustless Wings of false ^{1.} *The prais-*
 (desire, ^{sing of} *Lucrece*
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the *Roman Host*, ^{as chaste,}
 And to *Colatium* bears the lightless Fire, ^{vertuous}
 Which in pale Embers hid, lurks to aspire, ^{and beauti-}
 And girdle with imbracing Flames the ^{ful, maketh} *Tar-*
 (Wast ^{quin en-} *amor'd.*
Of Colatine's fair Love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that Name of Chast, unhaply set
 This bateless Edg on his keen appetite :
 When *Colatine* unwisely did not let
 To praise the clear unmatched Red and White,
 Which triumph'd in that Sky of his Delight,
 Where mortal Star, as bright as Heaven's Beauties,
 With pure Aspects did him peculiar Duties.

For he the Night before in *Tarquin's Tent*,
 Unlock'd the Treasure of his happy state :
 What Prizeless Wealth the Heavens had him lent,
 In the Possession of his Beauteous Mate ;
 Reckoning his Fortune at so high a rate,
 That Kings might be espoused to more Fame,
 But King nor Prince to such a peerless Dame.

O Happiness enjoy'd but of a few,
 And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done!
 if the Morning's silver melting dew,
 'ainst the golden Splendor of the Sun,
 late expir'd, and cancel'd e'er begun.

Honour and Beauty in the Owner's Arms;
Are weakly fortrest from a World of Harms.

Beauty it self, doth of it self persuade
The Eyes of Men without an Orator ;
What needed then Apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular ?
Or why is *Colatine* the Publisher
Of that rich Jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish Cares because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of *Lucrece* Sov'reignty,
Suggested this proud Issue of a King ;
For by our Ears our Hearts oft tainted be :
Perchance that Envy of so rich a thing
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
(should vant
His high pitchd Thoughts, that meaner Men
The Golden Hap which their Superiors want.

But some untimely Thought did instigate
His all too timeles speed ; if none of those,
His Honor, his Affairs, his Friends, his State,
Neglected all ; with swift Intent he goes
To quench the Coal which in his Liver glows.
O rash false Heat, wrapt in repentant cold !
Thy hasty Spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

2. When at *Colatia* this false Lord arriv'd,
Tarquin Well was he welcom'd by the *Roman* Dame,
welcom'd by Within whose Face Beauty and Vertue
Lucrece. (striv'd,

Which of them both should underprop her Fame :
When Vertue brag'd, Beauty would blush for shame.
When Beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Vertue would stain that o'er with Silver whit

But Beauty in that White intituled,
From *Venus* Doves doth challenge that fair Field ;
Then Vertue claims from Beauty Beauty's Red,
Which Vertue gave the Golden Age to guild
Her Silver Cheeks, and call'd it then their Shield ;
Teaching them thus to use it in the Fight,
When Shame assail'd, the Red should fence the
(White;

This Heraldry in *Lucrece* Face was seen,
Argu'd by Beauties red and Vertues white,
Of either's Color was the other Queen ;
Proving from World's Minority their Right,
Yet their Ambition makes them still to fight :
The Sov'reignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's Seat.

This silent War of Lillies and of Roses,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her fair Face's Field,
In their pure Ranks his Traitor Eye incloses ;
Where left between them both it should be kill'd,
The Coward Captive vanquished doth yield
To those two Armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a Foe.

Now thinks he that her Husband's shallow Tongue,
The niggard Prodigal that prais'd her so,
In that high Task hath done her Beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren Skill to show.
Therefore that Praise which *Colatine* doth owe,
Inchanted *Tarquin* answers with Surmise,
In silent Wonder of still gazing Eyes.

This earthly Saint adored by this Devil,
He suspected the false Worshipper ;
For Thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on Evil,
Birds never limb'd, no secret Bushes fear :
guiltless she securely gives good Chear,

And reverend Welcome to her Princely Guest,
Whose inward Ile no outward Harm exprest.

For that he color'd with his high Estate,
Hiding base Sin in pleats of Majesty:
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much Wonder of his Eye,
Which having all, all could not satisfy;
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger Eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling Looks,
Nor read the subtle shining Secrecies
Writ in the Glassy Margents of such Books:
She touch'd no unknown Baits, nor fear'd no Hooks,
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his Eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her Ears her Husband's Fame,
Won in the Fields of fruitful *Italy*;
And decks with Praises *Colatine's* high Name,
Made glorious by his manly Chivalry,
With bruised Arms and Wreaths of Victory;
Her Joy with heav'd-up hand she doth exprest.
And wordless so greets Heav'n for his Success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes Excuses for his being there;
No cloudy show of stormy blustering Weather
Doth yet in his fair *Welkin* once appear,
Till sable Night, sad source of Dread and Fear,
Upom the World dim Darknes doth display
And in her vaulty Prison shuts the Day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought unto his Bed,
Intending Weariness with heavy Sprite:

For after Supper long he questioned
With modest *Lucrece*, and wore out the Night :
Now leaden Slumber with Life's strength doth fight,
And every one to rest themselves betake, (wake.
Save Thieves, and Cares, and troubled Minds that

As one of which, doth *Tarquin* lie revolving
The sundry Dangers of his Will's obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his Will resolving.
Tho weak-built Hopes persuade him to abstaining,
Despair to gain doth traffick oft for gaining ;
And when great Treasure is the Meed proposed,
Tho Death be *adjunct*, there's no Death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That oft they have not that which they possess;
They scatter and unloose it from their Bond,
And so by hoping more they have but less ;
Or gaining more, the Profit of Excess
Is but to surfeit, and such Grievs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich Gain.

The aim of all, is but to nurse the Life
With Honor, Wealth and Ease, in waining Age:
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage :
As Life for Honor, in fell Battels rage,
Honor for Wealth, and oft that Wealth doth cost
The Death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect :
And this ambitious foul Infirmitie,
having much, torments us with defect
f that we have : so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and all for want of VVit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting *Tarquin* make,
 Pawning his Honor to obtain his Lust :
 And for himself, himself he must forsake.
 Then where is Truth, if there be no self-Trust ?
 When shall he think to find a Stranger just,
 When he himself himself confounds, betrays
 To slanderous Tongues the wretched hateful Lays ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of Night,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal Eye ;
 No comfortable Star did lend his light,
 No noise but Owls and Wolves death-boding cries :
 Now serves the Season that they may surprize

The silly Lambs, pure Thoughts are
 (dead and still :
 Whilst Lust and Marder wakes to stain
 (and kill.

3.
Tarquin
disputing the
matter, at
last resolves
to satisfy
his Lust.

And now this lustful Lord leapt from his
 (Bed,

Throwing his Mantle rudely o'er his Arm,
 Is madly tost between Desire and Dread ;
 Th' one sweetly flatters, the other feareth Harm :
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with Lust's foul Charm,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brainfick rude Desire.

His Fauchion on a flint be softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of Fire do fly,
 Whereat a waxen Torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be Load-star to his lustful Eye :
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly ;
 ' As from this cold flint I enforc'd this Fire,
 ' So *Lucrece* must I force to my desire.

Here

Here pale with Fear, he doth premeditate
The Dangers of his loathsome Enterprize :
And in his inward Mind he doth debate,
What following Sorrow may on this arise :
Then looking scornfully he doth despise
His naked Armor of still slaughter'd Lust,
And justly thus controuls his Thoughts unjust.

Fair Torch burn out thy Light, and lend it not
To darken her whose Light excelleth thine :
And die unhallow'd Thoughts before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is Divine :
Offer pure Incense to so pure a Shrine :
Let fair Humanity abhor the Deed, (Weed.
That spots and stains Love's modest snow-white

O shame to Knighthood, and to shining Arms !
O foul Dishonour to my Household's Grave !
O impious Act including all foul Harms,
A martial Man to be soft Fancy's slave !
True Valor still a true Respect should have :
Then my Digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my Face.

Yes, tho I die the Scandal will survive,
And be an Eye-fore in my Golden Coat :
Some loathsome Dash the Herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote :
That my Posterity sham'd with the Note
Shall curse my Bones, and hold it for no Sin,
To wish that I their Father had not been.

What win I if I gain the thing I seek ?
A Dream, a Breath, a Froth of fleeting Joy,
Who buys a Minute's Mirth to wail a Week ?
Or sells Eternity to get a Toy ?
For one sweet Grape who will the Vine destroy ?

Or what fond Beggar, but to touch the Crown,
Would with the Scepter strait be stricken down ?

If *Colatinus* dream of my Intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
This Siege that hath ingirt his Marriage,
This Blur to Youth, this Sorrow to the Sage,
This dying Vertue, this surviving Shame,
Whose Crime will bear an ever-during Blame.

O what Excuse can my Invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a Deed !
Will not my Tongue be mute, my frail Joints shake ?
Mine Eyes forgo their light, my false Heart bleed ?
Th: Guilt being great, the Fear doth still exceed,
And extreme Fear can neither fight nor flie,
But Coward like with trembling Terror die.

Had *Colatinus* kill'd my Son or Sire,
Or lain in Ambush to betray my Life ;
Or were he not my dear Friend, this Desire
Might have excuse to work upon his Wife,
As in Revenge or Quital of such strife :
But as he is my Kinsman, my dear Friend,
The Shame and Fault finds no Excuse nor End.

Shameful it is, if once the Fact be known ;
Hateful it is, there is no Hate in loving ;
I'll beg her Love, but she is not her own :
The worst is but denial, and reproving.
My Will is strong, past Reasons weak removing.
Who fears a Sentence or an old Man's Sawe,
Shall by a painted Cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (graceless) holds he Disputation,
Tween frozen Conscience and hot-burning Will,
And

And with good Thoughts makes Dispensation,
Urging the worser Sense for Vantage still,
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure Effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shews like a virtuous Deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the Hand,
And gaz'd for Tidings in my eager Eyes,
Fearing some bad News from the warlike Band
Where her beloved *Colatinus* lies.

O how her Fear did make her Colour rise!
First red as Roses that on Lawn we lay,
Then white as Lawn the Roses took away.

And now her Hand in my Hand being lockt,
Forc'd it to tremble with her Loyal Fear :
Which strook her sad, and then it faster rockt,
Until her Husband's Welfare she did hear,
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a Chear,
That had *Narcissus* seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the Flood.

Why hunt I then for Colour or Excuses ?
All Orators are dumb, when Beauty pleads ;
Poor Wretches have remorse in poor Abuses,
Love thrives not in the Heart that shadows dreads ;
Affection is my Captain, and he leads :
And when this gaudy Banner is display'd,
The Coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish Fear avant, debating die,
Respect and Reason wait on wrinkled Age :
My Heart shall never countermand mine Eye,
ad Pause and deep Regard beseems the Sage ;
ly Part is Youth, and beats these from the Stage,
Desire my Pilot is, Beauty my Prize,
Then who fears sinking where such Treasure lies?
As

As Corn o'er-grown by Weeds, so heedful Fear
 Is almost cloak'd by unresist'd Lust ;
 Away he steals with open list'ning Ear,
 Full of foul Hope, and full of fond Mistrust :
 Both which as Servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite Persuasion,
 That now he vows a League, and now Invasion.

Within his Thought her heavenly Image sits,
 And in the self-same Seat sits *Colatine* :
 That Eye which looks on her, confounds his Wits ;
 That Eye which him beholds, as more Divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline :
 But with a pure *Appeal* seeks to the Heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens up his servile Powers,
 Who flatter'd by their Leaders jocund show,
 Stuff up his Lust, as Minutes fill up Hours.
 And as their Captain so their Pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish Tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate Desire thus madly led,
 The *Roman* Lord doth march to *Lucrece* Bed.

The Locks between her Chamber and his Will,
 Each one by him enforc'd, recites his Ward ;
 But as they open, they all rate his Ill,
 Which drives the creeping Thief to some regard.
 The Threshold grates the Door to have him heard,
 Night-wandering Weezels shriek to see him there,
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his Fear.

As each unwilling Portal yields him way,
 Thro little Vents and Crannies of the Place,
 The Wind wars with his Torch to make him stay,

And

And blows the Smoke of it into his Face,
Extinguishing his Conduct in this Case.

But his hot Heart, which fond Desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another Wind that fires the Torch.

And being lighted by the Light, he spies
Lucrecia's Glove, wherein the Needle sticks;
He takes it from the Rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the Needle his Finger pricks:
As who should say, this Glove to wanton Tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste,
Thou seest our Mistress Ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor Forbiddings could not stay him,
He in the worst Sense construes their Denial;
The Doors, the Wind, the Glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental Things of Trial,
Or as those Bars which stop the hourly Dial;
Who with a ling'ring stay his Course doth let,
Till every Minute pays the Hour his Debt.

So, so, quoth he, these Lets attend the Time,
Like little Frosts that sometime threat the Spring,
To add a more rejoycing to the Prime,
And give the sneaped Birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the Income of each precious thing;
Huge Rocks, high Winds, strong Pirates, Shelves
and Sands,
The Merchant fears, e're rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the Chamber Door,
That shuts him from the Heaven of his Thought,
Which with a yielding Latch, and with no more,
Hath bar'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself Impiety hath wrought,
That for his Prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the Heavens should countenance his Sin.

But

But in the midst of his unfruitful Prayer,
 Having solicited th'Eternal Power,
 That his foul Thoughts might compass his fair Fair,
 And they would stand auspicious to the Hour,
 Even there he starts, quoth he, I must deslour :
 The Powers to whom I pray, abhor this Fact,
 How can they then assist me in the Act ?

Then Love and Fortune be my Gods, my Guide,
 My Will is back'd with Resolution :
 Thoughts are but Dreams till their Effects be try'd,
 Black Sin is clear'd with Absolution;
 Against Love's Fire, Fear's Frost hath dissolution.
 The Eye of Heaven is out, and misty Night
 Covers the Shame that follows sweet Delight.

This said, his guilty Hand pluck'd up the Latch,
 And with his Knee the Door he opens wide,
 The Dove sleeps fast that this night-Owl will catch:
 Thus Treason works e'er Traitors be espy'd :
 Who sees the lurking Serpent steps aside ;
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal Sting.

Into the Chamber wickedly he stalks,
 And gazeth on her yet unstained Bed :
 The Curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy Eye-balls in his Head,
 By their high Treason is his Heart misled, (soon,
 Which gives the Watch-word to his Hand too
 To draw the Cloud that hides the Silver Moon.

Look as the fair and fiery pointed Sun,
 Rushing from forth a Cloud, bereaves our sight :
 Even so the Curtain drawn, his Eyes begun

To wink, being blinded with a greater Light :
Whether it is that she reflects so bright
That dazleth them, or else some Shame suppos'd;
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclos'd.

O had they in that darksom Prison died,
Then had they seen the Period of their Ill;
Then *Colatine* again by *Lucrece* side,
In his clear Bed might have reposed still :
But they must ope this blessed League to kill ;
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their fight
Must sell her Joy, her Life, her World's Delight.

Her lilly Hand her rosy Cheeks lies under,
Cozening the Pillow of a lawful Kiss,
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his Bliss,
Between whose Hills her Head intomb'd is ;
Where like a virtuous Monument she lies,
To be admir'd of leud unhallowed Eyes.

Without the Bed her other fair Hand was
On the green Coverlet, whose perfect White
Shew'd like an *April* Dazy on the Grass,
With pearly Sweat, resembling Dew of Night;
Her Eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their Light,
And canopy'd in Darknes sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the Day.

Her Hair like golden Threds plaid with her Breath,
O modest Wantons, wanton Modesty !
Showring Life's Triumph in the Map of Death,
And Death's dim Look in Life's Mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that Life liv'd in Death, and Death in Life.

Her

Her Breasts like Ivory Globes circled with Blew,
 A pair of Maiden Worlds unconquered:
 Save of their Lord no bearing Yoke they knew,
 And him by Oath they truly honoured.
 These Worlds in *Tarquin* new Ambition bred,
 Who like a foul Usurper went about,
 From this fair Throne to have the Owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
 What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his Will his wilful Eye he tir'd.
 With more than Admiration he admir'd
 Her Azure Veins, her Alabaster Skin,
 Her Coral Lips, her Snow-white dimpled Chin.

As the Grim Lion fauneth o're his Prey,
 Sharp Hunger by the Conquest satisfy'd:
 So o're this sleeping Soul doth *Tarquin* stay,
 His rage of Lust by gazing qualify'd,
 Slack'd, not suppress; for standing by her side,
 His Eye, which late this Mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater Uproar tempts his Veins.

And they like stragling Slaves for Pillage fighting,
 Obdurate Vassals sell Exploits effecting,
 In bloody Death and Ravishment delighting, (ing,
 Nor Childrens Tears, nor Mothers Groans respect-
 Swell in their Pride, the Onset still expecting.

Anon his beating Heart alarm striking, (ing.
 Gives the hot Charge, and bids them do their lik-

His drumming Heart cheers up his burning Eye,
 His Eye commends the leading to his Hand:
 His Hand as proud of such a Dignity,

Smoking with Pride, marcht on to make his stand
 On her bare Breasts, the Heart of all her Land,
 Whose Ranks of blew Veins as his Hand did scale,
 Left their round Turrets destitute and pale.

They mustring to the quiet Cabinet,
 Where their dear Governess and Lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with Confusion of her Cries:
 She much amaz'd breaks ope her lockt up Eyes;
 Who peeping forth this Tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming Torch dim'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of Night,
 From forth dull Sleep by dreadful Fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some gasty Sprite,
 Whose grim Aspect sets every Joint a shaking,
 What Terror 'tis: but she in worser taking,
 From Sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed Terror rue.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand
 Fears,

Like to a new-kil'd Bird she trem-
 bling lies:

She dares not look, yet winking there
 appear

Quick shifting Anticks ugly in her Eyes,

Such Shadows are the weak Brain's Forgeries;

Who angry that the Eyes fly from their Lights,
 In Darknes daunts them with more dreadful

(Sights.

His Hand that yet remains upon her Breast,
 And Ram to batter such an Ivory Wall)
 May feel her Heart (poor Citizen) distress'd,
 Wounding it self to death, rise up and fall,
 Eating her Bulk, that his Hand shakes withal.

This

5.
 Lucretia
 wakes ama-
 zed and con-
 founded to be
 so surpriz'd.

This moves in him more Rage, and lesser Pity,
To make the Breach, and enter this sweet City.

First like a Trumpet doth his Tongue begin
To sound a Parley to his heartless Foe,
Who o're the white Sheet peers her whiter Chin,
The reason of this rash Alarm to know,
Which he by dumb Demeanor seeks to show :
But she with vehement Prayers urgeth still,
Under what Colour he commits this Ill.

Thus he replys, The Colour in thy Face,
That even for Anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red Rose blush at her own Disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving Tale.
Under that Colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd Fort, the Fault is thine,
For those thine Eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestal thee : if thou mean to chide,
Thy Beauty hath insnar'd thee to this Night,
Where thou with patience must my Will abide,
My Will that marks thee for my Earth's Delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my Might.
But as Reproof and Reason beat it dead,
By thy bright Beauty it was newly bred.

I see what Crosses my Attempts will bring,
I know what Thorns the growing Rose defends,
I think the Honey guarded with a Sting,
All this before-hand Counsel comprehends ;
But Will is deaf, and hears no heedful Friends.
Only he hath an Eye to gaze on Beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst Law or Duty.

I have debated even in my Soul, (breed,
What Wrong, what Shame, what Sorrow I shall
But

But nothing can Affection's Course controul,
Or stop the headlong Fury of his Speed ;
I know repentant Tears insue the Deed,
Reproach, Disdain, and deadly Enmity,
Yet strive I to imbrace mine Infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his *Roman* Blade,
Which like a Faulcon tow'ring in the Skies,
Couchet the Fowl below with his Wings shade,
Whose crooked Beak threats, if he mount he dies :
Sunder his insulting Fauchion lies
Harmless *Lucretia*, marking what he tells,
With trembling Fear, as Fowl hear Faulcon's Bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this Night I must injoy thee,
If thou deny, then Force must work my way ;
For in thy Bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthless Slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine Honour with thy Life's decay.
And in thy dead Arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy surviving Husband shall remain,
The scornful Mark of every open Eye ;
The Kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy Issue blur'd with nameless Bastardy :
And thou the Author of their Obloquy,
Shalt have thy Trespas cited up in Rhimes,
And sung by Children in succeeding Times,

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret Friend,
The Fault unknown is a Thought unacted ;
A little Harm done to a great good End,
A lawful Policy remains enacted :
The poisonous Simple sometimes is compacted
in purest Compounds ; being so apply'd,
His Venom in effect is purify'd.

M

Then

Then for thy Husband, and thy Childrens sake,
 Tender my Suit, bequeath not to their Lot
 The Shame that from them no Device can take,
 The Blèmiss that will never be forgot,
 Worse than a slavish Wipe, or birth-hour's Blot :
 For Marks describ'd in Mens Nativity,
 Are Nature's Faults, not their own Infamy.

Here with a *Cockatrice* dead-killing Eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;
 While she, the Picture of pure Piety,
 Like a white Hind beneath the Gripe's sharp Claws,
 Pleads in a Wilderness, where no Laws
 To the rough Beast, that knows no gentle Right,
 Nor ought obeys but his foul Appetite.

But when a black-fac'd Cloud the World does threat,
 In his dim Mist th' aspiring Mountain hiding,
 From Earth's dark Womb some gentle Gust does get,
 Which blow these pitchy Vapors from their biding,
 Hindring their present Fall by this dividing.
 So his unhallowed ha't her Words delays,
 And moody *Pluto* winks while *Orpheus* plays.

Yet foul night-waking *Cat* he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak *Mouse* panteth;
 Her sad Behaviour feeds his Vulture Folly,
 A swallowing Gulf that e'en in Plenty wanteth.
 His Ear her Prayers admits, but his Heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining, (ing,
 Tears harden Lust, tho Marble wears with rain-

Her pity-pleading Eyes are sadly fix'd
 In the remorseless Wrinkles of his Face :
 Her modest Eloquence with Sighs is mix'd,
 Which to her Oratory adds more Grace,

She

She puts the Period often from his Place,
And midst the Sentence so her Accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin, e'er once she speaks.

She conjures him by high Almighty

Jove,

By Knighthood, Gentry, and sweet
Friendship's Oath,

By her untimely Tears, her Husband's
Love,

By holy human Law, & common Troth,

By Heaven and Earth, and all the Power of both,
That to his borrow'd Bed he make retire,
And stoop to Honour, not to foul Desire.

8.

*Lucretia
pleadeth in
defence of
Chastity, and
exprobrates his
uncivil Lust.*

Quoth she, reward not Hospitality
With such black Paiment as thou hast pretended,
Mud not the Fountain that gave Drink to thee,
Mar not the Thing that cannot be amended :
End thy ill Aim, before thy shoot be ended.

He is no Wood-man that doth bend his Bow,
To strike a poor unseasonable Doe.

My Husband is thy Friend, for his sake spare me ;
Thy self art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
My self a Weakling, do not then insnare me ;
Thou look'st not like Deceit, do not deceive me.

My Sighs like Whirlwinds labour hence to heave
(thee:

If ever Man was mov'd with Woman's Moans,
Be moved with my Tears, my Sighs, my Groans.

All which together, like a troubled Ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening Heart,
To soften it with their continual Motion ;
For Stones dissolv'd to Water do convert.

O if no harder than a Stone thou art,

M 2

Melt

Melt at my Tears, and be compassionate,
Soft Pity enters at an Iron Gate.

In *Tarquin's* Likeness I did entertain thee,
Hast thou put on his Shape to do him shame?
To all the Host of Heaven I complain me;
Thou wrong'st his Honour, wound'st his Princely
(Name,
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King,
For Kings like Gods should govern every thing.

How will thy Shame be feeded in thine Age,
When thus thy Vices bud before thy Spring?
If in thy Hope thou dar'st do such Outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembred, no outrageous thing
From Vassal Actors can be wip'd away,
Then Kings Misdeeds cannot be hid in Clay.

This Deed shall make thee only lov'd for Fear,
But happy Monarchs still are fear'd for Love:
With foul Offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like Offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy Will remove.
For Princes are the Glass, the School, the Book,
Where Subjects Eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the School where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read Lectures of such Shame?
Wilt thou be Glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for Sin, Warrant for Blame?
To privilege Dishonour in thy Name.
Thou back'st Reproach against long-living Land,
And mak'st fair Reputation but a Baud.

Halt

Hast thou commanded? by Him that gave it thee,
 From a pure Heart command thy rebel Will:
 Draw not thy Sword to guard Iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that Brood to kill.
 Thy Princely Office how canst thou fulfil,
 When pattern'd by thy Fault, foul Sin may say,
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

Think but how vile a Spectacle it were,
 To view thy present Trespass in another:
 Mens Faults do seldom to themselves appear,
 Their own Transgressions partially they smother:
 This Guilt would seem death-worthy in thy Brother.
 O how are they wrapt in with Infamies, (Eyes!
 That from their own Misdeeds askaunce their

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up Hands appeal,
 Not to seducing Lust thy rash Reply:
 I sue for exil'd Majesty's Repeal,
 Let him return and flattering Thoughts retire.
 His true Respect will prison false Desire,
 And wipe the dim Mist from thy doting Eyes,
 That thou shalt see thy State and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrou-
 led Tide
 Turns not, but swells the higher by
 this let;
 Small Lights are soon blown out, huge
 Fires abide,
 And with the Wind in greater Fury
 fret:
 The pretty Streams that pay a daily
 Debt

7.
*Tarquin all
 impatient in-
 terrupts her,
 and denied of
 Consent break-
 eth the inclo-
 sure of her
 Chastity by
 Force.*

To their salt Sovereign with their fresh false haſt,
 Add to this Flow, but alter not the Taſte.

Thou art (quoth she) a Sea, a Sovereign King,
 And lo ! there falls into thy boundless Flood
 Black Lust, Dishonour, Shame, Misgoverning,
 Who seek to stain the Ocean of thy Blood.
 If all these petty Ills should change thy Good,
 Thy Sea within a puddle Womb is bur's'd,
 And not the Puddle in thy Sea dispers'd.

So shall these Slaves be King, and thou their Slave:
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
 Thou their fair Life, and they thy fouler Grave :
 Thou loathed in thy Shame, they in thy Pride,
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
 The Cedar stoops not to the base Shrub's Foot,
 But low Shrubs wither at the Cedar's Root.

So let thy Thoughts low Vassals to thy State.
 No more, quoth he, by Heav'n I will not bear thee:
 Yield to my Love ; if not, enforced Hate,
 Instead of Love's coy Touch, shall rudely tear thee:
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base Bed of some Rascal Groom,
 To be thy Partner in this shameful Doom.

This said, he sets his Foot upon the Light,
 For Light and Lust are deadly Enemies :
 Shame folded up in blind concealing Night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The Wolf has seiz'd his Prey, the poor Lamb
 Till with her own white Fleece her Voice con-
 Intombs her Outcry in her Lips sweet fold,

For with the mighty Linen that she wears,
 He pens her piteous Clamors in her Head,
 Cooling his hot Face in the chastest Tears,

That

That ever modest Eyes with Sorrow shed.
O that foul Lust should stain so pure a Bed !
The Spots whereof could Weeping purify,
Her Tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than Life,
And he hath won what he would lose again ;
This forced League doth force a further strife,
This Momentary Joy breeds Months of Pain,
This hot Desire converts to cold Disdain :
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the Thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed Hound or gorged Hawk,
Unapt for tender Smell or speedy Flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The Prey wherein by Nature they delight :
So surfeit-taking *Tarquin* fears this Night ;
His Taste delicious, in Digestion souring,
Devours his Will, that liv'd by soul devouring.

O deeper Sin than bottomless Conceit
Can comprehend in still Imagination !
Drunken Desire must vomit his Receipt,
E'er he can see his own Abomination.
While Lust is in his Pride, no Exclamation
Can curb his Heat, or reign his rash Desire,
Till, like a Jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolor'd Cheek,
With heavy Eye, knit Brow, and strengthless Pace,
Feeble Desire all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a Bankrupt Beggar wails his Case :
The Flesh being proud, Desired doth fight with Grace.
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty Rebel for Remission prays.

So fares it with this Fault-full Lord of *Rome*,
 Who this Accomplishment so hotly chas'd ;
 For, now against himself he sounds this Doom,
 That thro the length of time he stands disgrac'd :
 Besides, his Soul's fair Temple is defac'd,
 To whose weak Ruins muster Troops of Cares,
 To ask the spotted Princess how she fares.

She says, her Subjects with foul Insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated Wall,
 And by their mortal Fault brought in subjection
 Her Immortality, and made her thrall
 To living Death and Pain perpetual.

Which in her Prescience she control'd still,
 But her Foresight could not forestall their Will.

E'en in this Thought thro the dark night he stealeth;
 A Captive Victor that hath lost in Gain :
 Bearing away the Wound that nothing healeth,
 The Scar that will despite of Cure remain ;
 Leaving his Spoil perplex in greater Pain.
 She bears the load of Lust he left behind,
 And he the Burden of a guilty Mind.

He like a thievish Dog creeps sadly thence,
 She like a weary'd Lamb lies panting there :
 He scowls and hates himself for his Offence,
 She desperate, with her Nails her Flesh doth tear.
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty Fear ;
 She stays exclaiming on the direful Night,
 He runs and chides his vanish'd loath'd Delight.

He thence departs a heavy Convertite,
 She there remains a hopeless Cast-away :
 He in his speed looks for the Morning Light,
 She prays she never may behold the Day,
 For Day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay :
 And

And my true Eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak Offences with a cunning Brow.

They think not but that every Eye can see
The same Disgrace which they themselves behold ;
And therefore would they still in Darknes lie,
To have their unseen Sin remain untold :
For they their Guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like Water that doth eat in Steel,
Upon my Cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against Repose and Rest,
And bids her Eyes hereafter still be blind :
She wakes her Heart by beating on her 8.
Breast, *Lucrece*
And bids it leap from thence, where it may *thus abu-*
find *sed, com-*
Some purer Chest to close so pure a Mind. *plaints of*
Frantick with Grief, thus breathes she forth her *her Misery.*
Against the unseen Secrecy of Night. (Spight

O comfort-killing Night, Image of Hell !
Dim Register and Notary of Shame !
Black Stage for Tragedies and Murders fell !
Vast Sin-concealing *Chaos*, nurse of Blame !
Blind muff'd Band, dark Harbour of Defame !
Grim Cave of Death, whispering Conspirator
With close-tongu'd Treason and the Ravisher !

O hateful, vaporous and foggy Night !
Since thou art guilty of my cureless Crime,
Must thy Mists to meet the Eastern Light,
Make War against proportion'd Course of Time :
Or if thou wilt permit the Sun to climb
His wonted height, yet e'er he go to bed,
Knit poisonous Clouds about his golden Head !

With

With rotten damps raw with the Morning-Air,
 Let their exhal'd unwholesom Breaths make sick
 The Life of Purity, the Supreme Fair,
 Ere he arrive his weary Noon-tide prick:
 And let thy misty Vapours march so thick,
 That in their smoky Ranks his smother'd Light
 May set at Noon and make perpetual Night.

Were *Tatquin* Night as he is but Night's Child,
 The Silver-shining Queen he would disdain,
 Her twinkling Handmaids too (by him defil'd)
 Tho' Night's black Bosom should not peep again.
 So should I have Copartners in my Pain;
 And Fellowship in Woe doth Woe assuage,
 As Palmers that make short their Pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
 To cross their Arms and hang their Heads with mine,
 To mask their Brows and hide their Infamy.
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
 Seasoning the Earth with Showers of Silver Brine,
 Mingling my Talk with Tears, my Grief with
 (Groans,
 Poor waiving Monuments of lasting Moans.

O Night! thou Furnace of fool-recking Smoke,
 Let not the jealous Day behold that Face,
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding Cloak
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with Disgrace.
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy Place,
 That all the Faults which in thy Reign are made,
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy Shade.

Make me not Object to the tell-tale Day,
 The Light shall shew character'd in my Brow
 The Story of sweet Chastity's Decay,

The

The impious breach of holy Wedlock's Vow.
 Yea, the Illiterate, that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in Learned Books,
 Will quote my loathsome Trespass in my Looks.

The Nurse to still her Child will tell my Story,
 And fright her crying Babe with *Tarquin's* Name:
 The Orator to deck his Oratory,
 Will couple my Reproach to *Tarquin's* Shame.
 Feast-finding Minstrels tuning my Defame,
 Will tie the Hearers to attend each Line,
 How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatine*.

Let my good Name, that senseless Reputation,
 For *Colatine's* dear Love be kept unsported:
 If that be made a Theme for Disputation,
 The Branches of another Root are rotted,
 And undeserv'd Reproach to him allotted,
 That is as clear from this Attrait of mine,
 As I ere this was pure to *Colatine*.

O unseen Shame, invisible Disgrace!
 O unfelt Sore, ereft-wounding private Sear!
 Reproach is stamp'd in *Colatine's* Face,
 And *Tarquin's* Eye may read the Mote afar,
 How he in Peace is wounded, not in War.

Alas, how many bear such shameful Blows,
 Which not themselves but he that gives them
 (knows?)

If *Colatine*, thine Honor lay in me,
 From me by strong Assaults it is bereft:
 My Honey-lost, and I a drone-like Bee
 Have no Perfection of my Summer left,
 But rob'd and ransack'd by injurious Theft.
 In thy weak Hive a wandering Wasp hath crept,
 And suck'd the Honey which thy chaste Bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy Honor's wrack ;
 Yet for thy Honour did I entertain him ;
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been Dishonor to disdain him,
 Besides, of Weariness he did complain him,
 And talk of Vertue (O unlook'd for Evil !)
 When Vertue is profan'd in such a Devil.

Why should the Worm intrude the Maiden Bud ?
 Or hateful Cuckows hatch in Sparrows Nests ?
 Or Toads infect fair Founts with Venom Mud ?
 Or Tyrant Folly lurk in gentle Breasts ?
 Or Kings be Breakers of their own Behests ?
 But no Perfection is so absolute,
 That some Impurity doth not pollute.

The Aged Man that coffers up his Gold, (Fits,
 Is plagu'd with Cramps, and Gouts, and painful
 And scarce hath Eyes his Treasure to behold,
 But like still pining *Tantalus* he sits,
 And useles Banns the Harvest of his Wits :
 Having no other Pleasure of his Gain,
 But Torment that it cannot cure his Pain.

So then, he hath it when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be master'd by his Young,
 Who in their Pride do presently abuse it :
 Their Father was too weak, and they too strong,
 To hold their curst, blessed Fortune long.
 The Sweets we wish for turn to loathed Sours,
 E'en in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly Blasts wait on the tender Spring, (ers :
 Unwholesom Weeds take root with precious Flow-
 The Adder hisseth where the sweet Birds sing :

What

What Vertue breeds, Iniquity devours :
We have no Good that we can say is ours :
But ill-annexed Opportunity,
Or kills his Life, or else his Quality.

O Opportunity ! thy Guilt is great ;
'Tis thou that execut'st the Traitor's Treason :
Thou setst the Wolf where he the Lamb may get :
Whoever plots the Sin, thou pointst the Season.
'Tis thou that spurnst at Right, at Law, at Reason ;
And in thy shady Cell, where none may spy her,
Sits Sin to seize the Souls that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the Vestal violate her Oath ;
Thou blowst the Fire when Temperance is thaw'd ;
Thou smotherst Honesty, thou murderst Troth :
Thou foul Abettor, thou notorious Baud !
Thou plantest Scandal, and displacest Laud.
Thou Ravisher, thou Traitor, thou false Thief !
Thy Honey turns to Gall, thy Joy to Grief.

Thy secret Pleasure turns to open Shame ;
Thy private Feasting to a publick Fast ;
Thy smothering Titles to a ragged Name ;
Thy sugar'd Tongue to bitter Wormwood Taste :
Thy violent Vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such Numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble Suppliant's Friend,
And bring him where his Suit may be obtain'd ?
When wilt thou sort an Hour great Strifes to end,
Or free that Soul which wretchedness hath chained ?
Give Physick to the sick, ease to the pained ?
The Poor, Lame, Blind, Halt, Creep, cry out
(for thee,
But they ne'er met with Opportunity.

The Patient dies while the Physician sleeps ;
 The Orphan pines while the Oppressor feeds :
 Justice is feasting while the Widow weeps :
 Advice is sporting while Infection breeds,
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable Deeds :
 Wrath, Envy, Treason, Rape, and Murder rages,
 Thy heinous Hours wait on them as their Pages.

When Truth and Vertue have to do with thee,
 A thousand Cresses keep them from thy Aid ;
 They buy thy Help, but Sin ne'er gives a Fee,
 He *gratis* comes, and thou art well apaid,
 As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.
 My *Calatine* would else have come to me,
 When *Tarquin* did, but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of Murder and of Theft,
 Guilty of Perjury and Subornation,
 Guilty of Treason, Forgery and Shift,
 Guilty of Incest that Abomination ;
 An Accessary by thine Inclination
 To all Sins past, and all that are to come
 From the Creation to the general Doom.

Mishapen time, Copesmate of ugly Night,
 Swift subtle Post, Carrier of grisly Care,
 Eater of Youth, false Slave to false Delight,
 Base Watch of Woes, Sin's Pack-horse, Vertue's
 (Snare ;
 Thou narest all, and murderst all that are.
 O hear me then, injurious shifting Time !
 Be guilty of my Death, since of my Crime.

Why hath thy Servant Opportunity
 Betray'd the Hours thou gav'st me to repose ?
 Cancel'd my Fortunes and incain'd me

To

To endless Date of never-ending Woes?
Time's Office is to find the hate of Foes,
To eat up Error by Opinion bred,
Not spend the Dowry of a lawful Bed.

Time's Glory is to calm contending Kings,
To unmask Falshood, and bring Truth to Light,
To stamp the Seal of Time in aged things,
To wake the Morn and centinel the Night,
To wrong the Wronger till he render Right,
To ruinate proud Buildings with thy Hours,
And smear with Dust their glittering golden
(Towers.

To fill with Worm-holes stately Monuments,
To feed Oblivion with Decay of things,
To blot old Books, and alter their Contents,
To pluck the Quills from antient Ravens Wings,
To dry the old Oak's Sap, and cherish Springs,
To spoil Antiquities of hammer'd Steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's Wheel.

To shew the Beldame Daughters of her Daughter,
To make the Child a Man, the Man a Child,
To slay the Tyger that doth live by Slaughter,
To tame the Unicorn and Lion wild,
To mock the Subtle in themselves beguil'd ;
To chear the Plowman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge Stones with little Water-drops.

Why work'st thou Mischief in thy Pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring Minute in an Age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand Friends,
Lending him Wit that to bad Debtors lends.
O this dread Night, wouldst thou one Hour come
(back,
I could prevent this Storm and shun this Wrack.
Thou

Thou ceaseless Lacky to Eternity,
 With some Mischance cross *Tarquin* in his Flight,
 Devise Extremes beyond Extremity
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful Night :
 Let ghastly Shadows his lend Eyes affright,
 And the dire Thought of his committed Evil
 Shape every Bush a hideous shapeless Devil.

Disturb his hours of Rest with restless Trances,
 Afflict him in his Bed with bedrid Groans :
 Let there bechance him pitiful Mischances,
 To make him moan, but pity not his Moans :
 Stone him with harden'd Hearts harder than stone,
 And let mild Women to him lose their Mildness,
 Wilder to him than Tygers in their Wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled Hair,
 Let him have time against himself to rave,
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
 Let him have time to live a loathed Slave :
 Let him have time a Beggar's Orts to crave,
 And time to see one that by Alms do live,
 Disdain to him disdained Scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his Friends his Foes,
 And merry Fools to mock at him resort :
 Let him have time to mark how slow Time goes
 In time of Sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of Folly, and his time of Sport.
 And ever let his unrecalling Time
 Have time to wail th'abusing of his Time.

O Time, thou Tutor both to Good and Bad,
 Teach me to curse him that thou taughtst this ill,
 At his own Shadow let the Thief run mad,

Him:-

Himself, himself seek every Hour to kill; (spill.
Such wretched Hands, such wretched Blood should
For who so base would such an Office have,
As slanderous Deaths-man to so base a Slave?

The baser is he, coming from a King,
To shame his Hope with Deeds degenerate;
The mightier Man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honour'd, or begets him Hate:
For greatest Scandal waits on greatest State.
The Moon being clouded, presently is mist,
But little Stars may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bathe his cole-black Wings in Mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the Filth away;
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,
The stain upon his silver Down will stay. (Day,
Poor Grooms are sightless Night, Kings glorious
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But Eagles gaz'd upon with every Eye.

Our idle Words, Servants to shallow Fools;
Unprofitable Sounds, weak Arbitrators,
Busy your selves in skill-contending Schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull Debators:
To trembling Clients be you Mediators:
For me, I force not Argument a straw,
Since that my Case is past all help of Law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at *Tarquin*, and unsearchful Night:
In vain I cavil with mine Infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd Despight:
This helpless smoke of Words doth me no right;
The Remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled Blood.

Poor Hand, why quiverst thou at this Decree ?
 Honour thy self to rid me of this Shame,
 For if I die, my Honour lives in thee ;
 But if I live, thou liv'st in my Defame ;
 Since thou couldst not defend thy Loyal Dame,
 And wast afraid to scratch her wicked Foe,
 Kill both thy self and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled Couch she starts,
 To find some desperate Instrument of Death ;
 But this no Slaughter-house, no Tool imparts,
 To make more vent for passage of her Breath,
 Which thronging thro her Lips so vanisheth
 As Smoke from *Atna*, that in Air consumes,
 Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes.

In vain (quoth she) I live, and seek in vain
 Some happy Mean to end a hapless Life :
 I fear'd by *Tarquin's* Fauchion to be slain,
 Yet for the self-same Purpose seek a Knife :
 But when I fear'd, I was a Loyal Wife,
 So am I now ; O no, that cannot be,
 Of that true Type hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

O that is gone, for which I fought to live,
 And therefore now I need not fear to die ;
 To clear this Spot by Death (at least) I give
 A Badg of Fame to Slaunder's Livery,
 A dying Life to living Infamy,
 Poor helpless-help the Treasure stohn away,
 To burn the guiltless Casket where it lay.

Well, well, dear *Colatine*, thou shalt not know
 The stained tast of violated Troth :
 I will not wrong thy true Affection so,
 To flatter thee with an infringed Oath,

This

This bastard Grass shall never come to growth;
 He shall not boast who did thy Stock pollute,
 That thou art doting Father of his Fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret Thought,
 Nor laugh with his Companions at thy state:
 But thou shalt know thy Interest was not bought
 Basely with Gold, but stoln from forth thy Gate;
 For me I am the Mistress of my Fate,
 And with my Trespas never will dispense,
 Till Life to Death acquit my frost Offence.

I will not poison thee with my Attaint,
 Nor fold my Fault in cleanly coin'd Excuses;
 My fable ground of Sin I will not paint,
 To hide the Truth of this false Night's Abuses:
 My Tongue shall utter all; mine Eyes like Sluces,
 As from a Mountain Spring that feeds a Dale,
 Shall gush pure Streams to purge my impure Tale.

By this lamenting *Philomele* had ended

The well-tun'd Warble of her nightly Sorrow,
 And solemn Night with slow sad Gate descended

To ugly Hell, when lo the blushing
 Morrow

Lends Light to all fair Eyes that Light would borrow.
 But cloudy *Lucrece* shames her self to see,
 And therefore still in Night would cloistred be;

Revealing Day through every Cranny spies,
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping,
 To whom she sobbing speaks, O Eye of Eyes, (ing,
 Why pry'st thou thro my Window? leave thy peep-

9.
Lucrece con-
tinuing her
Laments, dis-
putes whether
she should kill
her self or no.

Mock with thy tickling Beams, Eyes that are sleep-
 (ing ;
 Brand not my Forehead with thy piercing Light,
 For Day hath nought to do what's done by Night.

Thus cavils she with ev'ry thing she fees ;
 True Grief is fond, and testy as a Child,
 Whoway-ward once, his Mood with nought agrees,
 Old Woes, not Infant Sorrows bear them mild ;
 Continuance tames the one, the other wild,
 Like an unpractis'd Swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drowns for want of Skill.

So she deep drenched in a Sea of Care,
 Holds disputation with each thing she views,
 And to her self all Sorrow doth compare,
 No Object but her Passions strength renews,
 And as one shifts, another straight ensues ;
 Sometimes her Grief is dumb, and hath no words ;
 Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little Birds that tune their Mornings Joy,
 Make her Moans mad with their sweet Melody ;
 For Mirth doth search the bottom of Annoy,
 Sad Souls are slain in merry Company,
 Grief best is pleas'd with Grief's Society :
 True Sorrow then is feelingly surpriz'd,
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double Death to drown in ken of Shore ;
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding Food ;
 To see the Salve doth make the Wound ake more ;
 Great Grief grieves most at that will do it good ;
 Deep Woes roll forward like a gentle Flood,
 Which being stopt, the bounding Banks o'er-flows ;
 Grief dallied with, nor Law nor Limit knows.

**You mocking Birds, quoth she, your Tunes intomb
Within your hollow swelling feather'd Breasts;
And in my hearing be you ever dumb,
My restless Discord loves no Stops nor Rests ;
A woful Hostess brooks not merry Guests :
Relish your nimble Notes to pleasing Ears,
Distress likes dumps when Time is kept with Tears.**

Come *Philomela*, that sing'st of Ravishment,
Make thy sad Grove in my dishevel'd Hair:
As the dank Earth weeps at thy Languishment,
So I at each sad Strain will strain my Tear,
And with deep Groans the *Diapason* bear:
For Burden-wise I'll hum on *Tarquin* still,
While thou on *Tereus* descants better skill.

And whiles againſt a Thorn thou beaſt thy part,
To keep thy ſharp Woes waking, wretched I
To imitate thee well, againſt my Heart
Will fix a ſharp Knife, to affright mine Eye,
Who if it wink, ſhall thereon fall and die.
Theſe Means as Frets upon an Inſtrument,
Shall tune our Heartſtrings to true Languishment.

And for poor Bird, thou sing'st not in the Day,
As shaming any Eye should thee behold:
Some dark deep Desert seated from the way,
That knows nor parching Heat, nor freezing Cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To Creatures stern, sad Tunes to change their
(Kinds;
Since Men prove Beasts, let Beasts bear gentle
(Minds.

**As the poor frightened Deer that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,**

Or one incompast with a winding Maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily :
So with her self is she in mutiny,

To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When Life is sham'd & Death reproaches Debtor.

To kill my self, quoth she, alack what were it,
But with my Body my poor Soul's Pollution ?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That Mother tries a merciless Conclusion, (one,
Who having two sweet Babes, when Death takes
Will slay the other, and be Nurse to none.

My Body or my Soul, which was the dearer ?
When the one Pure, the other made Divine,
Whose love of either to my self was nearer ?
When both were kept for Heaven and *Colatine*.
Ay me, the Bark peal'd from the lofty Pine,
His Leaves will wither, and his Sap decay ;
So must my Soul, her Bark being peal'd away.

Her House is sackt, her Quiet interrupted,
Her Mansion batter'd by the Enemy,
Her Sacred Temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring Infamy.
Then let it not be call'd Impiety,
If in this blemisht Fort I make some Hole,
Thro which I may convey this troubled Soul.

Yet die I will not, till my *Colatine*
Have heard the Cause of my untimely Death,
That he may vow in that sad Hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my Breath ;
My stained Blood to *Tarquin* I'll bequeath,

Which

Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my Testament.

My Honour I'll bequeath unto the Knife,
That wounds my Body so dishonoured :
'Tis Honour to deprive dishonoured Life,
The one will live, the other being dead :
So of Shame's Ashes shall my Fame be bred ;
For in my death I Murder shameful scorn,
My Shame so dead, my Honor is new born.

Dear Lord of that dear Jewel I have lost,
What Legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
My Resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
By whose Example thou reveng'd mayst be.
How *Tarquin* must be us'd read it in me.
My self thy Friend will kill my self thy Fo,
And for my sake serve thou false *Tarquin* so.

This brief Abridgment of my Will I make :
My Soul and Body to the Skies and Ground,
My Resolution (Husband) do you take ;
My Honour be the Knife's that make my Wound
My Shame be his that did my Fame confound ;
And all my Fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live and think no shame of me.

Then *Colatine* shall oversee this Will,
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it ?
My Blood shall wash the Slander of mine Ill ;
My Life's foul Deed, my Life's fair End shall free it.
Faint not faint Heart, but stoutly say, so be it.
Yield to my Hand, and that shall conquer thee ;
Thou dead, that dies, and both shall Victors be.

10.
*Lucrece re-
 solved to kill
 her self, deter-
 mines first to
 send her Hus-
 band word.*

This Plot of Death, when sadly she
 had laid,
 And wip'd the brinish Pearl from her
 bright Eyes,
 With untun'd Tongue she hoarsly
 call'd her Maid,
 Whose swift Obedience to her Mis-
 tress hies,

For fleet-wing'd Duty with Thought's Feathers flies.
 Poor *Lucrece* Cheeks unto her Maid seem so,
 As Winter-Meads when Sun dos melt their Snow.

Her Mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
 With soft slow Tongue, true Marks of Modesty,
 And sorts a sad look to her Lady's Sorrow,
 (For why her Face wore Sorrow's Livery)
 But durst not ask of her audaciously,
 Why her two Sons were Cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair Cheeks over-washt with Woo.

But as the Earth doth weep, the Sun being set,
 Each Flower moistned like a melting Eye:
 E'en so the Maid with swelling Drops gan wet
 Her circled Eyne enforc'd, by sympathy
 Of those fair Suns set in her Mistress Sky,
 Who in a salt-wav'd Ocean quench their Light,
 Which makes the Maid weep like the dewy Night.

A pretty while these pretty Creatures stand,
 Like Ivory Conduits Coral Cisterns filling;
 One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
 No Cause, but company of her Drops spilling;
 Their gentle Sex to weep are often willing,
 Grieving themselves to guess at other Smarts,
 And then they drown their Eyes, or break their
 (Hearts,
 For

For Men have Marble, Women waxen Minds,
And therefore are they form'd as Marble will :
The Weak oppress'd, th' Impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by Force, by Fraud or Skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their Ill,
No more than Wax shall be accounted Evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a Devil.

Their smoothness like a Champain Plain,
Lays open all the little Worms that creep.
In Men, as a rough grown Grove remain
Cave, keeping Evils that obscurely sleep ;
Thro Christal Walls each little Mote will peep.
Tho Men can cover Crimes with bold stern Look,
Poor Womens Faces are their own Faults Books.

No Man inveighs against the wither'd Flower,
But chides rough Winter that the Flower has kill'd :
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour
Is worthy blame, O let it not be held
Poor Womens Faults, that they are so fulfil'd
With Mens Abuses, those proud Lords to blame,
Make weak-mad Women Tenants to their shame.

The President whereof in *Lucrece* view,
Assail'd by Night, with Circumstances strong
Of present Death and Shame that might ensue,
By that her Death to do her Husband wrong ;
Such Danger to resistance did belong.
The dying Fear thro all her Body spread,
And who cannot abuse a Body dead ?

By this mild Patience did fair *Lucrece* speak
To the poor Counterfeit of her complaining :
My Girl, quoth she, on what occasion break (raining ?
Those Tears from thee, that down thy Cheeks are

If

If thou dost weep for Grief of my sustaining,
 Know gentle Wench, it small avails my Mood,
 If Tears could help mine, own would do me good.

But tell me, Girl, when went (and there she staid,
 Till after a deep Groan) *Tarquin* from hence?
 Madam, e'er I was up (reply'd the Maid)
 The more to blame my sluggard Negligence:
 Yet with the Fault I thus far can dispense,
 My self was stirring e'er the break of day,
 And e'er I rose was *Tarquin* gone away.

But, Lady, if your Maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your Heaviness.
 O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,
 The Repetition cannot make it less:
 For more it is than I can well express,
 And that deep Torture may be call'd a Hell,
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go get me hither Paper, Ink, and Pen;
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here:
 (What should I say?) one of my Husband's men
 Bid thou be ready by and by to bear
 A Letter to my Lord, my Love, my Dear;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
 The Cause craves hast, and it will soon be writ.

Her Maid is gon, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the Paper with her Quill;
 Conceit and Grief an eager Combat fight,
 What Wit sets down is blotted still with Will,
 This is too curious good, this blunt and ill;
 Much like a Press of People at a Door,
 Throng her Inventions which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : Thou worthy Lord
 Of that unworthy Wife that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy Person, next vouchsafe t'afford
 (If ever, Love, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come and visit me.

So I commend me from our House in grief,
 My Woes are tedious, tho my Words are brief.

Here folds she up the Tenor of her Woe,
 Her certain Sorrow writ uncertainly ;
 By this short Schedule *Colatine* may know
 Her Grief, but not her Grief's true Quality;
 She dares not therefore make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 E'er she with Blood had stain'd her stain'd Excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her Passion,
 She hoards to spend, when he is by to hear her,
 When Sighs, and Groans, and Tears may grace the
 Of her Disgrace, the better so to clear her (fashion
 From that suspicion which the World might bear
 (her :
 To shun this Blot she would not blot the Letter
 With Words, till Action might become them
 (better.

To see sad Sights, moves more than hear them told ;
 For then the Eye interprets to the Ear
 The heavy Motion that it doth behold :
 When every Part a part of Woe doth bear,
 'Tis but a part of Sorrow that we hear. (Words,
 Deep Sounds make lesser Noise than shallow
 And Sorrow ebbs being blown with Wind of
 (Words.

Her

Her Letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
 At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than hast ;
 The Post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the four-fac'd Groom to hie as fast,
 As lagging Souls before the Northern Blast.
 Speed, more than Speed, but dull and slow she
 Extremity still urgeth such Extremes. (deems,

The homely Villain curries to her low,
 And blushing on her with a stedfast Eye,
 Receives the Scroll without or Yea or No,
 And forth with bashful Innocence doth lie:
 But they whose Guilt within their Bosoms lie,
 Imagine every Eye beholds their blame,
 For *Lucrece* thought he blusht to see her shame.

When filly Groom (God wot) it was defect
 Of Spirit, Life, and bold Audacity ;
 Such harmless Creatures have a true respect
 To talk in Deeds, while others saucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely.
 Even so this Pattern of the worn-out Age
 Pawn'd honest Looks, but laid no Words to gage.

His kindled Duty kindled her Mistrust,
 That two red Fires in both their Faces blaz'd:
 She thought he blusht as knowing *Tarquin's* Lust ;
 And blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd,
 Her earnest Eye did make him more amaz'd:
 The more she saw the Blood his Cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous Vassal scarce is gone ;
 The weary Time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan.

So Woe hath wearied Woe, Moan tired Moan,
That she her Complaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for Means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful Painting made for *Priam's Troy*,
Before the which is drawn the Power of *Greece*,
For *Helen's Rape* the City to destroy,
Threatning cloud-kissing *Ilium* with Annoy;
Which the conceited Painter drew so proud,
As Heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the Turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable Objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless Life :
Many a dire Drop seem'd a weeping Tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd Husband by the Wife :
The red Blood reek'd to shew the Painter's Strife,
And dying Eyes gleem'd forth their ashy Lights,
Like dying Coals burnt out in tedious Nights.

There might you see the labouring Pioneer
Begrim'd with Sweat, and smeared all with Dust ;
And from the Towers of *Troy* there would appear
The very Eyes of Men thro Loop-holes thrust ;
Gazing upon the *Greeks* with little Lust.
Such sweet Observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far off Eyes look sad.

In great Commanders, Grace and Majesty
You might behold triumphing in their Faces ;
In Youth Quick-bearing and Dexterity :
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale Cowards marching on with trembling Paces,
Which heartless Peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and
(tremble.

In *Ajax* and *Ulysses*, O what Art
 Of Physiognomy might one behold !
 The Face of either cipher'd either's Heart ;
 Their Face, their Manners most expressly told.
 In *Ajax* Eyes blunt Rage and Rigor roll'd.
 But the mild Glance that the *Ulysses* lent,
 Shew'd deep Regard and smiling Government.

There pleading might you see grave *Nestor* stand,
 As 'twere incouraging the *Greeks* to fight,
 Making such sober Actions with his Hand,
 That it beguil'd Attention, charm'd the Sight ;
 In Speech it seem'd his Beard, all silver white,
 Wag'd up and down, and from his Lips did fly
 Thin winding Breath, which purld up to the Sky.

About him were a Press of gaping Faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound Advice ;
 All jointly listning, but with several Graces,
 As if some Mermaid did their Ears intice,
 Some high, some low, the Painter was so nice.
 The Scalps of many almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd to mock the Mind.

Here one Man's Hand lean'd on another's Head,
 His Nose being shadow'd by his Neighbour's Ear ;
 Here one being throng'd bears back all bold and red ;
 Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear,
 And in their Rage such Signs of Rage they bear,
 As but for loss of *Nestor's* Golden Words,
 It seems they would debate with angry Swords.

For much imaginary Work was there ;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
 That for *Achilles* Image stood his Spear,

Grip'd

Grip'd in an armed Hand, himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the Eye of Mind,
A Hand, a Foot, a Face, a Leg, a Head,
Stood for the Whole to be imagined.

And from the Walls of strong besieged *Troy*,
When their brave Hope, bold *Hector*, march'd to
(Field,

Stood many *Trojan* Mothers, sharing Joy
To see their youthful Sons bright Weapons wield,
And to their Hope they such odd Action yield,
That thro their Light Joy seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy Fear.

And from the strond of *Dordan* where they fought,
To *Simois* reedy Banks the red blood ran,
Whose Waves to imitate the Battel fought
With swelling Ridges, and their Ranks began
To break upon the galled Shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater Ranks
They join, and shoot their Fome at *Simois* Banks.

To this well-painted Piece is *Lucrece* come,
To find a Face where all distress is stell'd:
Many she sees, where Cares have carved some,
But none where all Distress and Dolor dwell'd;
Till she despairing *Hecuba* beheld,
Staring on *Priam's* Wounds with her old Eyes,
Which bleeding under *Pirrhys* proud Foot lies.

In her the Painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, Beauty's wrack, and grim Cares reign;
Her Cheeks with Chops and Wrinkles were disguis'd,
Of what she was, no Semblance did remain,
Her blew Blood chang'd to black in every Vein.

Wanting the Spring that those shrunk Pipes had
Shew'd Life imprison'd in a Body dead. (fed,
On

On this sad shadow *Lucrece* spends her Eyes,
 And shapes her Sorrow to the Beldame's Woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but Cries,
 And bitter Words to ban her cruel Foes.
 The Painter was no God to lend her those ;
 And therefore *Lucrece* swears he did her wrong,
 To give her so much Grief, and not a Tongue.

Poor Instrument (quoth she) without a Sound,
 I'll tune thy Woes with my lamenting Tongue ;
 And drop sweet Balm in *Priam's* painted Wound,
 And rail on *Pirrhus* that hath done him wrong,
 And with my Tears quench *Troy* that burns so long ;
 And with my Knife scratch out the angry Eyes
 Of all the *Greeks* that are thine Enemies.

Shew me this Strumpet that began this stir,
 That with my Nails her Beauty I may tear :
 Thy heat of Lust, fond *Paris*, did incur
 This load of Wrath that burning *Troy* did bear ;
 Thy Eye kindled the Fire that burneth here.
 And here in *Troy*, for Trespas of thine Eye,
 The Sire, the Son, the Dame, and Daughter die.

Why should the private Pleasure of some one
 Become the publick Plague of many moe ?
 Let Sin alone committed, light alone
 Upon his Head that hath transgressed so.
 Let guiltless Souls be freed from guilty woe.
 For ones Offence why should so many fall ?
 To plague a private Sin in general.

Lo, here weeps *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies !
 Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troilus* sounds,
 Here Friend by Friend in bloody Channel lies,

And

And Friend to Friend gives unadvised Wounds,
And one Man's Lust these many Lives confounds.
Had doting *Priam* check'd his Son's desire,
Troy had been bright with Fame, and not with Fire.

Here feelingly the weeps *Troy's* painted Woes:
For Sorrow like a heavy hanging Bell,
Once set a ringing, with his own weight goes ;
Then little strength rings out the doleful Knell.
So *Lucrece* set awork, sad Tales doth tell
To pencil'd Pensiveness, and color'd Sorrow ;
She lends them Words, and she their Looks doth
(borrow.

She throws her Eyes about the painted Round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament :
At last she sees a wretched Image bound,
That piteous Looks to *Phrygian* Shepherds lent,
His Face the full of Cares, yet shew'd Content.
Onward to *Troy* with these blunt Swains he goes,
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his Woes.

In him the Painter labour'd with his Skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,
An humble Gate, calm Looks, Eyes wailing still,
A Brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome Woe ;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so,
That blushing red, no guilty Instance gave,
Nor ashy pale, the Fear that false Hearts have.

But like a constant and confirmed Devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so inconst this secret Evil,
That Jealousy it self could not mistrust,
False creeping Craft and Perjury should thrust
Into so bright a Day such blackfac'd Storms,
Or blot with Hell-born Sin such Saint-like Forms.

The well-skil'd Woman this wild Image drew
 For perjur'd *Sinon*, whose enchanting Story
 The credulous old *Priam* after flew :
 Whose Words like wild-fire burnt the shining Glory
 Of rich-built *Ilium*, that the Skies were sorry,
 And little Stars shot from their fixed Places,
 When their Glafs fell wherein they view'd their
 (Faces.

This Picture she advisedly perus'd,
 And chid the Painter for his wondrous Skill :
 Saying, some shape in *Sinon's* was abus'd,
 So fair a Form lodg'd not a Mind so ill :
 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
 Such Signs of Truth in his plain Face she spied,
 That she concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much Guile
 (She would have said) can lurk in such a Look :
 But *Tarquin's* shape came in her Mind the while,
 And from her Tongue, can lurk, from cannot, took
 It cannot be, she in that Sense forlook,
 And turn'd it thus; It cannot be I find,
 But such a Face should bear a wicked Mind.

For e'en as subtle *Sinon* here is painted,
 So sober sad, so weary and so mild,
 (As if with Grief or Travel he had fainted)
 To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguile
 With outward Honesty; but yet desir'd
 With inward Vice; as *Priam* him did cherish;
 So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Look, look how listning *Priam* wets his Eyes,
 To see those borrow'd Tears that *Sinon* sheds :
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?

For every Tear he falls, a *Trojan* bleeds :
His Eyes drop Fire, no Water thence proceeds :
Those round clear Pearls of his that move thy Pity
Are Balls of quenchless Fire to burn thy City.

Such Devils steal Effects from lightless Hell,
For *Sinon* in his Fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning Fire doth dwell ;
These Contraries such Unity do hold,
Only to flatter Fools and make them bold :
So *Priam's* Trust false *Sinon's* Tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his *Troy* with Water.

Here all inrag'd such Passion her assails,
That Patience is quite beaten from her Breast ;
She tears the senseless *Sinon* with her Nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy Guest,
Whose Deed hath made her self her self detest.
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er, (fore-
Fool, Fool, quoth she, his Wounds will not be

Thus ebbs and flows the Current of her Sorrow,
And Time doth weary Time with her complaining ;
She looks for Night, and then she longs for Morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining,
Short time seems long, in Sorrows sharp sustaining :
Tho Woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch, see Time how slow it creeps.

Which all this Time hath over-slipt her Thought,
That she with painted Images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own Grief brought,
By deep surmise of others Detriment,
Loosing her Woes in shews of Discontent :
It easeth some, tho none it ever cur'd,
To think their Dolour others have endur'd.

*Upon Lucrece
sending for
Colatine in
such hast, be
with divers of
his Allies and
Friends, re-
turns home.*

But now the mindful Messenger comes
back,
Brings home his Lord, and other Com-
pany,
Who finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourn-
ing Black,
And round-about her tear-distained
Eye

Blew Circles stream'd, like Rainbows in the Sky.
These Watergalls in her dim Element,
Foretel new Storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding Husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad Face he stares :
Her Eyes, tho sod in Tears, look red and raw,
Her lively Colour kil'd with deadly Cares.
He has no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood like old Acquaintance in a Trance,
Met far from home, wondring each other's Chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless Hand,
And thus begins : What uncouth ill Event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet Love, what Spite hath thy fair Colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in Discontent?
Unmask, dear Dear, this moody Heaviness,
And tell thy Grief that we may give redress.

Three times with Sighs she gives her Sorrow fire,
E'er once she can discharge one word of Wee:
At length addrest to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares, to let them know
Her Honour is ta'en Prisoner by the Foe;
While *Colatine*, and his comforted Lords
With sad attention long to hear her Words.

And

And now this pale Swan in her watry Nest,
Begins the sad Dirge of her certain ending :
Few Words, quoth she, shall fit the Treispass best,
Wherein no Excuse can give the Fault amending,
In me more Woes than Words are now depending,
And my Laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tir'd Tongue.

Then be this all the Task it hath to say,
Dear Husband, in the Interest of thy Bed
A Stranger came, and on that Pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary Head ;
And that Wrong else may be imagined,
By foul Inforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark Midnight,
With shining Fauchion in my Chamber came
A creeping Creature with a flaming Light,
And softly cry'd, Awake, thou *Roman* Dame,
And entertain my Love, else lasting Shame
On thee and thine this Night I will inflict,
If thou my Love's Desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd Groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoak thy liking to my Will,
I'll murder streight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsom Act of Lust ; and so did kill
The Leachers in their Deed, this Act will be
My Fame, and thy perpetual Infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my Heart he sets his Sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word :

So should my Shame still rest upon Record,
And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*
Th' adulterate death of *Lucrece* and her Groom.

Mine Enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
(And far the weaker with so strong a Fear)
My bloody Judg forbad my Tongue to speak,
No rightful Plea might plead for Justice there :
His Scarlet Lust came Evidence to swear,
That my poor Beauty had purloin'd his Eyes ;
And when the Judg is rob'd, the Prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine own Excuse,
Or, at the least, this Refuge let me find ;
Tho my gross Blood be stain'd with this Abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my Mind,
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To accessary Yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd Closet yet indure.

Lo here the hopeless Merchant of this Loss,
With Head inclin'd, and Voice dam'd up with Wo,
With sad set Eyes, and wretched Arms across,
From Lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The Grief away, that stops his Answer so.
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain,
What he breathes out, his Breath drinks up again.

As thro an Arch, the violent roaring Tide,
Out-runs the Eye that doth behold his hast ;
Yet in the *Eddie* boundeth in his Pride,
Back to the Strait that forc'd him on so fast ;
In rage sent out, recal'd in rage being past :
Even so his Sighs, his Sorrows make a Saw,
To push Grief on, and back the same Grief draw.

Which

Which speechless Wo of his poor she attendeth,
 And his untimely Frenzy thus awaketh :
 Dear Lord, thy Sorrow to my Sorrow lendeth
 Another Power, no Flood by raining slacketh ;
 My Wo too sensible thy Passion maketh
 More feeling painful, let it then suffice
 To drown one Wo, one pair or weeping Eyes.

And for my sake when I might charm thee so,
 For she that was thy *Lucrece* now attend me,
 Be suddenly revenged on my Foe,
 Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me.
 From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me.
 Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die ;
 For sparing Justice feeds Iniquity.

But e'er I name him, you fair Lords, quoth she,
 (Speaking to those that came with *Colatine*)
 Shall plight your honourable Faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to venge this Wrong of mine :
 For 'tis a meritorious fair Design,
 To chase Injustice with revengeful Arms,
 Knights by their Oaths should right poor Ladies
 (Harms.

At this Request, with noble Disposition,
 Each present Lord began to promise
 Aid,
 As bound in Knighthood to her Imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful Foe bewray'd :
 But she that yet her sad Task hath not
 said,

Upon the Relation of Lucrece her Rape, Colatine, and the rest, swear to revenge ; but this seems not full satisfaction to her losses.

The Protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
How may this forced Stain be wip'd from me?

What is the Quality of my Offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful Circumstances?
May my pure Mind with the foul Act dispense,
My low declined Honour to advance?
May any Terms acquit me from this Chance?
The poison'd Fountain clears it self again,
And why not I from this compelled Stain?

*She killeth her
self, to exaspe-
rate them the
more to punish
the Delinquent.*

With this they all at once began to say,
Her Body's Stain, the Mind untainted
(clears,

While with a joyless Smile she turns
(away

The Face, that Map, which deep Impression bears
Of hard Misfortune carv'd it in with Tears.

No no, quoth she, no Dame hereafter living,
By my Excuse shall claim Excuses giving.

Here with a Sigh, as if her Heart would break,
She throws forth *Tarquin's* Name, He, he, she says:
But more than he, her poor Tongue could not speak,
Till after many Accents and Delays,
Untimely Breathings, sick and short Assays,
She utters this, He, he, fair Lord, 'tis he
That guides this Hand to give this Wound to me.

Even here sheathed in her harmless Breast
A harmful Knife, that thence her Soul unsheath'd,
That Blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted Prison where it breath'd;
Her contrite Sighs unto the Clouds bequeath'd
Her winged Spright, and thro her Wounds doth
Life's lasting Date from cancel'd Destiny. (fly

Stone-

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly Deed,
Stood *Colatme* and all his Lordly Crew,
Till *Lucrece* Father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd Body threw :
And from the purple Fountain *Brutus* drew
The murd'rous Knife ; and as it left the place,
Her Blood in pure Revenge, held it in Chase.

And bubling from her Breast, it doth divide
In two slow Rivers, that the crimson Blood
Circles her Body in on every Side,
Who like a late sack'd Island vastly stood.
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful Flood.
Some of her Blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false *Tarquin*
(stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed Face
Of that black Blood, a watry Rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted Place ;
And ever since a pitying *Lucrece* woes,
Corrupted Blood some watry Token shows,
And Blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear Daughter, old *Lucretius* cries,
That Life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd ;
If in the Child the Father's Image lies,
Where shall I live, now *Lucrece* is unliv'd ?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If Children prædecease Progenitors,
We are their Off-spring and they none of ours.

Poor broken Glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet Semblance, my old Age new born ;
But now that fair fresh Mirror, dim and old,
Shews me a barebon'd Death by Time out-worn :
○

O from my Cheeks my Image thou hast torn,
 And shiver'd all the Beauty from my Glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

O Time, cease thou thy Course and hast no longer,
 If thou surcease to be that should survive :
 Shall rotten Death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the foultring feeble Souls alive ?
 The old Bees die, the young possess their Hive ;
 Then live sweet *Lucrece*, live again and see
 Thy Father die, and not thy *Father* thee.

By this starts *Colatine* as from a Dream,
 And bids *Lucretius* give his Sorrow place,
 And then in Key-cold *Lucrece* bleeding Stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his Face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space ;
 Till manly Shame bids him possess his Breath,
 And live to be revenged on her Death.

The deep Vexation of his inward Soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb Arrest upon his Tongue,
 Who made that Sorrow should his use controul,
 Or keep him from heart-easing Words so long,
 Begins to talk, but thro his Lips do throng (Aid,
 Weak Words, so thick come in his poor Heart's
 That no Man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plain,
 But thro his Teeth, as if his Name he tore.
 This windy Tempest, till it blow up Rain,
 Held back his Sorrow's Tide to make it more.
 At last it rains, and busy Winds give o'er :
 Then Son and Father weep with equal Strife,
 Who should weep most for Daughter or for Wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the Claim they lay.
 The Father says, she's mine; O mine she is,
 Replies her Husband; do not take away
 My Sorrow's Interest, let no Mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by *Colatine*.

O, quoth *Lucretius*, I did give that Life
 Which she too early and too late hath spil'd.
 Wo, wo, quoth *Colatine*, she was my Wife,
 I own'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kil'd.
My Daughter and *my Wife* with Clamours fil'd
 The disperst Air, who holding *Lucrece* Life,
 Answer'd their Cries, *my Daughter* and *my Wife*.

Brutus, who pluckt the Knife from *Lucrece* Side,
 Seeing such Emulation in their Wo,
 Began to cloath his Wit in State and Pride,
 Burying in *Lucrece* Wound his Follies show:
 He with the *Romans* was esteemed so,
 As silly jeering *Idcots* are with Kings,
 For sportive Words, and uttering foolish Things.

But now he throws that shallow Habit by,
 Wherein the Policy did him disguise,
 And arm'd his long-hid Wits advisedly,
 To check the Tears in *Colatinus* Eyes:
 Thou wronged Lord of *Rome*, quoth he, arise;
 Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a Fool,
 Now set thy long experienc'd Wit to School.

Why *Colatine*, is Wo the Cure for Wo? (Deeds?
 Do Wounds help Wounds, or Grief help grievous
 Is it Revenge to give thy self a Blow
 For his foul Act, by whom thy fair Wife bleeds?

Such

Such childish Humour from weak Minds proceeds,
 Thy wretched Wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay her self, that should have slain her Foe.

Couragious *Roman*, do not steep thy Heart
 In such lamenting Dew of Lamentations,
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our *Roman* Gods with Invocations,
 That they will suffer these Abominations
 (Since *Rome* her self in them doth stand disgrac'd)
 By our strong Arms from forth her fair Streets
 (chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
 And by this chaste Blood so unjustly stain'd, (Store,
 By Heaven's fair Sun that breeds the fat Earth's
 By all our Country Rites in *Rome* maintain'd,
 And by chaste *Lucrece* Soul that late complain'd
 Her Wrongs to us, and by this bloody Knife,
 We will revenge the Death of this true Wife.

This said, he strook his Hand upon his Breast,
 And kist the fatal Knife to end his Vow :
 And to his Protestation urg'd the rest,
 Who wondring at him did his Words allow :
 Then jointly to the ground their Knees they bow,
 And that deep Vow which *Brutus* made before,
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised Doom,
 They did conclude to bear dead *Lucrece* thence,
 To shew the bleeding Body throughout *Rome*,
 And so to publish *Tarquin's* foul Offence.
 Which being done, with speedy diligence,
 The *Romans* plausibly did give consent,
 To *Tarquin's* everlasting Banishment.

VENUS

VENUS and ADONIS,

Written by Mr. Shakespear.

EVEN as the Sun with Purple colour'd Face,
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping Morn,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* hy'd him to the Chase :
Hunting he lov'd, but Love he laught to Scorn :
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd Suiter 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than my self (thus she began)
The Fields chief Flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all Nymphs, more lovely than a Man,
More white and red than Doves or Roses are :
Nature that made thee with her self at strife,
Saith that the World hath ending with thy Life.

Vouchsafe, thou Wonder, to alight thy Steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle Bow.
If thou wilt deign this Favour, for thy Meed,
A thousand hony Secrets shalt thou know :
Here come and sit, where Serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with Kisses.

And yet not cloy thy Lips with loath'd Satiety,
But rather famish them amid their Plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh Variety :
Ten Kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A Summer's Day will seem an Hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling Sport.

With

With this, she seizeth on his sweating Palm,
 The President of pith and livelihood,
 And trembling in her Passion calls it Balm,
 Earth Sovereign salve to do a Goddess good :
 Being so inrag'd, desire doth lend her Force,
 Courageously to pluck him from his Horse.

Over one Arm the lusty Coarsers rein,
 Under the other was the tender Boy,
 Who blusht and power'd in a dull Disdain,
 With leaden Appetite, unapt to toy :
 She red and hot, as Coals of glowing Fire ;
 He red for Shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded Bridle on a ragged Bough,
 Nimble she fastens (O how quick is Love !)
 The Steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tye the Rider she begins to prove :
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern'd him in Strength, tho not in Lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
 Each leaning on their Elbows and their Hips.
 Now doth she stroke his Cheek, now doth he frown,
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his Lips ;
 And kissing speaks, with lustful Language broken,
 If thou wilt chide, thy Lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful Shame, she with her Tears
 Doth quench the Maiden burning of his Cheeks :
 Then with her windy Sighs, and golden Hairs,
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
 He says she is immodest, blames her Miss,
 What follows more, she smothers with a Kiss.

Even

Even as an empty Eagle sharp by fast,
Tires with her Beak on Feathers, Flesh and Bone,
Shaking her Wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either Gorge be stuff'd, or Prey be gone :
Even so she kist his Brow, his Cheek, his Chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her Face :
She feedeth on the Steam, as on a Prey,
And calls it Heavenly Moisture, Air of Grace,
Wishing her Cheeks were Gardens full of Flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling Showers.

Look how, a Bird lies tangl'd in a Net,
So fastned in her Arms *Adonis* lies :
Pure Shame and aw'd Resistance made him fret,
Which bred more Beauty in his angry Eyes.
Rain added to a River that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the Bank.

Still she intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a pretty Ear she tunes her Tale :
Still he is fullen, still he lowers and frets,
Twixt crimson Shame and Anger ashy pale ;
Being red she loves him best, and being white,
Her Breast is better'd with a more Delight.

Look how he can, she cannot chuse but love ;
And by her fair immortal Hand she swears,
From his soft Bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending Tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her Cheeks all wet,
And one sweet Kiss shall pay this countless Debt.

Upon this Promise did he raise his Chin,
 Like a Dive-dapper peering thro a Wave ;
 Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in :
 So offers he to give what she did crave ;
 But when his Lips were ready for his Pay,
 He winks and turns his Lips another way.

Never did Passenger in Summer's Heat
 More thirst for Drink, than she for this good turn ;
 Her help she sees, but Help she cannot get,
 She bathes in Water, yet in Fire must burn :
 Oh pity, gan she cry, flint-hearted Boy,
 'Tis but a Kiss I beg, why art thou coy ?

I have been woo'd as I intreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and direful God of War,
 Whose Sinewy Neck in Battel ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes in every Jar :
 Yet hath he been my Captive and my Slave,
 And beg'd for that which thou unaskt shall have.

Over my Altars hath he hung his Lance,
 His batter'd Shield, his uncontrolled Crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
 To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,
 Scorning his churlish Drum and Ensign red,
 Making my Arms his Field, his Tent my Bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I over-sway'd,
 Leading him Prisoner in a red Rose chain :
 Strong temper'd Steel his stronger Strength obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy Disdain.
 Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy Might,
 For mastring her that foil'd the God of Fight.

Touch

Touch but my Lips with those fair Lips of thine,
(Tho mine be not so fair, yet are they red)
The Kifs shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seeft thou in the ground ? hold up thy Head :
Look in my Eye-balls where thy Beauty lies,
Then why not Lips on Lips, fince Eye on Eyes ?

Art thou afham'd to kifs ? then wink again,
And I will wink, fo fhall the Day feem Night.
Love keeps his Revels where there be but twain :
Be bold to play, our Sport is not in fight.
Thefe blue-vein'd Violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender Spring, upon thy tempting Lip,
Shews thee unripe ; yet may'ft thou well be tafted :
Make ufe of time, let not Advantage fip ;
Beauty within it felf would not be wafted ;
Fair Flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and confume themfelves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlifh, harfh in Voice,
O'er-worn, defpifed, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-fighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightft thou pause, for then I were not for
But having no Defects why doft abhor me ? (thee :

Thou canft not fee one Wrinkle in my Brow,
Mine Eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning ;
My Beauty as the Spring doth yearly grow,
My Flefh as foft and plump, my Marrow burning :
My fmoother moift Hand, were it with thy Hand felt,
Would in thy Palm difsolve, or feem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchant thine Ear,
 Or like a Fairy, trip upon the Green;
 Or like a Nymph, with long dishevel'd Hair,
 Dance on the Sands, and yet no footing seen.
 Love is a Spirit all compact of Fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this Primrose Bank whereon I lye,
 The forceless Flowers like sturdy Trees support me:
 Two strengthless Doves will draw me thro the Sky
 From Morn till Night, even where I list to sport me.
 Is Love so light, sweet Boy, and may it be
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own Heart to thine own Face affected?
 Can thy right Hand seize Love upon thy left?
 Then woo thy self, be of thy self rejected,
 Steal thine own Freedom, and complain of Theft.
Narcissus so himself, himself forsook,
 And died to kiss his Shadow in the Brook.

Torches are made to light, Jewels to wear,
 Dainties to tast, fresh Beauty for the Use,
 Herbs for their Smell, and sappy Plants to bear:
 Things growing to themselves are growth's Abuse.
 Seeds spring from Seeds, and Beauty breedeth
 Thou wert begot, to get it is thy Duty. (Beauty,

Upon the Earth's Increase why shouldst thou feed,
 Unless the Earth with thy Increase be fed?
 By Law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live, when thou thy self art dead:
 And so in spite of Death thou dost survive,
 In that thy Likeness still is left alive.

By

By this, the Love-sick Queen began to sweat;
For where they lay, the shadow had forsook them;
And *Titan* tired in the mid-day Heat,
With burning Eye, did hotly overlook them,
Wishing *Adonis* had his Team to guide,
So he were like him and by *Venus* side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy dark disliking Eye,
His lowring Brows o'erwhelming his fair Sight,
Like misty Vapours, when they blot the Sky,
Souring his Cheeks, crys Fy, no more of Love,
The Sun doth burn my Face, I must remove.

Ah me (quoth *Venus*) young and so unkind ?
What bare Excuses mak'st thou to be gone ?
I'll figh Celestial Breath, whose gentle Wind
Shall cool the Heat of this descending Sun.
I'll make a Shadow for thee of my Hairs ;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my Tears.

The Sun that shines from Heaven shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between the Sun and thee ;
The Heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine Eye darts forth the Fire that burneth me.
And were I not immortal, Life were done
Between this Heavenly and Earthly Sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as Steel ?
Nay more than Flint, for Stone at Rain relenteth.
Art thou a Woman's Son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love, how want of Love tormenteth ?
O had thy Mother born so bad a Mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I that thou shouldst contemn me this ?
 Or what great Danger dwells upon my Suit ?
 What were thy Lips the worse for one poor Kifs ?
 Speak fair : but speak fair Words, or else be mute.
 Give me one Kifs, I'll give it thee again,
 And one for Int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fy, lifeless Picture, cold and senseless Stone,
 Well painted Idol, Image dull and dead,
 Statue contenting but the Eye alone ;
 Thing like a Man, but of no Woman bred :
 Thou art no Man tho of a Man's Complexion,
 For Men will kifs e'en by their own Direction.

This said, Impatience chokes her pleading Tongue,
 And swelling Passion doth provoke a Pause,
 Red Cheeks and fiery Eyes blaze forth her Wrong;
 Being Judg in Love, she cannot right her Cause.
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her Sobs do her Intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her Head, and then his Hand;
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the Ground :
 Sometimes her Arms infold him like a Band ;
 She would, he will not in her Arms be bound :
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her Lilly Fingers one in one.

Fondling, faith she, since I have hemm'd thee here
 Within the Circuit of this Ivory Pale,
 I'll be the Park, and thou shalt be my Deer,
 Feed where thou wilt on Mountain or in Dale ;
 Graze on my Lips, and if those Hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant Fountains lie.

Within this Limit is Relief enough,
Sweet bottom Grass, and high delightful Plain,
Round rising Hillocks, Brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from Tempest and from Rain:

Then be me Deer, since I am such a Park,
No Dog shall rouse thee, tho a thousand bark.

At this *Adonis* smiles as in Disdain,
That in each Cheek appears a pretty dimple,
Love made those Hollows: if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a Tomb so simple:
Fore-knowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These loving Caves, these round enchanting Pits,
Open their Mouths to swallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for Wits?
Stroke dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor Queen of Love, in thine own Law forlorn,
To love a Cheek that smiles at thee with Scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her Words are done, her Woes the more increasing:
The time is spent, her Object will away,
And from her twining Arms doth urge releasing:
Pity she cries, some Favour, some Remorse:
Away he springs, and hasteth to his Horse.

But lo, from forth a Copps that neighbours by,
A breeding Jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis trampling Coarser doth espy;
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neckt Steed being tied unto a Tree,
Breaketh his Rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds :
 And now his woven Girts he breaks asunder,
 The bearing Earth with his hard Hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow Womb resounds like Heaven's Thun-
 The Iron Bit he crushes 'tween his Teeth, (der :
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His Ears up prick't his braided hanging Mane,
 Upon his compact Crest now stands an end,
 His Nostrils drink the Air, and forth again
 As from a Furnace Vapours doth he lend :
 His Eye, which scornfully glisters like Fire,
 Shews his hot Courage, and his high Desire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,
 With gentle Majesty, and modest Pride :
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps ;
 As who should say, Lo, thus my strength is tried.
 And thus I do to captivate the Eye
 Of the fair Breeder that is standing by,

What recketh he his Rider's angry stir,
 His flatt'ring Holla, or his Stand, I say ?
 What cares he now for Curb, or pricking Spur,
 For rich Caparisons, or Trappings gay ?
 He sees his Love, and nothing else he sees :
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look when a Painter would surpass the Life,
 In limning out a well-proportion'd Steed,
 His Art with Nature's Workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed :
 So did his Horse excel a common one,
 In Shape, in Courage, Colour, Pace, and Bone.

Round

Round hooft, short jointed, Fetlocks shag and long,
Broad Breast, full Eyes, small Head, and Nostril wide,
High Crest, short Ears, strait Legs, and passing strong,
Thin Mane, thick Tail, broad Buttock, tender Hide :

Look what a Horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud Rider on so proud a Back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a Feather :
To bid the Wind abase he now prepares,
And where he run, or fly, they know not whether.
For thro his Main and Tail the high Wind sings,
Fanning the Hairs, who have like feather'd Wings.

He looks upon his Love, and neighs unto her :
She answers him, as if she knew his Mind :
Being proud, as Females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his Love, and scorns the Heat he feels,
Beating his kind Embracements with his Heels.

Then, like a melancholy Male-content,
He vails his Tail : that, like a falling Plume,
Cool shadow to his melting Buttocks lent,
He stamps, and bites the poor Flies in his Fume.
His Love perceiving how he is inrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his Fury was allwag'd.

His testy Master goes about to take him,
When lo, the unbackt Breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the Horse, and left *Adonis* there ;
As they were mad, unto the Wood they hie them,
Out-stripping Crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down *Adonis* fits,
 Banning his boistrous and unruly Beast :
 And now the happy Season once more fits,
 That Love-sick Love by pleading may be blest.
 For Lovers say, the Heart hath treble wrong,
 When it is bar'd the Aidance of the Tongue.

An Oven that is stopt, or River staid,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
 So of concealed Sorrow may be said ;
 Free vent of Words Love's Fire doth assuage :
 But when the Heart's Attorney once is mute,
 The Client breaks, as desperate in his Suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
 E'en as a dying Coal revives with Wind,
 And with his Bonnet hides his angry Brow,
 Looks on the dull Earth with disturbed Mind ;
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all ascanse he holds her in his Eye.

O what a sight it was wistly to view,
 How she came stealing to the wayward Boy !
 To note the fighting Conflict of her hiew,
 How white and red each other did destroy :
 But now her Cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flasht forth Fire, as Lightning from the Sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly Lover down she kneels ;
 With one fair Hand she heaveth up his Hat,
 Her other tender Hand his fair Cheeks feels :
 His tender Cheeks receive her soft hands print,
 As apt as new-fallen Snow takes any dint.

O what a war of Looks was then between them ?
Her Eyes Petitioners to his Eyes suing ;
His Eyes saw her Eyes, as they had not seen them ;
Her Eyes woo'd still, his Eyes disdain'd the Wooing :
And all this dumb play had his Acts made plain,
With Tears which, *Chorus* like, her Eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the Hand,
A Lilly prison'd in a Jayl of Snow,
Or Ivory in an Alabaſter Band,
So white a Friend ingirts ſo white a Foe :
This beauteous Combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to ſilver Doves that ſit a billing.

Once more the Engine of her Thoughts began :
O faireſt mover on this mortal Round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a Man,
My Heart all whole as thine, thy Heart my Wound :
For one ſweet Look my help I would aſſure thee,
Tho nothing but my Body's Bane would cure thee.

Give me my Hand (ſaith he) why doſt thou feel it ?
Give me my Heart (ſaith ſhe) and thou ſhalt have it.
O give it me, leſt thy hard Heart do ſteel it ;
And being ſteel'd, ſoft Sighs can never grave it :
Then Love's deep Groans I never ſhall regard,
Becaufe *Adonis* Heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame, he crys, let go, and let me go,
My days delight is paſt, my Horſe is gone,
And 'tis your Fault I am bereft him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
For all my Mind, my Thought, my buſy Care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the Mare.

Thus

Thus she replys : Thy Palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm Approach of sweet Desire :
 Affection is a Coal that must be cool'd ;
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the Heart on fire.

The Sea hath Bounds, but deep Desire hath none,
 Therefore no marvel tho thy Horse be gone.

How like a Jade he stood, ty'd to a Tree,
 Servilely master'd with a leathern Rein ?
 But when he saw his Love, his Youth's fair Fee,
 He held such petty Bondage in disdain,
 Throwing the base Thong from his bending Crest,
 Enfranchising his Mouth, his Back, his Breast.

Who sees his true Love in her naked Bed,
 Teaching the Sheets a whiter hiew than White ;
 But when his glutton Eye so full hath fed,
 His other Agents aim at like Delight :

Who is so faint that dare not be so bold,
 To touch the Fire, the Weather being cold ?

Let me excuse thy Courser, gentle Boy ;
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take Advantage on presented Joy ;
 Tho I were dumb, yet his Proceedings teach thee.
 O learn to love, the Lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not Love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
 Unless it be a Boar, and then I chase it.
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
 My Love to love, is Love but to disgrace it.
 For I have heard it is a Life in Death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who

Who wears a Garment shapeless and unfinished ?
Who plucks the Bud before one Leaf put forth ?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The Colt that's backt, and burden'd being young,
Loseth his Pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my Hand with wringing : let us part,
And leave this idle Theme, this bootless Chat ;
Remove your Siege from my unyielding Heart,
To Love's Alarm it will not ope the Gate. (try ;
Dismiss your Vows, your fained Tears, your Flat-
For where a Heart is hard, they make no Battery.

What, canst thou talk (quoth she) hast thou a Tongue?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing ;
Thy Mermaid's Voice hath done me double wrong ;
I had my Load before, now prest with bearing ;
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Earth's deep sweet Musick, and Heart's deep sore
(wounding.

Had I no Eyes but Ears, my Ears would love
That inward Beauty, and invisible :
Or were I deaf, thy outward Parts would move
Each Part in me that were but sensible.
Tho neither Eyes nor Ears to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in Love by touching thee.

Say that the Sense of Reason were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very Smell were left me,
Yet would my Love to thee be still as much :
For from the Stillatory of thy Face excelling,
Comes Breath perfum'd, that breedeth Love by
(smelling.
But

But Oh, what Banquet wert thou to the Taft;
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four?
 Would they not with the Feast should ever last,
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the Door?
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome Guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturb the Feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd Portal open'd,
 Which to his Speech did hony Passage yield:
 Like a red Morn that ever yet betoken'd
 Wrack to the Seamen, Tempest to the Field,
 Sorrow to Shepherds, Woe unto the Birds,
 Gust and foul Flaws to Herdsmen and to Herds.

This ill Presage advisedly she marketh,
 Even as the Wind is hush'd before it raineth,
 Or as the Wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the Berry breaks before it staineth;
 Or like the deadly Bullet of a Gun,
 His meaning stroke her e'er his Words begun.

And at his Look she flatly falleth down,
 For looks kill Love, and Love by looks reviveth:
 A Smile recures the wounding of a Frown,
 But blessed Bankrupt, that by Love so thriveth.
 The silly Boy believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale Cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in Amaze brake off his late Intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her:
 Which cunning Love did wittily prevent,
 Fair fall the Wit that can so well defend her:
 For on the Grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his Breath breathed Life in her again.

He wrings her Nose, he strikes her on the Cheeks,
He bends her Fingers, holds her Pulses hard,
He chafes her Lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the Hurt that his Unkindness mar'd :
 He kisses her, and she, by her good Will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The Night of Sorrow now is turn'd to Day,
Her two blew Windows faintly she up heaveth :
Like the fair Sun, when in his fresh Array
He cheers the Morn, and all the World relieveth :
 And as the bright Sun glorifies the Sky,
 So is her Face illumin'd with her Eye.

Whose Beams upon his hairless Face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their Shine :
Were never four such Lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his Brows repine :
 But hers, which thro the Crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the Moon in Water seen by Night.

O where am I (quoth she) in Earth or Heaven,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the Fire ?
What hour is this, or Morn, or weary Even ?
Do I delight to die, or Life desire ?

 But now I liv'd, and Life was Death's Annoy :
 But now I dy'd, and Death was lively Joy.

O thou didst kill me, kill me once again ;
Thy Eyes, shrewd Tutor, that hard Heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor Heart of mine :
 And these mine Eyes, true Leaders to their Queen,
 But for thy piteous Lips no more had seen.

Long

Long may they kiss each other for this Cure :
 Oh never let their crimson Liveries wear !
 And as they last their Verdure still endure,
 To drive Infection from the dangerous Year ;
 That the Star-gazers having writ on Death,
 May say, the Plague is banish'd by thy Breath.

Pure Lips, sweet Seals, in my soft Lips imprinted,
 What Bargains may I make still to be sealing ?
 To sell my self I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing :
 Which Purchase if thou make, for fear of Slips,
 Set thy Seal Manual on my wax-red Lips.

A thousand Kisses buy my Heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure one by one :
 What are ten hundred Kisses unto thee ?
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?
 Say for non-payment that the Debt should dor-
 Are twenty hundred Kisses such a trouble ? (ble,

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any Love you owe me,
 Measure my Strangeness with my unripe Years ;
 Before I know my self, seek not to know me ;
 No Fisher but the ungrown Fry forbears :
 The mellow Plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
 Or being early pluckt, is sour to tast.

Look, the World's Comforter, with weary Gate,
 His day's hot Task hath ended in the West,
 The Owl (Night's Herald) shrieks, 'tis very late ;
 The Sheep are gone to fold, Birds to their Nest.
 The coal-black Clouds that shadow Heavens Light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good Night.

Now

Now let me say good Night, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a Kiss.

Good Night (quoth she) and e're he says adieu,
The hony Fee of parting tendred is:

Her Arms do lend his Neck a sweet imbrace;
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he dis-joyn'd, and backward drew
The heavenly Moisture, that sweet coral Mouth,
Whose precious Tast her thirsty Lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on Drouth,
He with her Plenty prest, she faint with Dearth,
Their Lips together glew'd fall to the Earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught her yielding Prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her Lips are Conquerors, his Lips obey,
Paying what Ransom the Insulter willeth,
Whose Vultur Thought dos pitch the Prize so high,
That she will draw his Lips rich Treasure dry.

And having felt the Sweetness of the Spoil,
With blindfold Fury she begins to forage;
Her Face doth reek and smoak, her Blood doth boil,
And careless Lust stirs up a desperate Courage:

Planting Oblivion, beating Reason back,
Forgetting Shame's pure Blush, and Honour's
(Wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild Bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward Infant still'd with dandling;
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What

What Wax so frozen but dissolves with tempring,
 And yields at last to every light Impression ?
 Things out of hope are compast oft with ventring,
 Chiefly in Love, whose leave exceeds Commission :
 Affection faints not like a palefac'd Coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is fro-
 (ward.

When he did frown, O had she then-gave over !
 Such Nectar from his Lips she had not suckt :
 Foul Words and Frowns must not repel a Lover ;
 What tho the Rose have Pricks ? yet it is pluckt.
 Were Beauty under twenty Locks kept fast,
 Yet Love breaks thro, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
 The poor Fool prays her that he may depart :
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her Heart,
 The which, by *Cupid's* Bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence engaged in his Breast.

Sweet Boy, she says, this Night I'll waft in Sorrow,
 For my sick Heart commands mine Eyes to watch.
 Tell me, Love's Master, shall we meet to morrow ?
 Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the Match ?
 He tells her no, to morrow he intends
 To hunt the Boar with certain of his Friends.

The Boar (quoth she) whereat a sudden Pale,
 Like Lawn, being spread upon the blushing Rose,
 Usurps her Cheeks ; she trembles at his Tale,
 And on his Neck her yoking Arms she throws ;
 She sinketh down, still hanging on his Neck,
 He on her Belly falls, she on her Back.

Now

Now is she in the very Lifts of Love,
Her Champion mounted for the hot Encounter :
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her altho he mount her:
That worse than *Tantalus* is her Annoy,
To clip *Elysium*, and to lack her Joy.

Even as poor Birds, deceiv'd with painted Grapes,
Do surfeit by the Eye, and pine the Maw ;
Even so she languisheth in her Mishaps,
As those poor Birds that helpless Berrys saw.
The warm Effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good Queen, it will not be ;
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater Fee :
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go,
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst been gone, quoth she, sweet Boy, e'er this,
But that thou toldst me thou wouldst hunt the Boar.
O be advis'd, thou knowst not what it is,
With Javelin's point a churlish Swine to gore,
Whose Tusshes never sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal Butcher bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a Battel set
Of bristly Pikes, that ever threat his Foes ;
His Eyes, like Glowworms, shine when he doth fret,
His Snout digs Sepulchres, where e'er he goes :
Being mov'd, he strikes what e'er is in his way ;
And whom he strikes, his crooked Tusshes slay.

His brawny Sides with hairy Bristles armed,
 Are better proof than thy Spear's Point can enter ;
 His short thick Neck cannot be easily harmed,
 Being ireful on the Lion he will venter :

The thorny Brambles, and embracing Bushes,
 As fearful of him, part, thro whom he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteems that Face of thine,
 To which Love's Eye pays tributary Gazes,
 Nor thy soft Hand, sweet Lips, and chrystal Eyne,
 Whose full Perfection all the World amazes ;
 But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
 Would root these Beauties as he roots the Mead.

O let him keep his loathsom Cabin still ;
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul Fiends.
 Come not within his Danger by thy Will ;
 They that thrive well take Counsel of their Friends.
 When thou didst name the Boar, not to dissemble,
 I feard thy Fortune, and my Joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my Face ? was it not White ?
 Sawst thou not signs of Fear lurk in mine Eye ?
 Grew I not faint ? And fell I not down right ?
 Within my Bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding Heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But like an Earthquake shakes thee on my Breast.

For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
 Doth call himself Affection's Centinel,
 Gives false Alarms, suggesteth Mutiny,
 And in a peaceful Hour doth cry, Kill, Kill ;
 Distemp'ring gentle Love with his desire,
 As Air and Water doth abate the Fire.

This four Informer, this bate-breeding Spy,
This Canker that eats up Love's tender Spring,
This Carry-tale, Diffension's Jealousy,
That sometime true News, sometime false dos bring,
Knocks at my Heart, and whispers in mine Ear,
That if I love thee, I thy Death should fear :

And more than so, presenteth to mine Eye
The Picture of an angry chafing Boar,
Under whose sharp Fangs, on his Back, doth lie
An Image like thy self, all stain'd with Gore ;
Whose Blood upon the fresh Flowers being shed,
Doth make them drop with Grief, and hang the
(Head.

What should I do ? seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at th' Imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint Heart bleed,
And Fear doth teach it Divination :
I prophesy thy Death, my living Sorrow,
If thou encounter with the Boar to morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me ;
Uncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
Or at the Fox which lives by Subtilty ;
Or at the Roe which no Encounter dare :
Pursue these fearful Creatures o'er the Downs,
And on thy well-breath'd Horse keep with thy
(Hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind Hare,
Mark the poor Wretch, to overshut his Troubles,
How he out-runs the Wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand Doubles :
The many umits thro the which he goes,
Are like a Labyrinth t' amaze his Foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of Sheep,
 To make the cunning Hounds mistake their Smell,
 And sometime where Earth-delving Conies keep,
 To stop the loud Pursuers in their Yell;
 And sometime sorteth with a Herd of Deer:
 Danger deviseth shifts, Wit waits on Fear.

For there his Smell with others being mingled,
 The hot-scent-snuffing Hounds are driven to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous Cry till they have singled
 With much ado the cold Fault cleanly out.
 Then do they spend their Mouths, Eccho replies,
 As if another Chase were in the Skies.

By this, poor *Wat* far off upon a Hill
 Stands on his hinder Legs with listning Ear,
 To hearken if his Foes pursue him still:
 Anon their loud Alarums he doth hear.
 And now his Grief may be compared well
 To one fore sick, that hears the passing Bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled Wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the Way:
 Each envious Brier his weary Legs doth scratch,
 Each Shadow makes him stop, each Murmur stay.
 For Misery is trodden on by many;
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more,
 Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
 To make thee hate the hunting of the Boar,
 Unlike my self, thou hear'st me moralize,
 Applying this to that, and so to so;
 For Love can comment upon every Woe.

Where

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the Story aptly ends:
The Night is spent, Why, what of that (quoth she)
I am (quoth he) expected of my Friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall:
In Night (quoth she) Desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, Oh, then imagine this,
The Earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a Kiss.
Rich Preys make rich Men Thieves: so do thy Lips
Make modest *Diane* cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a Kiss and die forsworn.

Now of this dark Night I perceive the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver Shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of Treason,
For stealing Moulds from Heaven that were Divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high Heaven's despite,
To shame the Sun by Day, and her by Night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious Workmanship of Nature,
To mingle Beauty with Infirmities,
And pure Perfection with impure Defeature,
Making it subject to the Tyranny
Of sad Mischances and much Misery;

As burning Fevers, Agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning Pestilence, and Frenzy's Wood,
The marrow-eating Sickness, whose Attaint
Disorder breeds by beating of the Blood:
Surfeits, Imposthumes, Grief, and damn'd Despair,
Swear Nature's Death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these Maladies,
 But in one Minute's light brings Beauty under :
 Both Favour, Savour, Hiew and Qualities,
 Whereat th' Imperial Gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
 As mountain Snow melts with the mid-day Sun.

Therefore, despight of fruitless Chastity,
 Love-lacking Vestals, and self-loving Nuns,
 That on the Earth would breed a Scarcity,
 And barren dearth of Daughters and of Sons,
 Be prodigal : the Lamp that burns by Night,
 Dries up his Oil to lend the World his Light.

What is thy Body but a swallowing Grave,
 Seeming to bury that Posterity,
 Which by the Rights of Time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in their obscurity ?
 If so, the World will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy Pride so fair a Hope is slain.

So in thy self thy self art made away,
 A Mischiefe worse than civil home-bred Strife,
 Or theirs whose desperate Hands themselves do slay,
 Or Butcher's Sire that reaves his Son of Life.
 Foul cankering Rust the hidden Treasure frets,
 But Gold that's put to use more Gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled Theam ;
 The Kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the Stream,
 For by this black-fac'd Night, Desire's foul Nurse,
 Your Treaty makes me like you worse and worse.

If Love hath lent you twenty thousand Tongues,
And every Tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaid's Songs,
Yet from mine Ear the tempting Tune is blown.

For know, my Heart stands armed in my Ear,
And will not let a false Sound enter there :

Left the deceiving Harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my Breast,
And then my little Heart were quite undone,
In his Bed-chamber to be bar'd of rest.

No Lady, no : my Heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove ?
The Path is smooth that leadeth unto Danger ;
I hate not Love, but your Device in Love,
That lends Imbracements unto every Stranger.

You do it for Increase : O strange Excuse !
When Reason is the Bawd to Lust's Abuse.

Call it not Love, for Love to Heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on Earth usurps his Name ;
Under whose simple Semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh Beauty, blotting it with blame ;
Which the hot Tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As Caterpillars do the tender Leaves.

Love comforteth like Sun-shine after Rain :
But Lust's Effect is Tempest after Sun.

Love's gentle Spring doth always fresh remain :
Lust's Winter comes, e'er Summer half be done.

Love surfeits not : Lust like a Glutton dies.
Love is all Truth : Lust full of forged Lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
 The Text is old, the Orator too green ;
 Therefore in sadness now I will away,
 My Face is full of Shame, my Heart of Teen ;
 My Ears that to your wanton Calls attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet Imbrace
 Of those fair Arms which bound him to her Breast;
 And homeward thro the dark Lanes runs apace,
 Leaves Love upon her Back deeply distressed.
 Look how a bright Star shooteth from the Sky,
 So glides he in the Night from *Venus* Eye.

Which after him she darts as one on Shore,
 Gazing upon a late embarked Friend,
 Till the wild Waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose Ridges with the meeting Clouds contend :
 So did the merciless and pitchy Night
 Fold in the Object that did feed her Sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath drop'd a precious Jewel in the Flood,
 Or 'stonish'd as Night-wanderers often are,
 Their Light blown out in some mistrustful Wood :
 Even so confounded in the Dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her Way.

And now she beats her Heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the Neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her Moans ;
 Passion, on Passion, deeply is redoubled :
 Ah me, she cries, and twenty times Wo, Wo,
 And twenty Ecchoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing Note ;
And sings extempore a woful Ditty, (dote,
How Love makes young Men thrall, and old Men
How Love is wise in Folly, foolish witty :

Her heavy Anthem still concludes in Wo,
And still the Quire of Ecchoes answers so.

Her Song was tedious, and out-wore the Night,
For Lovers hours are long, tho seeming short :
It pleas'd themselves, others they think delight
In such-like Circumstance, with such-like Sport.

Their copious Stories, oftentimes begun,
End without Audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the Night withal
But idle Sounds, resembling Parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd Tapsters answering every Call,
Soothing the Humour of fantastick Wits ?

She said, 'tis so : they answer all, 'tis so ;
And would say after her, if she said No.

Lo here the gentle Lark, weary of rest,
From his moist Cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the Morning, from whose silver Breast
The Sun ariseth in his Majesty :

Who doth the World so gloriously behold,
The Cedar Tops and Hills seem burnisht Gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good Morrow :

O thou clear God, and Patron of all Light,
From whom each Lamp and shining Star dos borrow
The beauteous Influence that makes him bright ;

There lives a Son, that suckt an earthly Mother,
May lend thee Light, as thou dost lend to other.

This

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle Grove;
 Musing the Morning is so much o'er-worn;
 And yet she hears no Tidings of her Love,
 She hearkens for his Hounds, and for his Horn :
 Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
 And all in hast she coasteth to the Cry.

And as she runs, the Bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the Neck, some kiss her Face,
 Some twine about her Thigh to make her stay;
 She wildly breaketh from their strict Embrace,
 Like a milch Dow, whose swelling Dugs do ake,
 Hasting to feed her Fawn hid in some Brake.

By this she hears the Hounds are at a Bay,
 Whereat she starts like one that spys an Adder,
 Wreath'd up in fatal Folds just in his way,
 The Fear whereof doth make him shake & shudder :
 Even so the timorous yelping of the Hounds
 Appales her Senses, and her Spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle Chase,
 But the blunt Boar, rough Bear, or Lion proud :
 Because the Cry remaineth in one Place,
 Where fearfully the Dogs exclaim aloud :
 Finding their Enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain Court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal Cry rings sadly in her Ear,
 Thro which it enters to surprise her Heart :
 Who overcome by Doubt and bloodless Fear,
 With cool pale Weakness numbs each feeling part :
 Like Soldiers when their Captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the Field.

Thus

Thus stands she in a trembling Extasy,
Till cheering up her Senses sore dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless Fantasy,
And childish Error that they are afraid, (more;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no
And with that Word she spied the hunted Boar :

Whose frothy Mouth bepainted all with red,
Like Milk and Blood being mingled both together,
A second Fear thro all her Sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the Boar for Murder.

A thousand Spleens bear her a thousand ways,
She treads the Paths that she untreads again ;
Her more than Hast is marred with Delays,
Like the Proceedings of a drunken Brain,
Full of respect, yet not at all respecting ;
In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.

Here kennel'd in a Brake she finds an Hound,
And asks the weary Caitif for his Master,
And there another licking of his Wound,
'Gainst venom'd Sores the only Sovereign Plaister ;
And here she meets another sadly scolding,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding Noise,
Another flat-mouth'd Mourner black and grim,
Against the Welkin vollies out his Voice ;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud Tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht Ears, bleeding as they go.

Look

Look how the World's poor People are amaz'd
 At Apparitions, Signs, and Prodigies,
 Whereon with fearful Eyes they long have gaz'd,
 Infusing them with dreadful Prophecies ;
 So she, at these sad Signs, draws up her Breath,
 And, fighting it again, exclaims on Death.

Hard-favour'd Tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful Divorce of Love (thus chides she Death)
 Grim-grinning Ghost, Earth's Worm, what dost thou
 To stifle Beauty, and to steal his Breath? (mean,
 Who when he liv'd, his Breath and Beauty set
 Gloss on the Rose, Smell to the Violet.

If he be dead, O no ; it cannot be,
 Seeing his Beauty, thou shouldst strike at it.
 O yes, it may : thou hast no Eyes to see,
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
 Thy mark is feeble Age ; but thy false Dart
 Mistakes that Aim, and cleaves an Infant's Heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy Power had lost his Power :
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
 They bid thee crop a Weed, thou pluckst a Flower :
 Love's golden Arrow at him should have fled,
 And not Death's Ebon Dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink Tears, that thou provok'st such wee-
 What may a heavy Groan advantage thee? (ping?
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those Eyes that taught all other Eyes to see?
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal Vigor,
 Since her best Work is ruin'd with thy Rigor.

Here

Here overcome, as one full of Despair,
She veil'd her Eye-Lids, who like Sluces stopt
The cristal Tide, that from her two Cheeks fair,
In the sweet Channel of her Bosom dropt.

But thro the Flood-gates breaks the silver Rain,
And with his strong Course opens them again.

O how her Eyes and Tears did lend and borrow !
Her Eyes seen in her Tears, Tears in her Eye,
Both Cristals, where they view'd each others Sorrow;
Sorrow, that friendly Sighs fought still to dry;
But like a Stormy day, now Wind, now Rain,
Sighs dry her Cheeks, Tears make them wet again.

Variable Passions throng her constant Woe,
As striving which should best become her Grief;
All entertain'd, each Passion labours so,
That every present Sorrow seemeth Chief :
But none is best, then join they altogether,
Like many Clouds consulting for foul Weather.

By this, far oft, she hears some Huntsman hollow ;
A Nurse's Song ne'er pleas'd her Babe so well :
The dire Imagination she did follow,
This sound of Hope doth labour to expel :
For now reviving Joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* Voice.

Whereat her Tears began to turn their Tide,
Being prison'd in her Eye, like Pearls in Glass :
Yet sometimes falls an Orient Drop beside,
Which her Cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul Face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing Love, how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
 Thy Weal and Woe are both of them Extreams,
 Despair and Hope make thee ridiculous :
 The one doth flatter thee in Thoughts unlikely,
 With likely Thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the Web that she had wrought,
Adonis lives ; and Death is not to blame :
 It was not she that call'd him all to nought,
 Now she adds Honour to his hateful Name,
 She cleeps him King of Graves, and Grave for
 Imperial Supreme of all mortal things. (*Kings,*

No, no (quoth she) sweet Death, I did but jest ;
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of Fear,
 Whenas I met the Boar, that bloody Beast,
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe :
 Then gentle Shadow (Truth I must confess)
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my Love's Decease.

'Tis not my Fault ; the Boar provok'd my Tongue,
 Be wreak'd on him (invisible Commander)
 'Tis he, foul Creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
 I did but act, he's Author of thy Slander.
 Grief hath two Tongues, and never Woman yet
 Could rule them both without ten Womens Wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate :
 And that his Beauty may the better thrive,
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate ; (*Stories,*
 Tells him of Trophies, Statues, Tombs, and
 His Victories, his Triumphs, and his Glories.

O *Jove*, quoth she, how much a Fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly Mind,
To wail his Death who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !

For he being dead, with him is Beauty slain ;
And Beauty dead, black Chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond Love, thou art so full of Fear,
As one with Treasure laden, hem'd with Thieves :
Trifles (unwitnessed with Eye or Ear)
Thy Coward Heart with false bethinking grieves :
Even at this Word she hears a merry Horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As Faulcon to the lure, away she flies :
The Grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her hast unfortunately spies
The foul Boar's Conquest on her fair Delight.
Which seen, her Eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like Stars, asham'd of Day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the Snail, whose tender Horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly Cave with Pain ;
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again :
So, at his bloody view her Eyes are fled
Into the deep dark Cabins of her Head ;

Where they resign'd their Office and their Light
To the disposing of her troubled Brain :
Who bids them still consort with ugly Night,
And never wound the Heart with Looks again ;
Who like a King perplexed in his Throne,
By their Suggestions gives a deadly Groan,

Whereat

Whereat each tributary Subject quakes,
 As when the Wind imprison'd in the Ground,
 Struggling for Passage, Earth's Foundation shakes,
 Which with cold Terrors doth Mens Minds con-
 This Mutiny each Part doth so surprize, (found.
 That from their dark Beds, once more, leap her
 (Eyes.

And, being open'd, threw unwilling Sight
 Upon the wide Wound that the Boar had trencht
 In his soft Flank ; whose wonted Lilly white
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drencht.
 No Flower was nigh, no Grass, Herb, Leaf or Weed,
 But stole his Blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn Sympathy poor *Venus* noteth,
 Over one Shoulder doth she hang her Head,
 Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth,
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :
 Her Voice is stopt, her Joints forget to bow,
 Her Eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his Hurt she looks so stedfastly,
 That her sight dazling, makes the Wound seem three,
 And then she reprehends her mangling Eye,
 That makes more Gashes where no Breach should be :
 His Face seems twain, each several Limb is doubled,
 For oft the Eye mistakes, the Brain being troubled.

My Tongue cannot express my Grief for one ;
 And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead :
 My Sighs are blown away, my salt Tearts gone ;
 Mine Eyes are turn'd to Fire, my Heart to Lead.
 Heavy Hearts Lead melt at mine Eyes as Fire,
 So shall I die by Drops of hot Desire.

Alas,

Alas, poor World, what Treasure hast thou lost?
 What Face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
 Whole Tongue is Mufick now? what canst thou boast
 Of Things long since, or any thing ensuing?

The Flowers are sweet, their Colours fresh & trim:
 But true sweet Beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or Veil, henceforth no Creature wear;
 Nor Sun, nor Wind, will ever strive to kiss you:
 Having no Fair to lose, you need not fear;
 The Sun doth scorn you, & the Wind doth hiss you:
 But when *Adonis* liv'd, Sea and sharp Air
 Lurk'd like two Thieves to rob him of his Fair.

And therefore would he pat his Bonnet on,
 Under whose Brim the gawdy Sun would peep;
 The Wind would blow it off, and being gone,
 Play with his Locks, then would *Adonis* weep:
 And strait in pity of his tender Years, (tears.
 They both would strive who first should dry his

To see his Face, the Lion walks along
 Behind some Hedge, because he would not fear him:
 To recreate himself when he hath sung,
 The Tygre would be tame, and gently hear him:
 If he had spoke, the Wolf would leave his Prey,
 And never fright the silly Lamb that day.

When he beheld his Shadow in a Brook,
 There Fishes spread on it their golden Gills:
 When he was by, the Birds such pleasure took,
 That some would sing, some other in their Bills
 Would bring him Mulberry, & ripe red Cherries:
 He fed them with his Sight, they him with Berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin snouted Boar,
 Whose downward Eye still looketh for a Grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous Livery that he wore ;
 Witness the Entertainment that he gave :
 If he did see his Face, why then, I know,
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* slain,
 He ran upon the Boar with his sharp Spear,
 Who would not whet his Teeth at him again ;
 But, by a Kiss, thought to persuade him there :
 And, nuzzling in his Flank, the loving Swine
 Sheath'd, unaware, his Tusk in his soft Groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
 With kissing him, I should have kill'd him first ;
 But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My Mouth with his, the more I am accurst :
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her Face with his congealed Blood.

She looks upon his Lips, and they are pale ;
 She takes him by the Hand, and that is cold ;
 She whispers in his Ear a heavy Tale,
 As if he heard the woful Words she told :
 She lifts the Coffer-lids that close his Eyes,
 Where lo, two Lamps burnt out in darkness lies ;

Two Glasses, where her self her self beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
 Their Virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every Beauty rob'd of his Effect :
 Wonder of Time, quoth she, this is my Spight,
 That, you being dead, the Day should yet be Light.

Since

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophesy,
Sorrow on Love hereafter shall attend :
It shall be waited on with Jealousy,
Find sweet Beginning, but unsavoury End ;
Ne'er settled equally, too high, or low,
That all Love's Pleasures shall not match his Wo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of Fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottom Poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
With Sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile.
The strongest Body shall it make most weak,
Strike the Wise dumb, and teach the Fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of Riot,
Teaching decrepit Age to tread the Measures ;
The staring Russian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the Rich, inrich the Poor with Treasures.
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the Young old, the Old become a Child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear,
It shall not fear, where it shall most mistrust ;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just :
Perverse it shall be when it seems most toward,
Put Fear to Valour, Courage to the Coward.

It shall be cause of War, and dire Events,
And set Dissension 'twixt the Son and Sire,
Subject and servile to all Discontents,
As dry combustious Matter is to Fire :
Sith in his Prime, Death doth my Love destroy,
They that love best their Love shall not enjoy.

By this, the Boy that by her side lay kill'd,
 Was melted like a Vapour from her sight,
 And in his Blood that on the Ground lay spild,
 A purple Flower sprung up checker'd with white,
 Resembling well his pale Cheeks, and the Blood,
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her Head, the new-sprung Flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her *Adonis* Breath;
 And says, within her Bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is rest from her by death:
 She crops the Stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping Sap, which she compares to Tears.

Poor Flower, quoth she, this was thy Father's Grief,
 (Sweet Issue of a more sweet-smelling Sire)
 For every little Grief to wet his Eyes,
 To grow unto himself was his desire;
 And so 'tis thine: but know, it is as good
 To wither in my Breast, as in his Blood.

Here was thy Father's Bed, here is my Breast,
 Thou art the next of Blood, and 'tis thy Right:
 Lo, in this hollow Cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing Heart shall rock thee Day and Night:
 There shall not be one minute of an Hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet Love's Flower.

Thus weary of the World, away she flies,
 And yokes her silver Doves, by whose Swift Aid
 Their Mistress mounted, thro' the empty Skies
 In her light Chariot quickly is convey'd,
 Holding their Course to Paphos, where their Queen
 Means to immure her self, and not be seen.

*The first Anniversary of the Government
under his Highness the Lord Protector:
suppos'd to be written by Edmond Wal-
ler of Becconsfield Esq; and printed in
1655.*

LIKE the vain Curlings of the watry Maze,
Which in smooth Streams a sinking Weight
So Man, declining always, disappears (dos raise;
In the weak Circles of increasing Years;
And his short Tumults of themselves compose,
While flowing Time above his Head dos close.

Cromwel alone with greater Vigour runs
(Sun-like) the Stages of succeeding Suns:
And still the Day which he doth next restore,
Is the just Wonder of the Day before.

Cromwel alone doth with new Lustre spring,
And shines the Jewel of the yearly Ring.

'Tis he the Force of scatter'd Time contracts,
And in one Year the Work of Ages acts:
While heavy Monarchs make a wide Return,
Longer, and more Malignant than *Saturn*;
And tho they all *Platonick* Years should reign,
In the same Posture would be found again.
Their earthy Projects under ground they lay,
More slow and brittle than the *China* Clay:
Well may they strive to leave them to their Son,
For one Thing never was by one King done.
Yet some more active for a Frontier Town
Took in by Proxy, begs a false Renown;

Another triumphs at the Publick Cost,
 And will have won, if he no more lost ;
 They fight by Others, but in Person wrong,
 And only are against their Subjects strong ;
 Their other Wars seem but a feign'd Contest,
 This Common Enemy is still oppress'd.
 If Conquerors, on them they turn their Might ;
 If Conquered, on them they wreak their Spight :
 They neither build the Temple in their days,
 Nor Matter for succeeding Founders raise ;
 Nor sacred Prophecies consult within,
 Much less themselves to perfect them begin :
 No other Care they bear of Things above,
 But with Astrologers Divine, and *Jove*,
 To know how long their Planet yet reprieves
 From the deserved Fate their guilty Lives.
 Thus (Image-like) an useless time they tell,
 And with vain Scepter strike the hourly Bell ;
 Nor more contribute to the state of Things,
 Than wooden Heads unto the Viol's Strings.

While indefatigable *Cromwel* hies,
 And cuts his way still nearer to the Skies,
 Learning a Musick in the Region clear,
 To tune this lower to that higher Sphere.

So when *Amphion* did the Lyre command,
 Which the God gave him, with his gentle hand ;
 The rougher Stones, unto his Measures hew'd,
 Danc'd up in order from the Quarries rude ;
 This took a lower, that a higher Place,
 As he the Treble alter'd, or the Base :
 No Note he struck, but a new Story lay'd,
 And the great Work ascended while he play'd,
 The listning Structures he with Wonder ey'd,
 And still new Stops to various Time apply'd :
 Now thro' the Strings a martial Rage he throws,
 And joining straight the *Theban* Tow'r arose ;

Then

Then as he strokes them with a Touch more sweet,
The flocking Marbles in a Palace meet ;
But, for the most he graver Notes did try,
Therefore the Temples rear'd their Columns high.
Thus, e'er he ceas'd, his Sacred Lute creates
Th' harmonious City of the seven Gates.

Such was that wond'rous Order and Consent,
When *Cromwel* tun'd the ruling Instrument ;
While tedious Statesmen many Years did hack,
Framing a Liberty that still went back ;
Whose num'rous Gorge could swallow in an Hour
That Island, which the Sea cannot devour :
Then our *Amphion* issues out and sings,
And once he struck, and twice, the pow'rful Strings.

The Commonwealth then first together came,
And each one enter'd in the willing Frame :
All other Matter yields, and may be rul'd ;
But who the Minds of stubborn Men can build ?
No Quarry bears a Stone so hardly wrought,
Nor with such labour from its Center brought ;
None to be sunk in the Foundation bends,
Each in the House the highest Place contends,
And each the Hand that lays him will direct,
And some fall back upon the Architect ;
Yet all compos'd by his attractive Song,
Into the animated City throng:

The Commonwealth dos thro their Centers all
Draw the Circumfrence of the publick Wall ;
The cross'est Spirits here do take their part,
Fastning the Contignation which they thwart ;
And they, whose Nature leads them to divide,
Uphold, this one, and that the other Side ;
But the most equal still sustain the Height,
And they as Pillars keep the Work upright ;
While the Resistance of opposed Minds,
The Fabrick as with Arches stronger binds,

Which on the Basis of a Senate stood,
Knit by the Roof's protecting Weight agreed.

When for his Foot he thus a place had found,
He hurls a'er since the World about him round;
And in his sev'ral Aspects, like a Star,
Here shines in Peace, and thither smites a War.
While by his Beams observing Princes seen,
And wisely count the Influence they fear:
O would they rather, by his Pattern won,
Kiss the approaching, nor yet angry Son;
And in their number'd Footsteps humbly tread
The Path where holy Oracles do lead!
How might they under such a Captain raise
The great Designs kept for the latter Days!
But mad with Reason, so mislead'd, of State,
They know them not, and what they know not hate.
Hence still they sing *Hesperus* to the Whore,
And her whom they should massacre adore:
But *Indians* whom they should convert, subdue;
Nor teach, but traffick with, or burn the Jew.

Unhappy Princes, ignorantly bred,
By Malice sown, by Error more misled!
If gracious Heaven to my Life gave length,
Leisure to Time, and to my Weakness Strength,
Then shall I once with graver Accents shake
Your Regal Sloth, and your long Slumbers wake:
Like the shrill Huntsman that prevents the Beast,
Winding his Horn to Kings that chase the Beast.

Till then my Muse shall hollow far behind
Angelick *Cromwel*, who out-wings the Wind;
And in dark Nights, and in cold Days alone,
Pursues the Monster thorough every Throne:
Which shrinking to her Roman Deo impure,
Gnashes her goary Teeth; nor there secure.

Hence oft I think, if in some happy House
High Grace should meet in one with highest Power;

And

And then a reasonable People still
Should bend to his, as he to Heaven's will ;
What we might hope, what wonderful Effect
From such a with'd Conjunction might reflect !
Sure, the mysterious Work, where none withstand,
Would forthwith finish under such a Hand ;
Fore-shorten'd Time its useless course would stay,
And soon precipitate the latest Day.
But a thick Cloud about that Morning lies,
And intercepts the Beams of mortal Eyes ;
That 'tis the mist which we determine can,
If these the Times, then This must be the Man.
And well he therefore does, and well has guest,
Who in his Age has always forward prest :
And knowing not where Heaven's Choice may light,
Girds yet his Sword, and ready stands to fight.
But Men, alas, as if they nothing car'd,
Look on, all unconcern'd, or unprepar'd ;
And Stars still fall, and still the Dragon's Tail
Swinges the Volumes of its horrid Flail.
For the great Justice that did first suspend
The World by Sin, does by the same extend.
Hence that blest Day still counterpoised wastes,
The Ill delaying, what th' Elected hastes ;
Hence landing Nature to now Seas is tost,
And good Designs still with their Authors lost.

And thou, great Cromwel, for whose happy Birth
A Mold was chosen out of better Earth ;
Whose Saint-like Mother we did lately see
Live out an Age, long as a Pedegree ;
That she might seem, could we the Fall dispute,
To have sate the Blossom, and not eat the Fruit ;
Tho none do of more lasting Parents grow,
But never any did them Honour so ;
Tho thou thine Heart from Evil still unstain'd,
And always hast thy Tongue from fraud refrain'd ;

Thou,

Thou, who so oft thro Storms of thundring Lead
 Hast born securely thine undaunted Head,
 Thy Breast thro ponyarding Conspiracies,
 Drawn from the Sheath of lying Prophecies ;
 The Proof beyond all other Force or Skill,
 Our Sins endanger, and shall one day kill.

How near they fail'd, and in thy sudden Fall
 At once assay'd to overturn us all.

Our brutish Fury struggling to be free,
 Hurry'd thy Horses while they hurry'd thee ;
 When thou hadst almost quit thy mortal Cares,
 And soil'd in Dust thy Crown of Silver Hairs.

Let this one Sorrow interweave among
 The other Glories of our yearly Song.
 Like skilful Looms which thro the costly Thred
 Of purling Ore, a shining Wave do shed :
 So shall the Tears we on past Grief employ,
 Still as they trickle, glitter in our Joy.
 So with more modesty we may be true,
 And speak as of the Dead the Praises due :
 While impious Men, deceiv'd with Pleasure short,
 On their own Hopes shall find the Fall retort.

But the poor Beasts wanting their noble Guide,
 What could they more ? shrunk guiltily aside.
 First winged Fear transports them far away,
 And leaden Sorrow then their flight did stay.
 See how they each his tow'ring Crest abate,
 And the green Grass, and their known Mangers hate ;
 Nor thro wide Nostrils snuff the wanton Air,
 Nor their round Hoofs, or curled Manes compare ;
 With wandring Eyes and restless Ears they stood,
 And with shrill Neighings ask'd him of the Wood.

Thou *Cromwel* falling, not a stupid Tree,
 Or Rock so savage, but it mourn'd for Thee :
 And all about was heard a panick Groan,
 As if that Nature's self were overthrown.

It seem'd the Earth did from the Center tear ;
It seem'd the Sun was fal'n out of the Sphere :
Justice obstructed lay, and Reason fool'd ;
Courage disheartned, and Religion cool'd.
A dismal Silence thro the Palace went,
And then loud Shreeks the vaulted Marbles rent ;
Such as the dying Chorus sings by turns,
And to deaf Seas, and ruthless Tempests mourns,
When now they sink, and now the plundering Streams
Break up each Deck, and rip the Oaken Seams.

But Thee triumphant hence the fiery Car,
And fiery Steeds had born out of the War
From the low World, and thankless Men, above
Unto the Kingdom blest of Peace and Love :
We only mourn'd our selves in thine Ascent,
Whom thou hadst left beneath with Mantle rent.

For all delight of Life thou then didst lose,
When to Command thou didst thy self depose ;
Religining up thy Privacy so dear,
To turn the headstrong Peoples Charioteer.
For to be *Cromwel* was a greater thing,
Than ought below, or yet above a King :
Therefore thou rather didst thy Self depress,
Yielding to Rule, because it made thee less.

For, neither didst thou from the first apply
Thy sober Spirit unto things too high,
But in thine own Field exercisedst long
An healthful Mind within a Body strong,
Till at the Seventh time thou in the Skies,
As a small Cloud, like a Man's Hand didst rise ;
Then did thick Mists and Winds the Air deform,
And down at last thou pour'dst the fertile Storm ;
Which to the thirsty Land did Plenty bring,
But, tho forewarn'd, o'er-took and wet the King.

What since he did, an higher Force him push'd
Still from behind, and it before him rush'd,

Tho undiscern'd among the Tumult blind,
 Who think those high Decrees by Man design'd.
 'Twas Heaven would not that his Pow'r should cease,
 But walk still middle betwixt War and Peace;
 Chusing each Stone, and poyling every Weight,
 Trying the Measures of the Breadth and Height;
 Here pulling down, and there erecting New,
 Founding a firm State by Proportions true.

When Gideon so did from the War retreat,
 Yet by the Compass of two Kings grown great,
 He on the Peace extends a Warlike Power,
 And Isr'el silent saw him raise the Tow'r;
 And how he Succoth's Elders durst suppress,
 With Thorns and Briars of the Wilderness.
 No King might ever such a Force have done;
 Yet would not he be Lord, nor yet his Son.

Then with the same Strength, & a Heart as plain,
 Didst (thine Olive) still refuse to reign;
 Tho why should others all thy Labour spoil,
 And Branches be anointed with thine Oil,
 Whose climbing Flame, without a timely stop,
 Had quickly level'd every Cedar's top?
 Therefore first growing to thy self a Law,
 Th'ambitious Shrubs thou in just time didst aw.

So have I seen at Sea, when whirling Winds
 Hurry the Bark, but move the Seamen's Minds,
 Who with mistaken Course salute the Sand,
 And threatening Rocks misapprehend for Land;
 While baleful Tritons to the shipwreck guide,
 And Corposants along the Tacklings slide;
 The Passengers all wearied out before,
 Giddy, and wishing for the fatal Shore;
 Some lusty Mate, who wish more careful Eye
 Counted the Hours, and every Star did spy,
 The Helmsman from the artless Steersman strain,
 And doubles back unto the safer Main.

What

What tho a while they grumble Discontent ?
 Saving himself he does their Loss prevent.

'Tis not a Freedom that, where All command ;
 Nor Tyranny, where One does them withstand ;
 But who of both the Bounders knows to lay,
 Him as their Father must the State obey. (rest,

Thou, and thine House, like Noah's Eight did
 Left by the War's Flood on the Mountain's Crest :
 And the large Vale lay subject to thy Will,
 Which thou but as an Husbandman wouldst till :
 And only didst for others plant the Vine
 Of Liberty, not drunken with its Wine.

That sober Liberty which Men may have,
 That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave :
 And such as to their Parents Tents do press,
 May shew their own, not see his Nakedness.
 Yet such a Chummish Issue still does rage,
 The Shame and Plague both of the Land and Age,
 Who watch'd thy halting, and thy Fall deride,
 Rejoicing when thy Foot had slipt aside ;
 That their new King might the fifth Scepter shake,
 And make the World, by his Example, quake :
 Whose frantique Army, should they want for Men,
 Might muster Heresies, so one were ten.
 What thy Misfortune, they the Spirit call,
 And their Religion only is to fall.

Oh Mahomet ! now couldst thou rise again ;
 Thy falling Sickack should have made thee reign ;
 While Peas and Sheep, as would in many a Toone,
 Have writ the Comments of thy sacred Power :
 For thou hast mighten late past among their Rant,
 Water for thine untrodden Tullant ;
 As thou hast made have o'er'd them of thy Band,
 For Prophets fit to be stricken.

Accursed Loath, whom your King does spit
 Out of the Center of th' unbottom'd Pit ;

Wandrers, Adultrers, Liers, *Munster's* rest,
 Sorcerers, Atheists, Jesuits, Posselt ;
 You who the Scriptures and the Laws deface
 With the same Liberty as Points and Lace ;
 Oh Race most hypocritically strict !
 Bent to reduce us to the antient Pict ;
 Well may you act the *Adam* and the *Eve*,
 Ay, and the Serpent too that did deceive.

But the great Captain, now the Danger's o'er,
 Makes you for his sake tremble one fit more ;
 And, to your spight, returning yet alive,
 Does with himself all that is Good revive.

So when first Man did thro the Morning new
 See the bright Sun his shining Race pursue,
 All day he follow'd with unwearied sight,
 Pleas'd with that other World of moving Light ;
 But thought him, when he miss'd his setting Beams,
 Sunk in the Hills, or plung'd below the Streams.
 While dismal Blacks hung round the Universe,
 And Stars (like Tapers) burn'd upon his Herse ;
 And Owls and Ravens with their screeching noise
 Did make the Fun'ral sadder by their Joys ;
 His weeping Eyes the doleful Vigils keep,
 Not knowing yet the Night was made for sleep :
 Still to the West, where he him lost, he turn'd,
 And with such Accents, as despairing mourn'd :
 Why did my Eyes once see so bright a Ray,
 Or why Day last no longer than a Day ?
 When strait the Sun behind him he descry'd,
 Smiling serenely from the further side.

So while our Star, that gives us Light and Heat,
 Seem'd now a long and gloomy Night to threat,
 Up from the other World his Flame he darts,
 And Princes, shining thro their Windows, starts ;
 Who their suspected Counsellors refuse,
 And credulous Ambassadors accuse.

" The Valiant's Terror, Riddle of the Wife ;
 " And still his Fauchion all our Knots untie.
 " Where did he learn those Arts that cost us dear ?
 " Where below Earth, or where above the Sphere ?
 " He seems a King by long Succession born,
 " And yet the Game to be a King doth loom.
 " Abroad a King he seems, and something more,
 " At Home a Subject on the equal Floor.
 " O could I once him with out Title see,
 " So should I hope yet he might die as we.
 " But let them write his Praise that love him best,
 " It grieves me sore to have thus much confest.

(Spight

Pardon, Great Prince, if thus their Fear or
 More than our Love and Duty do thee Right.
 I yield, nor further will the Prize contend ;
 So that we both alike may miss our End :
 While Thou thy venerable Head dost raise
 As far above their Malice as my Praise.
 And as the Angel of our Commonwealth,
 Troubling the Waters, yearly mak'st them heal.

THE PANTOMANIA,

Or a full and true Relation of the Great
 and Bloody Fight between three Pagan
 Knights and a Christian Giant. 1683.

O' Monsters fell, and wondrous Wights,
 Of Tow'rs enchanted, bloody Fights,
 Of errant Knaves and errant Knights,

I shall compose my Ballad ;

How

How a huge Giant fierce and stout,
 Three gentle *Knights* at once did rout ;
 Of which, if you the Truth do doubt,
The Record's in my Wallet.

Contrary to Romantick Rules,
 By Snatches sweetly conn'd at Schools,
 Which always make the biggest Fools,
Truth here takes part with Giant ;
 For he the Knight's thick Skulls did crack ;
 He laid their Honours on the Back,
 And did their Ribs full rudely thwack,
To make their Purfes pliant.

Thou great St. George, and Eglamore,
 Thou *Pegasus*, and *Brigliadore*,
 With all hard Names that Poets roar ;
And for their Gods have taken ;
Merlin that made the De'il an Ass,
Bladud-ap-creat-Rud-Hudibras,
 That thro the Air like Owl could pass,
And famous Friar Bacon ;

Assist, assist my mournful Song !
 Mingle your pow'rful Charms among,
 With whisper'd Numbers, dark and strong,
Whilst I the Lists do enter.

Hence all Profaneness ! come not near
 T' invade the sacred Rituals here,
 Nor Wine, nor Momy, nor good Cheer,
To hinder mine Adventure.

An Isle there is, that *Albion* height,
 With Fruits and Flowers around bedight,
 Where *Damsel* fair, and gentle Knight,
In every shade are playing ;
 Where *Nightingales* each Tree adorn,
 Spurring their Breasts with watchful Thorn
 Throughout the Year, where ev'ry Morn
The Virgins go a Maying.

A Town it has, which Fiends enchant,
 Where bridled Furies roar and rant,
 In olden Times, height *Troynovant*,
But now 'tis London stiled ;
 Which by full many a dev'lish Spell,
 And Brands and Balls fetch'd up from Hell,
 In its own Cinders buried fell,

Of all its Glory spoiled ;
 But when *Rome's* thred-bare Plots were spy'd,
 Her Charms unravel'd, Knots untied,
 'Twas gloriously re-edify'd,

Far Nobler than by th' Founder :
 Bright Turrets in th' invaded Air,
 By Negromantick Art they rear ;
 With stately Domes, and Houses fair,
Besprinkling all around her.

Here the learn'd Sages every Year
 In venerable Furs appear,
 To chuse a *Christian* Officer,
That may provide 'em Furies :

This makes the *Pagan* Tories rave,
 Because their stakes they cannot save ;
 This makes *Rogero* strut and brave,
With all his Club of Furies.

Some Renegado's stile you can,
 Two Knights, but ne'er a Gentleman,
 Sometimes on the hot Scent they ran
A hunting for Promotion ;
 And now and then for nimble Bounds,
 Or treading down their Neighbours Grounds,
 Their Dog-lookt Friends amongst the Hounds,
Are dub'd with great Devotion.

Such recreant Knights, accountred fine
 With Sword and Mace, their steps incline
 To a large House, where Sin and Wine
On equal Terms are vendd ;
 Its

Its Name I know not, tho'tis said
 And thought by most, 'twas the Popes-Head,
 For there like Friends they might be sped,
And carefully attended.

The first was of as strong a Make,
 As ever Lance in justing brake,
 Or handled Sword for Ladies sake,
In Turkey or in Persy:
 From Top to Toe, from Head to Heel,
 He cas'd himself in burnish'd Steel;
 For Yard, a Spear he now does feel,
And Mail instead of Kerfy.

The next that carry'd on the Fight,
 With ponderous Mace of mickle Might,
 Was Hangman, Senator and Knight,
A strange three-headed Monster:
 Whom scandalizing Whigs in Sport,
 When to their Brethren they resort,
 That he's ally'd to the French Court,
By's Name's Resemblance confest.

The S ——— f can't the L ——— s hide,
 The Knightly Spurs must needs be spy'd,
 Tho the Gold Chain's about 'em ty'd,
The better to obscure 'em;
 Th' Afs is an Afs, tho cloth'd he be
 In the cast Robes of Majesty,
 Tho his long Ears Beasts cannot see,
From trembling to secure 'em.

The Third, a proper Man 'tis true,
 But that his Legs did stand askew,
 And both like Sampson's Foxes grew,
One this way, that the other;
 Nought but their equal Uglinefs,
 Their equal Shape, and equal Dress,
 Could make th' amaz'd Beholder guess,
That this to that was Brother.
 S 2 With

With him I would not enter Strife,
Nor try a Fall to save my Life,
For as a Bope upon a Knife,

My Legs would split on his'n :

This may without a stretch be sed ;
Upon my Neck should he but tread,
He'd certainly cut off my Head,

Before my Tail were ris'n.

Enough of these, too much I fear ;
Now of the Giant you shall hear,
That did with Blood their Chaps besmear,

And eke their sides bombasted ;

How on their Skulls he Blows did rain,
And kickt 'em down, and up again ;
How with no little Grief and Pain

They from his Clutches basted.

His outward Parts were something small ;
'Twas th' inward Powers that acted all ;
Yet tho a Giant him we call,

Let not the Tories blame us :

For as close Flames more fiercely roll,
Imprison'd in a narrow Hole ;
So 'twas his brave Gigantick Soul

Made's Pygmee-Body Famous.

All Tory Cloth, and Drapers too,
With Fust, or else with Indigo,
He's us'd to dye both black and blue,

The best in all the Nation ;

And lest his Customers be found,
Some do suppose he has been bound
By heavy Bag of hundred Pound,

To hide his Occupation.

This Dragon-sirking Hercules,
This Cadmus, This ———— e'en what you please,
That direful Monsters quell'd with Ease,

And drag'd from horrid Cavern ;

The

The matter few distinguish can,
Whether he freely thither ran,
Or was entic'd by a Trepan,

And wheedled to the Tavern.

Who there behind the Door should lurk,
But a false misbelieving Turk,
Who thus began the Devil's Work,

With Glass fast clasp'd in Clutches,

Ah Sirrah! have we got you here?
Come pledg a Health to th' Grand-Visier,
Or else with speed my Cimiter

Shall make new room for Crutches.

Sad was the Christian Champion's Case;
He had nor Battel-axe, nor Mace,
Yet stoutly he took Heart-a-grace,

And thus defies the Pagan:

False Recreant Wretch as e'er did wield
An unbecoming Lance, or Shield!
My Head as soon as Knees I'll yield

To your Great Bell, and Dragon.

Jack Adams struts about the Rooms,
And swears, and sinks, and cocks and fumes,
That thus one Stubborn Whig presumes

On three arm'd Knights to venture;

Sirrah you Dog! d'ye prate, d'ye prate?
Must Captives then capitulate?
Dispatch; or else I'll break your Pate,

And ram ye to the Center.

No sooner said, no sooner done,
The Fight was instantly begun;
A Blow he struck enough to stun

The stoutest Knight in London:

Some fav'ring God; or powerful Charm,
To save a courteous Knight from harm,
I'th' nick came underneath his Arm,

Or there he had been undone.

The empty Sword slid glancing by ;
 Not so our Champion, who must try
 Bravely to conquer, or to die,

By band of miscreant Heathen ;

But since he saw the War begin,
 He won't for nothing sell his Skin,
 But if his reach they come within,

He'll give his Foes a breathing.

His Fist he bends, and dings it right
 At's Worship's Face with all his Might,
 Down on the Floor my gentle Knight

All in a heap does tumble ;

As when one Mungril you attack,
 The yelping Cur your steps will track,
 And raise the Parish on your back,

His Friends began to grumble.

In our Relation to be brief,
 Sir Simon Suck-egg was the chief,
 That brought his Brother Fool relief,

Than all his Fellows madder ;

He by his *quondam* Honours swore,
 By forked Crest the Arms he bore,
 And by his Mistress, *alias* W—

To turn him o'er the Ladder.

But tho his Hands were thick and long,
 His Weapon ponderous and strong,
 And he with Mace laid on ding-dong,

Yet still our Champion tight-footed ;

And after many a crabbed Jowl,
 Putting aside his weighty Pole,
 He takes him o'er the Jobbernoles,

And down he fetcht poor Knight-hood.

In Triumph over them he goes,
 Thinking he'd conquer'd all his Foes,
 And under his victorious Toes

He stamps their batter'd Faces ;

Sir *Simon's* Beauty went to pot,
That tho in Love he had been hot,
His Mistris soon restore would not
 Her Favours and good Graces.

Beat Death's Alarm upon the Drums!
'Ware Shanks! 'ware Shanks! Sir *Harry* comes;
He bit for Anger both his Thumbs,
 And at our Champion yawned;
He like *Alcides* did provide
To guard himself on either side,
When *Hydra's* Coxcombs multiply'd,
 And two for one were spawned.

With Corps erect, and Visage grim,
One Foot he plants on simple *Sim*,
Who sadly growled under him;
 Sir Bobb supported t^h other:
With an undaunted Meen, and Air,
His conqu'ring Arms he high does rear,
And for the third Assault prepare,
 To drub their Friend and Brother.

So have I seen a sprightly Cat,
That purring in a Corner fat,
In Ambuscade for lusty Rat,
 Sworn Foe to Cheese and Bacon:
When two young Mice that frisking out,
From a low Port of their Redoubt,
By Governours command to scout,
 Were in her Clutches taken.

Their piercing Shrieks the Fort affright;
Out sallies Rat, prepar'd to fight,
As fierce as any Tory Knight,
 Upon her madly falling;
Puss in two Paws shuts Captive Mice,
To hinder Rescue, or Surprise;
With th' other at her Foe does rise,
 And down she cuffs him sprawling.

Doughty Sir *Hall* a tiptoe stands,
 With mighty Fauchion rear'd in Hands,
 And Satisfaction demands,

For both his Friends Mischances;
 He winks, and then Pell-mell let's drive,
 Aiming his Head in twain to rive;
 That was the gentlest Knight alive;

But flatlong on't it glances.
 Our Champion's Head, and Brains ran round,
 Down he was sinking in a Sound,
 But yet as soon's he toucht the Ground,

Up leapt he like Antæus (a):
 The *Turks* Arrears he paid him soon,
 Tho he for Grace did importune,
 And made him see more Stars at Noon,

Than e'er did Galilæus (b):
 In vain the Wretch for Help does bawl,
 On Back, and Sides, and Face and all,
 With Knightly Prowess he does fall,

And many a trusty greeting;
 He laid on Load on empty Crown,
 Until with a most gracious Frown,
 His Honour too came rattling down,

To give his Friends a meeting.
 Stout Whig their Noses gently tweaks,
 Their Skulls, tho thick, all over breaks,
 And his just Anger on 'em wreaks

For their Affront Notorious:
 He rends their Lace, and Linen pure,
 (Who can so sad a sight endure?)
 And Point-Cravats, and Garniture,

That made 'em look so glorious.

(a) Antæus, a famous Moorfields Wrestler, who the oftner he was foil'd the more strength he had.

(b) Galilæus an old Conjuror (kin to Gadbury) that saw the Stars at Noon with a spying Glass.

Their empty Crowns rang jangling Peals,
 Their Foe chimes backward, and reveals
 The Fire that their warm Ear conceals

Whilst they're in woful pickle :

Had you but seen 'em how they sat,
 Spoil'd of their Cloak, and Band, and Hat,
 You would conclude they had been at

A Bristow Conventicle.

Now on the Floor their Corps he spreads,
 Now on their Neck in Triumph treads,
 Then disoblig'd their *Loggerheads*,

Jumbling them altogether :

And if they once but curst or frown'd,
 He roll'd 'em round, and round, and round,
 Trailing their Clothes about the Ground,

They knew not how nor whither.

Sometimes on their fat Guts he jumps,
 Sometimes their Paunches rudely thumps,
 And on their Heads makes Egg-like bumps,

Whilst their poor Pates were addled;

Now he their Jaws accosts with Hand,
 Now on his Leg prepar'd did stand,
 To give their Tails a Reprimand,

And now their Sides be swaddled.

Still he lets drive his furious Blows,
 Until at last, as most suppose,
 The Reverent Sirs affront his Nose,

With Paracelsian Civet ; (c) AT—d they did !

So crafty Reynard now and then,
 When outed by intruding Men,
 Be-f—the cleanly Badger's Den,

To make his Land-Lord leave it.

The Tories their bang'd Sides bemoan,
 They sadly yelp, *O bone ! O bone !*
 And with full many a dolorous Groan,

Hold up their Paws for pity.

Sir

Sir *Bobb* and *Hal* did deeply yell,
 But who his direful Plaints can tell,
 That was, while it seem'd good to Hell,
A Burden to the City?

Thirteen-Pence-Half-penny he'd bestow
 With generous Fist on Conqu'ring Foe,
 If he'd be pleas'd to let him go

But for one live-long Moment :
 But since some wiser are than some,
 Our Champion threatens with a Drum
 Beating before to kick 'em home,

Altho be ne'er so meant.
 As soon as they had strength to rise,
 For Crick in Neck, in Back, in Thighs,
 They look'd about to find their Eyes,

Thinking be'd beat 'em all out :
 So have I seen a maimed Snail,
 When by rude Heels its Rampires fail,
 Dragging along its slimy Tail,
From thence attempt to crawl out.

The Christian had a Noble Soul,
 And when he saw 'em thus condole,
 He grants 'em Freedom on Parole,
While Fame his Glory raises :
 This Tell-tale Goddess had a Spy
 That brought her word immediately ;
 About the City she does fly,

And trumpets out his Praises.
 Of *Tory* Champions, fierce and stout,
London and *England* all throughout,
 She the Atchievements spreads about,

And of their Valour rattles ;
 But with sly Malice chiefly she
 Does magnify their *Courtesy*,
 When they to odds must yield or flee

In such unequal Battels.
 For

For when, by unexpected Chance,
One did against all Three advance,
They yielded out of Complaisance,

And took a Civil Drubbing :

But since, altho Cock-sure, they fail,
And Three to One could not prevail,
Thus did the Hot-spur Courage quail

Of poor Heroick Robin.

Fame's a damn'd Whig, they fret and cry,
(Screwing their Mouths up to their Eye)
If e'er we meet her she shall dye ;

Kiss and sell ! Out upon her !

Fortune we find's a fickle Whore,
We'll never trust the Gypfy more :
(Thus like a Bittern they did roar)

Our Honour ! O our Honour !

Their Friends advise 'em to compound ;
If lusty Dyer may be found,
And get him unto silence bound,

Altho he hard to win is ;

With sense profound they gravely say,
'Twould be the best and safest way,
To lock his Lips with Silver Kay,

Or gag his Mouth with Guinies.

'Twas spoke, and instantly 'twas done ;
Whilst they their Pockets rummage, one
To every Coffee-House does run,

To find Victorious Dyer :

They reason'd on the Point, and he
Because they're Friends wont disagree,
But out of mere Civility

He grants 'em their Desire.

Else how is he so chang'd become ?
He answers nothing now but *Mum !*
To all Enquirers deaf and dumb,

Strangely retir'd o'th' sudden.

Ask

Ask him about it, ask again,
 Tho of his Silence you complain,
 Yet still you'll ask, and ask in vain ;
For, not a word o'tb' Pudding.

There's your true Spaniels for you, Sirs ;
 Kick 'em, they'll love you ne're the worse,
 But, like good Christian honest Curs,
Or Women of Moscovy,

The longer Cudgel one provides,
 To exercise their Back and Sides,
 The longer their Good-will abides,
And they'll the longer love ye.

But, *Tories*, take a Friend's Advice,
 Well-willer to your *Nose* and *Eyes*,
 That never lik'd this Enterprize,
To Whig-land so delighting :

Drink for the *Duke* while you can stand,
 Chase all Phanaticks round the Land,
 With Glassees ready charg'd in Hand ;
But pray take heed of Fighting.

BACCHANALIA:

Or a Description of a Drunken Club, 1683.

I.

IT was my hap Spectator once to be,
 As I unseen in secret Angle fate,
 Of that unmanly Croud,
 Who, with Wits low, and Voices loud,
 Were met to celebrate,
 In Evening late,
 The *Bacchanalian* Solemnity.
 If what I then,
 Or heard, or saw, I here relate agen ;

Ac-

Accuse me not of Incivility,
In blabbing Privacy ;
Since all Men know, that in those Mysteries,
(Quite different from other Deities)
No Man obliged is to Secresy.

Yea, if I should conceal,

'Twould be in vain :

That pervious Tribe would their own Acts reveal,
Since Wine (transparent thing!) no Secret can re-

II.

(tain.

The Actors of this Scene were not of one
Age, Humour, Figure, or Condition:
See one with hollow Cheeks, meagre and lean,
By Sipping-Hectick e'en consumed quite,

As he a Skeleton had been,
Enough to put Death's self into a fright :
Only in this he seem'd to differ from the Dead,
He lifted off his Hand up to his Head.

Another swoln up with Hydropick Fat,
Out-strutting Eyes, and Paunch that so o'er-grows,
He might vie Bellies with the very Butt,
From whence the precious Liquor flows.

One comes with Crimson Face,

More red than *Erysipelas* ;

Another Pale, thro Vital Heat struck dead,
By greater heat of Wine extinguished.
Yet is the Case of both much what the same,

Nature, in one, is on a Flame,

And, in the other, all in Ashes laid.

One young as *Hebe*, smooth as *Ganymede*,

Another old *Silenus* seems to be,

With trembling Hand, and Palsy-Head,

And lame on Feet, with gouty Malady :

One Grave and Saturnine,

Another jolly, brisk and fine,

He seem'd not much unlike the lusty God of Wine.

III.

III.

One Noble was, yclep'd a Lord, I wis,
 Another did a meaner Title take,
 A Tinker hight ; but all's one, that or this,
Lycan Laws no difference do make,
 Caps reconcile Degrees, and Natures too ;
 He Noblest is, who can in Drink out-do :
 No boast of Blood will here allowed be,
 But what from tender Grape is prest.
 No need of Heraulds, or their Blazonry ;
 He bears best Coat, who bears his Liquor best.
 (Such Passive Valour is in most Request)

No talk of Race, or Pedigree ;
 For Honour here is a mere sudden thing :
 The Garland hops from Brow to Brow,
 As more, or less, the moist Atchievements grow,
 Who yesterday was Puny, now is crown'd a King.

IV.

But see : the Battel comes,
 Sound Trumpets now, and Drums !
 Two Armies rank'd, and facing, I espy'd ;
 Whom nothing but one long Plain did divide,
 The Table call'd. Well chosen Ground for both,
 So plain, and smooth,
 It gave no vantage unto either Side.
 Signal once giv'n, the Bullets fly
 From side to side, so furiously,
 That, in short time, none scap'd without a Wound,
 Yea bloody Wound ; only, 'twixt this
 And common Wounds some difference is,
 That those do let Blood out, but these infund.
 One thing indeed I mus'd to see,
 Each Soldier to his own Mouth lift his Paw,
 Before he aim'd at Face of Enemy.
 What ? sure, quoth I, these do their Bullets chaw,
 Before they fight. Or, is it *Dutch-man's Law*,

Who,

Who, e'er his Valour in Sea Fight appear,
First takes a Dose of his own Gunpowder?
And now the Battle's hot. Each Champion grows
(Like chafed Lion) more enrag'd by Blows.

For Wounds do Valour but augment,
Wounds broach their Fury, and give Rage a vent.
Nothing will now their keen Revenge content,
Until they see their Foes
Lie prostrate at their Feet, senseless and dead,
And hence their Blows
Are level'd all against the Soul's chief Seat, the
V. (Head.

And, by this time, me-thought, I saw
Dame *Reason* trembling stand upon
The Top of her *Conarion*,
Dreading a Deluge from the Floods below.
As Mortals in *Deucalion's* Flood, on cliff
Of *Caucasus*, or *Tenariff*,
On *Airy Alps*, or *Apennine*,
Prolong'd that Fate, which they could not decline.
But what she fear'd is come.

See! the Waves rise, and Billows foam;
And washing first her Foot, and Shin,
Then Waist and Shoulders, Neck and Chin,
At last quite stop her Mouth, surround her piercing
Yea swallow Head and Brain, (Eye,
Till nought of her doth visible remain,
No not the very Hair,
Which stands upright,
Thro dismal fright,
But all, by swelling Surge, surmounted are.
VI.

And now a new Scene comes, The Censor's gone,
All things in medley and confusion run.
Words now, like Thieves in *Interregnums*, break
Their Prisons. All Men hear, and all Men speak:
Yet none another understands, nor yet
Himself a whit. And,

And, could some nimble-handed Scribe have writ
All that was said, *Babel* had been retriev'd,

And all her Tongues reviv'd.
Yea more confus'd these Tongues, than *Babel's* were:
They talkt of Towers on Earth, but these in Air.

VII.

One is all Manhood, talks of nothing else,
But Swords, and Guns, and Forts, and Citadels;
Sieges, and Fights by Sea and Land,
And with a Gravity Censorian,
'Twixt generous Scorn and Pity, doth condemn
What the World calls Exploit, or Stratagem.
Alas! your *Dutch-Fights*, or *Blake's Tunis Knacks*,
What were they all, but Squibs and Cracks?

Throw Eighty Eight in,
'Twas but a mere Bear-baiting;
Cales Fight was but a Flotter,
And Great *Lepanto*, fam'd of yore,
To a true Sea-Fight, was no more
(Altho-Historick Coxcombs make a Splutter)
Than shooting Ducks in Pond, or stabbing of an Otter.

VIII.

Some talk of *Bajazet's* great Battel;
'Twas more a Tumult, than a Fight,
I would more Execution with one
Well-marshal'd, resolute Troop, have done,
Than *Tamerlain's* long drove of *Motley Cattel*.
And *Cannæ* Field (to speak theright)
Was merely lost for want
Of Courage both, and Management.
O, how I would have knockt, had I been there,
And kickt, and cuff'd that Punick Cur,
As long as he could stir!
I would have giv'n him Beef to his Vinegar.
The stripling *Macedonian*,
What was he to a Man,

Altho

Altho his Legends make a mighty pother !

And those two *Roman Boys*,
Who in *Pharſalian* Fray did make ſuch noiſe
(As *Lucan* prates) they did but ſpit at one another.

IX.

The World did ne'er yet know
What Reſolution, join'd with Art, could do.

Could I but find

A pack of Heroes to my Mind,

And ot as clear

A Valour, as my ſelf; I'd not deſpair

To rid poor *Chriſtendom* of all its Fear.

I'd ſeize the *Turk* in his own *Dardanells*,

That all the Spells

Of Magick Art ſhould never ſet him free.

Then waſting o'er the *Euxine* Sea,

To *Cham* of *Tartary*,

I'd make his *Cham-ſhip*, and his flat-flac'd Men

For eating raw Horſe-legs agen.

The *Persian* King

I'd take, and in his Carpets roll

Him up, like his own Silk-worms; and ſo bring

Him quite away under my Arm. *Mogul*

I'd make to ſtoop; or, if he durſt advance

His ſturdy Lance,

I'd hamſtring him, and all his Elephants.

So paſſing on

To *China*, and *Japan*,

To *Africk* ſhore, and to *American*,

I'd conquer th' Universe, in far leſs bound (round
Of time, than lazy *Drake*, or *Magellan* could ſail it

X.

Another, he is all State-Policy;

Eſteeming then himſelf moſt wiſe

In Myſteries

Of Government, when he

Has loſt the Hegemonick Faculty.

As if his Wine-soakt Brains
 Like Rivers were,
 Which ever deepest are,
 In times of greatest Floods, and Rains.
 Or, as a watry Brook,
 In Moon-shine Night, we look,
 And see the Stars, how in their Orbs they move.

So, while with Wine
 His liquid Brains do shine,
 He sees the Motions of the Powers above :

Europe, quoth he,
 Is merely lost I see,
 For lack of good Intelligence,
 And understanding of Intrigues,
 The Crafts of Treaties and of Leagues,
 This spoils all States, and ruins Governments.
 But, were I once in Secretary's Place,
 I'd quickly bring things to a better pass.

Alas ! *Colbert's* an Ass,
 I'd fox him with his own *French* Wine ;
 Then gage his Brains, and so the bottom find,
 Extent, and Compass of the *French* Design.
 The Jesuits themselves I'd undermine ;
 Out-do th' *Ignatian* Criples in their Play,
 I'd halt e're I was lame, as well, and better far

XI. (than they.

Are these the Pope's Grand Tools ?
 Worshipful Noddies ! who but blundering Fools,
 Would ever have forgot
 To burn those Letters that reveal'd their Plot ?
 Or in an Ale-house told, that *Godfrey's* dead,
 Three days before he was discovered ;
 Leaving the silly World to call to mind
 That common Logick, They that hide can find ?
 But see their Master Policy

On *Primrose-Hill* !
 Where their Grand Enemy,

*

Like

Like *Saul* upon Mount *Gilboa*, doth lie
Fala on his Sword; as he himself did kill.

But O the Infelicity!

That Blood was fresh, and gush'd out of the Wound,
This so congealed that not one spot was found,
No, not upon his Sword; as if it wou'd
Tell us, 'twas guiltless of its Master's Blood.
Some Carcasses, by bleeding, do declare;
This by not bleeding, shew'd the Murderer.

But, to his broken Neck, I pray,

What can our Politicians say?

He hang'd, then stab'd himself, for a sure way:
Or first he stab'd himself, then wrung about
His Head, for madness, that advis'd him to't.

Well, *Primrose*, may our *Godfrey's* Name on thee

(Like *Hyacinth*) inscribed be,

On thee his Memory flourish still,

(Sweet as thy Flower, and lasting as thy Hill)

Whilst blushing *Somerset*, to her

Eternal shame, shalt this Inscription wear:

The Devil's an Ass; for Jesuits, on the spot,
Broke both the Neck of *Godfrey*, and their Plot.

Thus spake this Sage: whilst I from thence,

Infer'd, amidst heaps of Impertinence,

Fools sometimes chop on Truth, and Drunkards
(stumble upon Sense.

XII.

Another's all Art, and Philosophy.

Encyclopaedia, with its mighty sound,

What is't, quoth he, but when the Brain turns

Of which versatile Ingeny (round?

No Man, I'm sure, is Master more than I.

Tongues are my Element. I declare,

I'll talk with any Man on Earth,

And yet a Dearth

Of Words will never fear,

The fertile Cups best Dictionaries are.

And as for Rhetorick, that two-handed Art,
Which plays both Plaintiff's, and Defendant's Part;
To me 'tis Natural: for, ev'n now, whate'er
Me-thinks I look on, double doth appear.

Logick's a Toy. Alas!

I'll prove by Syllogisms, a Man's an Ass;
Yet never stir out of this Room,
(Most Reverend Friends) to find a Medium.
Arithmetick, and Algebraick Arts,
What are they to a Man of Parts?

A Member, he

Unworthy sure must be
Of such a Learned Club as this,
Who understands not what a Reckoning is.
Astronomy's a Science which I know
So thorowly, that my Head ev'n now,
I feel, is in the Clouds: and with each Star
I'm so familiar

Without a *Jacob's Staff*, I know not how to go.

XIII.

Philosophy both new and old I know;
The seven wise Men, of whom the *Grecians* tell us,
Were but a Club of honest Fellows,
That sat, and drank, and talkt, as we do now;
Until the Reckning was come,
Then every Man threw in his Symbolum.
Yea Sects of old had their Origination
But from the *Liquor's* various Operation.
Some, when inspir'd by the Barrel,
Grew sceptical, or apt to quarrel:
Others, inclin'd to the Dogmatick way,
Are wondrous positive in all they say.

'Twas the same *Sherry*,

That made *Democritus* so merry,
And weeping *Heraclitus* so sorry:

For he (as most suppose)
Was Maudlin, when he snivel'd so at Nose.

Some

Somewould be so dead drunk, that, pinch t hem ne'er
So hard, they never felt : these Stoicks were.

Others were sensible a little,
And this was call'd the *Peripatetick* Whittle.
Others, of *Epicurus* mad-cap strain,
No Pleasure knew like drunk, and drunk again :
Yea ev'n grave *Plato's* Academick Tribe

No scruple made to bib,
Until Idea's crawled in their Brain.
As for mechanick Virtuoso's Skill,
That found all Knowledg in Experiments,
(Altho indeed I know what 'tis, full well,
To make Man's Reason truckle to his Sense)
Yet I have found a more compendious way ;

For whilst, in quest of Nature, they
By tedious searches clear the Object, I
Do all, by strengthening the Faculty ;
With brisk *Falernum*, clear the dim-ey'd Soul ;
This was I'm sure the old Philosophy, (Bowl.)
That ever sought for Truth i'th' bottom of the
XIV.

But the most frequent Humor's still behind ;
Which is, to talk of Grave Divinity.
Of which the proper Reason to assign,
I find it not an easy Task to be,
Whether from that near Consanguinity,
And natural Love
'Twixt *Bacchus* and great *Jove* ;
Whose Son he was, and hatch'd up in his Thigh,
In place we commonly do call *Popes-Eye* ;
An Omen that in time he'd prove
A great Dictator in Theology :

Or, that the Grape so sweet,
That *Nectar* of the Gods, does Men inspire
With sacred Fire, (height :
And raise their Thoughts to more than humane

Or that the Intellect doth gasping lie,
 And thence to utter doth desire
 Some few grave Sentences, before she die.

XV.

To give you an Account of my Belief,
 Quoth one deep Sage, who thought himself a Chief,
 I'm no Mahometan,

But utterly defy the *Alcoran*,
 Whose cursed Laws forbid the Use of Wine.
 Nor shall the Jews Religion be mine,
 Which so abhors that harmless Beast, the Swine.
 The Pope I do pronounce to be
 Stark Antichristian,

Which prove by forty Arguments I can.

But only, name this one I shall,
 So strong, it well may serve for all;
 He takes the Cup from th' honest Laity.
 Bast dirty Clown!

I wonder in what Town,
 Unless it were *Hogs-Norton*, he was bred;
 To drink to Men,
 And presently forbid,

On pain of Death they must not pledg agen.
 Were he un-erring, as he does pretend,
 His Wit would him have better Manners taught:
 But Wit and Manners both I see, are naught.

And shall I then believe
 What such a slovenly Religion saith,
 And pin my Faith
 Upon a snotty Sleeve?

No, no; if e'er my Reason I resign,
 It shall be only to a Glass of VVine.

Thus did the Hero vent
 'Gainst triple Crown his Discontent;
 Throughout which whole Discourse, thought I,
 An Argument close coucht doth lie
 'Gainst Rome's Infallibility,

Stronger

Stronger than what has yet expressed been:

For Standers by are apt to think,
That Popes sometimes may be in Drink,
And then as rambling talk as other Men.

XVI.

But he proceed. I could rehearse ye
The State, quoth he, of Modern Controversy:
What Weapons keen are us'd in that sharp Sport,

Betwixt *Arminius* and *Dort*:

How those twit these, with turning Men
To Stocks, and how agen

The Absolute Divine

Whips Cink with Thirty nine;

Not much unlike the *Jewish* scourging Discipline,

I could the *Gordian* Knot unty

Of Ecclesiastick Polity;

And tell the Street, and Sign,

Where that Great Lady dwells, call'd *Jus Divine*,

Who courted long by all has been,

But still so coy, she's scarcely to be seen.

I could discourse of Ceremonial Jar,

(That least yet greatest War)

Whose hot Spurs, on each side, engage so far

Beyond their slow-pac'd Squadrons, that oft they

By mere pursuing lose the Day.

Some would confine Religion's Dress

To the coarse Freeze of mere Necessity:

Others attire her all in Lace,

Preferring still the greatest Bravery.

Some make her all Embroidery, and Seaming:

Some let her ravel out, for lack of Hemming.

Some are resolv'd to scruple whatsoe'er

Is by Authority enjoyn'd:

Whilst some again, to cross the others Mind,

With all things were enjoyn'd, that scrupled are.

But how much better would it be,

Would but you Bigots of each side, quoth he,

Come hither to observe our prudent Fashion,
And imitate our signal Moderation !

For we, in these
Solemnities,

Do neither scruple, nor press Modes upon ye ;
Drink either with, or without Ceremony.

Each Man enjoys his Liberty, provided

He takes his Cup,

And drinks all up,

All other Doubts and Circumstances are decided.

XVII.

But by this time Tongues 'gan to rest ;

The talking Game was at the best :

A sleepy Scene beginneth to appear.

Bright Reason's Ray,

By damp of Wine, within this Hemisphere,

Was quench'd before : and now dim Sense, to stay

Must not expect, long after her.

So when Night's fairest Lanthorn, *Cymbia* bright,

Is set ; each little Mist, or thin-spread Cloud,

Sufficient is to shroud

The pink-ey'd Stars, and make a pitchy Night.

Old *Morpheus* comes with leaden Key,

His drowsy Office to perform :

Tho some there are, that do affirm

'Twas *Bacchus* did it ; and that he

Had legal Right to lock up each Man's Brain :

Since every Room

His own Goods did contain,

And was his proper Wine-Cellar become.

XVIII.

Some down into their Seats do shrink,

As Snuffs in Sockets sink ;

Some throw themselves upon the Bed,

Some at Feet, and some at Head,

Some Cross, some Slope-wise, as they can ;

Like Hogs in straw, or Herrings in a pan.

Some

Some on the Floor do make their humble Bed,
(Proper effect of Wine!)

So overladen Vine,

Prop failing, bows its bunchy Head,
To kiss the Ground, from whence 'twas nourished.
One, stouter than the rest, maintain'd the Field,
And scorn'd to yield.

A *Roman* Emperor, standing, vow'd to die,
And so quoth he, will I;

Till nodding, as he stood, the Churlish Wall
Repuls'd his Head, and made him reeling fall;
So with a jot,

Embrac'd the common lot,
The last, but yet the greatest, Trophy of them all.

XIX.

So slept they sound; but whilst they slept,
Nature, which all this while had kept

Her last reserve of Strength,

In Stomach's Mouth, where, *Helmont* saith,
The Soul its chiefest Mansion hath,

Began at length

To kick, and frisk, and stoutly strove
To throw the liquid Rider off.

For now her Case like Mariners was grown,
In leaky Ship, she must or pump or drown.
Or whether that the Wine, which, till this time,
Was wont to dwell in Cellar's cooler Clime,

Now put in Stomach's boiling-pot,
Found its new Habitation too hot.

Whate'er it was, the Floods gush'd out

From ev'ry spout,

With such a Force, they made a fulsom Fray.

One who athwart his Neighbour lay,
Did right into his Pocket disemboque;
For which the other would have call'd him Rogue,
But that his forestall'd Mouth (Brawls to prevent)
Replenish'd was with the same Element.

Pth'

I'th' next Man's Face another spues,
 Who doth, with nimble Repartee, retort
 His own, and his Assailant's Juice,
 And so returns him double for't,
 One with a Horizontal Mouth,
 Discharges up into the Air,
 Which falls again in perpendicular :
 Much like those Clouds in Sea, that's South,
 Which in a Lump descend, and quite (light.
 O'er-whelm the Ship on which they chance to
 The Floor with such a Deluge was o'erflown,
 As would infallibly have ran
 Quite thro, and to its native Cellar gone,
 As Rivers circulate to th' Ocean ;
 Had it not been incrassate with a Scum,
 Which did, for company, from Stomach come.
 Nor was this all. The surly Element,
 With Oral Channels not content,
 Reverberates, and downward finds a Vent :
 Which my nice Muse to tell forbears,
 And begs, for what is past, the pardon of your Ears.

XX.

At length the Storm blows o'er; the Sky grows clear,
 Clouds are dispel'd, and Fogs, and Fumes,
 And Madam *Dianoia* now resumes (stair,
 Her Throne ; when nimble Drawer mounts the
 And guessing, by this time, these Heroes were
 In Reckning-case ; produceth, *sans* delay,
 A Bill more swel'd, and more inflam'd than they:
 Gigantick Items ! yet evicted
 Nothing could be, nor contradicted
 By any of the Company ;
 Because 'twas all beyond Man's Memory.
 Since then Objection was fruitless,
 Solution must be the Business.
 All Pockets (but ev'n now well lin'd) were swept,
 Not one Cross for a Nest-egg kept.

Tokens,

Tokens, and single Pence, must go,
 Jacobusses, and Medals too;
 And all too little to discharge the Score,
 But forc'd to sign a Bill for as much more.
 And thus the Poets Fiction came to pass,
 That *Bacchus* conquered the Golden *India's*.

XXI.

All done, and now just ready to depart,
 I, from my close recess, out start,
 And cry'd, Hold Gallants! I perceive,
 The Play is done; yet give a Stranger leave,
 Before the Company up break,
 In a few words the *Epilogue* to speak.

E P I L O G U E.

NOW these mad *Hurricanes* are over-blown,
 In cooler Thoughts, consider what y'ha' done.
 Think, each of you this day has kill'd a Man,
 Stabbing with Murd'rous Hand
 That noble Reason, by which Mortals are
 Most like their Maker, and do bear
 Their Great Creator's Superscription.

Think of your ruin'd Health. See! your own Blood
 Flies in your guilty Face: as if she wou'd
 Now tell you, to your Head, 'Tis you alone
 By whom she's scorch't, disordred, and undone.

Think of those Hours consum'd in sordid Vice,
 Those Golden Sands that run in vain,
 (Lusts Measure made and Sacrifice)
 Those winged Hours that ne'er return'd again.

Think of that abused Wealth
 Due to your Families, or the Poor:

Think

Think how you swallow, in each drunken Health,
The Widows Tears, and starved Orphans Goar.

Think of your Bankrupt Reputation ;
Each Ear abhors your more than brutish Name ;
More dirty than the Dirt you tread upon :
Your very Vomit stinks not like your Fame.

Think, lastly, on the World's great Doom,
When guilty Souls must to an Audit come :
A far more heavy Reckoning, than e'er
You met with here ;
More true by far, and yet far more severe.

Think on all this, and think on't soberly ;
And then perhaps you'll say, as well as I,
Your Mirth is Madness : Wine is Poison fell,
Your Paradise is *Bedlam*, if not Hell.

*A P O E M, occasion'd by the late Discontents and Disturbances in the State, 1691.
With Reflections upon the Rise and Progress
of Priest-Craft.*

Written by N. T A T E.

— *Liberius si*
Dixero quid, si forte Jocosius, Hoc mihi juris
Cum Venia dabis. Hor.
Vincit Amor Patriæ. Virg.

P R E F A C E.

I Could heartily have wish'd there had been no Occasion offer'd, or Subject matter for an Essay of this kind. After so happy and wonderful a Revolution as we have seen, when our Hopes were grown desperate, and our Liberty reduc'd to its very last gasp, to have the only Remedy in Nature so effectually apply'd, so miraculous a Recovery perform'd; after all this, to find Englishmen, and such as pretend to no other Interest or Religion but That of their Country; to find Them expressing Dissatisfaction, every-where busy in sowing Dissension, obstructing, as far as in them lies, the Progress of Affairs, and unbinging the present Settlement (upon which alone depends the Safety of these Nations, and common quiet of Europe); This is so
just

just a Cause of Indignation, as must make every Lover of his Country to turn Satyrists, or, at least, excuse the honest Zeal of such as upon this Occasion express their Resentments. To be unconcern'd for a Man's Country, is the worst want of natural Affection: A Crime reputed so heinous amongst the more generous Heathens, that it divested the indulgent Brutus of all Compassion on his Sons, when he submitted to the Extremity of Punishment, for making Commotions in the new Settlement of the Roman Liberty.

—Gnatofque Pater nova Bella moventes
In Pœnam dulci pro Libertate vocabitur.

In tracing the Occasions of the late Disturbances and Discontents of the State, I was unwillingly brought within the Verge of the Church. There is no Man that has a greater Veneration for the Sacred Function and Order, or the Discipline and Worship by Law Establish'd; neither does the Passive Principle itself, that has so nearly endanger'd the Shipwreck both of State and Church, derive its source from the pure Fountain of our Reformation: 'Twas a new-sprouted Tail of the Dragon, that swept many of our Stars, tho but few of the first Magnitude; most whereof recover'd themselves as soon as they were sensible of the Consequence.

* A Letter to
a Dissenting
Clergy-man.

* For my own part (says one) I am so little ashamed of altering my Opinion in this Matter, that I think I have nothing to blush for, but that I no sooner discover'd my Error, and the ungrateful and odious use that was design'd to be made of it. The Number is but small of such as still adhere to the Prejudice of their Education under a Government, whose business it was to debauch our Principles, and dispose us for the Slavery that was to be brought upon us.

What

What I have touch'd concerning Penal Impositions on Conscience, and the Nicene Assembly (amongst whom were many Persons that preserv'd the Primitive Character) I must for the Consequence refer you to the Testimony of Church-Historians; instancing only one Passage in St. Hilary, who gives us this Account: Concilii sumus quod post Nicænam Synodum nihil aliud quam Fidem scribimus, dum in Verbis pugna est, dum de novitatibus quæstio est, dum de Ambiguïs Occasio est, dum de Authoribus querela est, dum de studiis certamen est, dum in Consensu difficultas est, dum alter alteri Anathema esse cæpit prope, jam nemo Christi est, &c. Tandem eo processum est ut neq; penes nos, neq; penes quenquam, ante nos Sanctum exinde aliquid perseveret; annuas atque menstruas de Deo fides decernimus, decretis pœnitemus, pœnitentes defendimus, defensos anathematizamus, aut in nostris aliena, aut aliena in nostris damnamus, & mordentes invicem, jam absumpti sumus ab invicem.

I cannot better make my Apology, than in the words of a late Writer upon this Occasion, who says, It is not their declaring their Opinion (wherein they seem to me to have light upon the Truth, if they had likewise upon the Measure) that could have moved me to speak with this liberty, but their imposing what was not contain'd in express words of Scripture, under Spiritual and Civil Penalties, contrary to the Privilege of Religion, and making a Precedent, follow'd and improv'd by all succeeding Ages, for most Cruel Persecutions.

There is no Person so obscure or inconsiderable, but might have observ'd our most zealous Protestants, both Churchmen and Dissenters, to have been all along Properties to the Common Enemy; so visible have been the Triumphs and Insultings of Roman Emissaries

ries upon the Animosities they have sown amongst us, and of which they reckon'd shortly to reap the Harvest.

The Unreasonableness (that is to say, the Impossibility) of Force in Matters of mere Conscience and Opinion, has demonstrated it self thro' all Ages. Our Dissenters have had their Faults, and they have suffer'd: Neither is it the least Blessing amongst those Great and Many that seem to be reserv'd for His present Majesty's Reign, That we do not yet despair of a Comprehension. His Majesty has, with more than Constantine's Piety, signaliz'd his Royal Inclination; the ablest of our Spiritual Guides are zealous Endeavourers for it; and that (amongst other weighty Reasons) for the True Interest and Inviolable Security of the Church Establish'd: Which, as it influences the Publick Happiness, it is the Duty of ev'n the meanest Layman to be solicitous for it. And this Privilege, at least, I may plead for what I have said;

For common quiet is Mankind's Concern. Relig. Lai.

Now as to your Censure of this Essay as a Poem, I have that Indifference which is necessary for an ill Writer. If it have the least degree of Art or Beauty, the Judicious will not miss of it: Otherwise, I have seldom known a Reader harangu'd into a favourable Opinion against his Conscience. The Nature of the Dialogue oblig'd me for the most part to Expressions that were familiar, and Sermoni propiora. You will find it but preliminary to a more agreeable Subject, if any pitch of Zeal can warrant so mean a Talent in the Faculty as Mine for the Undertaking.

A P O E M occasion'd by the late Discontents and Disturbances, &c.

NEAR *Isis* Spring, the Muses poor Retreat,
Palamon dwelt in his unenvied Seat ;
Whose little, but Hereditary Soil,
Answer'd his mod'rate Hopes, if not his Toil ;
For Nature's Wants did modestly provide,
Content and Innocence the rest supply'd.
His Years declin'd, his Thoughts their manly Fire
Preserv'd, advancing as his Days retire.
None better knew or practis'd in his Cell
The chaste Delights that in Retirement dwell,
That scorn the Golden Mansions of the Proud ;
And fly the Haunts of the unhallow'd Croud ;
Betimes he shun'd the beaten Roads of Strife,
And found the secret Track to peaceful Life.
Too Bless'd, if while his private Cares did cease,
No Fears had seiz'd him for his Country's Peace ;
So strong the Guard of Vertues which he chose,
Fate had no other way to his Repose.
Religion He, and Loyalty, held dear ;
Bigot in neither, tho in both Sincere,
In ev'ry Course by Truth and Sense did steer :
Did gen'rously his Rules for Practice draw
From Sacred Writ, and uncorrupted Law.
Of Church and Court th' Encroachments did survey ;
In Priests and Statesmen found the same foul Play ;
Both Functions saw alike by Int'rest sway'd,
Both grown a Cheat, for both were grown a Trade.

Philander, whom the Muses Charms had mov'd,
 By Learn'd *Palamon*'s Rules his Vein improv'd,
 And next the Muses his *Palamon* lov'd.
 His awful Steps with rev'rend distance trac'd,
 Silence and Sacred Poverty embrac'd.
 His sole Ambition to compose some Lay,
 That might to *Britain*'s *Pollio* force its way;
 From his sharp-judging Patron gain a Smile,
 And of an Hour the waiting State beguile.
 In this alone he wrong'd the Publick Weal,
 For which no Swain confess'd a warmer Zeal.

Opprest with Thought, one Ev'ning he repairs,
 With his *Palamon*, to concert his Cares:
 Just then returning from his Ev'ning's Round,
 His Farm's short Bounds, the good old Swain he found,
 Who in his Arms brought home a new-eat'd Lamb,
 A Firstling, but forsaken by its Dam.
 The Youth with that unkindly Omen struck,
 To vent his pensive Thoughts occasion took,
 And thus began——

P H I L A N D E R.

—— The same Disorder reigns
 Amongst our Flocks that has possess'd our Swains;
 Perverfly both to their own Hopes unkind,
 Expose their tender Comforts to the Wind:
 But lately 'twas that ev'ry Shepherd sung,
 While with the gen'ral Glee the Valleys rung,
 As Nature had renew'd, and fresh Creation sprung;
 Each Muse to the Restorer tun'd her Lyre,
 Their only and almost despair'd desire.
 They sung, How in his *Belgick* Seat he lay
 Silent as Night, but watchful as the Day;
 His sure, but secret Counsels did advance
 To check the Progress of encroaching *France*,
 While *Belgia* did the Tyrant's Summons wait,
 And *Britain* from the Continent disjoin'd,
 No Safety in her Seas embrace could find,

Not

Not *Britain* knew to shun the common Fate.
To Bondage sold, despairing to be freed
The servile Contract, her own Act and Deed.
Her Roman Masters at their Conquest smile;
Secure in Hopes, they cantle out the Isle.
Palamon, you must needs remember well
That ruthless Season which you could foretel,
To Unbelievers preach't, who mourn'd too late
Their *Trojan* Fathers Folly, and their Fate.
If just Disdain will suffer, call to mind
How in that pensive Time
Our Swains at their own handy-work repin'd,
And curs'd their Tillage to new Lords assign'd;
Wish'd Blight and Mildews on their gen'rous Soil,
E'er Lubber-Priests should batten on the Spoil,
And consecrated Sloth devour their Toil.
By Husbandmen of yore forwarn'd the Harm,
No Caterpillars like a sacred Swarm.
The vile Remembrance we can scarce support,
How Vermin to our Palace did resort,
And Nations purg'd their Scum into our Court.
The Rogue was qualify'd for Magistrate,
Tribunals then were Shambles of the State.
We suffer'd much, and Fear suggested more;
Till Ruin should o'erwhelm our fenceless Shore,
We heard the near advancing Billows roar.
With ev'ry Gust th' impetuous Tide came on,
Our Sluces open'd, and our Moundings gone,
When Tyranny with Sword high-brandish'd stood,
And Zeal, the work of Fiends, for seeming good,
The Monster now confest with darted Claws,
And lick'd for Thirst of Blood her frothy Jaws.
'Twas then *Fame's* Voice did first our Coasts surprize,
(A Voice like that shall bid the Dead to rise)
That brave *Nassau* approach'd to our Relief:
With Joy as speechless as our former Grief,

The Tidings we receiv'd; with early Eyes;
 Preventing Day, we watch'd the Eastern Skies;
 At last the Hero came, the long expected Guest,
 As from a present Deity

The conscious Monsters fly,
 The Specters vanish'd, and the Land had rest.

P A L Æ M O N.

Unparallel'd in Story was the Change!
 But nothing, where such Virtue works, is strange!

P H I L A N D E R.

Then tell me, good *Palamon*, whence this Cloud
 Of Discontent, that does our Morning shroud?
 Can we so soon grow sick of Happiness,
 So soon suspect the Blessings we possess?
 The Reasons of this stupid Change relate,
 Our Fault or Lot, our Folly or our Fate.

P A L Æ M O N.

Too soon we slept, and let the watchful Foe;
 Before our Wheat was sprung, his Darnel sow.

P H I L A N D E R.

A disappointed Foe you cannot blame,
 At once by Int'rest urg'd Revenge and Shame.
 Think not a losing Gamester will be fair,
 Who at his best ne'er play'd upon the Square.

P A L Æ M O N.

Rome's Frauds are now of such an antient Date,
 The Harlot pleads her Privilege to cheat.
 Her holy Panders too you must forgive,
 Who keep her Trading up, by which they live :
 The Ghostly Pimps must starve, or else combine,
 For her Support, the State to undermine.
 Necessity sways here with some Pretence
 To *Right Divine* — at least to common Sense :
 But who that unintelligible Wight
 Can e'er decipher, call'd a *Jacobite* ?
 (The Appellation he with Pride do's claim,
 Nor will I grutch him the auspicious Name)

How

How shall we him define, who ne'er could find
 The Sentiments of his own wayward Mind?
 Foeto his Own, and to his Country's Ease,
 And whom no Colour of Affairs can please:
 For, trust him with the Pow'r he do's aspire,
 With mad Career he drives into the Mire;
 While grov'ling there, in woful Plight he lies,
 He wearies Earth and Heav'n with restless Cries.
 Assist the Wretch, and place him on firm Land,
 He'll curse the Friendly unexpected Hand.

P H I L A N D E R.

How dismal were your State, ye murm'ring Race,
 Shou'd your own fatal Wishes once take place?
 But Heav'n, and Godlike Kings, their Grace extend,
 And ev'n to save th' ingrateful condescend.

P A L Æ M O N.

Ah! what can Heav'n, and Godlike Kings de-
 (vise)
 For their Relief? what Charm unseal their Eyes,
 Whom common Danger warns not to be wise?

P H I L A N D E R.

Yet, good *Palamon*, lest the Plague increase,
 Mark out and brand the Troublers of our Peace.

P A L Æ M O N.

The Faction a meer Hydra you will find,
 Whose different Aspects to one Trunk are join'd,
 Of Human Form, but all of Serpent-Kind.
 Some hiss and murmur, whom no Schemes of Law
 Can please, but what their own wild Notions draw;
 Nor would ev'n these content the Changelings long.
 Others by Sympathy affect the Wrong,
 To Error by Impulse of Nature led,
 Like Dungeon Toads on pois'nous Vapours fed,
 'Mongst Caitiffs, who had sold for stated Sums
 Their Country, summon'd now to hasty Dooms.

They who had longest trusted, most repin'd,
 Discarded Knaves, to want and shame consign'd,
 The Drudg'ry past, their dear Arrears behind,
 For Envy some revile, who wanted Heart
 In the bold Scene to bear a timely Part.
 Some who nor Prince nor Providence dare trust,
 Cautious how they too soon the Foe disgust,
 Decry the Cause, of present Grace assur'd,
 And wisely for another Turn secur'd.
 Some sleepy Sots, born swiftly down the Stream,
 Wake, stare, & think the wondrous Change a Dream,
 Some who had lent their helping-hand, recoil;
 For want of Business, their own Work they spoil;
 Fall off, as they came on, they knew not why;
 Start any Game, and they'll pursue the Cry.
 Mistaken Politicks did some incense;
 And some found fault for honest want of Sense.
 The frailer Soul (for when were Women wise?)
 Give ear to murmur'ing Fiends suggested Lies,
 Fair glori'd to cheat 'em of their Paradise.

P H I L A N D E R.

But Man methinks his Reason should reveal,
 Not let frail Woman work his second Fall.

P A L Æ M O N.

The Sex to censure were unjust and rude;
 The Foe has few to boast beside the Lend.
 To spiritual Whore-mongers let Whores be kind,
 Their carnal Harlotry were too confin'd,
 Without the Fornication of the Mind.

Rank next the giddy Thoughtless Lawless Rout,
 The Atheist, and mistakenly Devout;
 Bigots whose cross-grain'd Piety loose-rid,
 Starts, flounces, kicks———
 Tame Asses when by Tyrants they're bestrid.

P H I L A N D E R.

Ah! when did Mischief in the State begin,
 Where Conscience did not for her share come in?

P A L Æ-

P A L A M O N.

Mark the whole Chain of Publick Woes, you'll find
The last Link still to the Priest's Girdle join'd.

Pan prosper me, as I the Function hold
Most Sacred, and the Watchmen of the Fold;
But hate the Shepherds who their Labour spare,
To Hirelings leave their Flocks, their only Care
To call at Sheering-time for an ungodly Share:
Fleece-warm, and with an *Amaryllis* sped,
They pipe and feast, and jocund Measures tread,
While their lean Sheep look up, and are not fed.
Nor ease which way, make but the Stipend large,
Thro' Door or Breach they climb into the Charge:
Profit with them is Grace's kindest Call;
Preferment's Sacred, let the Blessing fall
From a Court-Mistress, or a Priest of *Baal*.

P H I L A N D E R.

From hence, from this corrupted Fountain's Head,
The poison'd Stream of Passive Nonsense spread.
Divines of Fortune, to deserve their Pay
From Court, the People to the Prince betray;
With Fire and Lough-Bells for his Service set,
To awe the Partridge, while he spreads his Net;
To honest Self-Defence Damnation give,
And ring their constant Peal, *Prerogative*.

P A L A M O N.

While older Chanticleers, and more inspir'd,
To sound the Spiritual Watch alone aspir'd,
Our young and dapper Brood of forward Chicks
No sooner perch, but scream out Politicks.
Grown Pariah-Cocks, each in his Barn can crow
Against tame Fowl, but Ravens to the Foe;
Plump, richly-plum'd, and of the treading strain,
They strut amongst their Fens, and spread their
(pompous Train.

P H I L A N D E R.

Ah! had the Pallive System no support
Beside the Cock'ril Clergy of the Court,
The Church long since had lent the Cause her Hand;
But awful Names, and such as bore Command,
Too far, too long indulg'd the sickly Dream:
Peace springs; but while reserv'd those Leaders
The Herd gaze on, and dare not taste the stream.

P A L A E M O N.

Enough: If Great Examples may prevail,
Our brightest Stars have scap'd the *Dragon's Tail*;
Have own'd Heav'n's Cause, and took their *Michael's*
Nor e'er from free-born Truth's Defence did start;
Whose Sense no *Gorgons*, no *Chimæras* charm,
To hang dead Weights on their Restorer's Arm;
Who ne'er to slavish Principles gave way,
That would Religion, Church and State betray:
From antient Sanctions still their Measures drew;
And, tho they soar'd not with a modern Crew,
Eusebia ne'er cou'd boast of Sons more true.
In this bright List let that learn'd Champion come,
Eusebia's Glory, and the Scourge of *Rome*;
Whose piercing Wit to all her Frauds gave light,
The deep engender'd Births of Papal Night.
The Fiends, who long secure in Darkness lay,
Shrunk from his Beams, and yield at sight of Day.
Of num'rous Champions can *Eusebia* boast;
But this the Leader of the Sacred Host.

P H I L A N D E R.

Yet equal Praise to that learn'd Pastor give,
Of Modern Skill, and Meekness Primitive;
But bold in Fight, with Arguments concise,
He lightens in the Eyes of *Rome* and Vice;
With Wonder Men, with Triumph Angels see
His blameless Life, from Pride and Passion free;
No

No Priest more frank the Ghostly Counsel gives ;
 No Lay-man with more lib'ral Hand relieves.
 Unpractis'd in the Worldly Shepherd's Guile,
 His Life's whole Business is to reconcile ;
 His very Aspect breathes an Air of Grace
 So mild, he carries Gospel in his Face.

P A L Æ M O N.

How shall *Eusebia* then her self excuse,
 Whose Builders cou'd this Corner-stone refuse ?

P H I L A N D E R.

Yet e'en th'unjust Repulse his Worth confess'd,
 Rejected by the Many, not the Best.

P A L Æ M O N.

Ah ! without Envy let the Truth be told,
 Such as ne'er knew the Shepherd's staff to hold,
 Fear'd *Moderation* wou'd set ope the Fold. }

P H I L A N D E R.

Oft have I found, while I my Sheep did guide
 To Pastures sweet, the Friendly Gate set wide ;
 They freely enter'd, and my Crook obey'd,
 But still of narrow Inlets were afraid ;
 Or if a Bridg too streight they spy'd afore,
 Wou'd rather take the Stream, than venture o'er.
 But say, what Prejudice had thence ensu'd,
 Had they receiv'd the separate Multitude ?
 Was ever Shepherd yet a Foe to Peace,
 Or e'er repin'd to see his Flock increase ?

P A L Æ M O N.

The Fold set ope, had gain'd more Sheep, 'tis true,
 But had withal receiv'd more Shepherds too,
 Who with new Stewards Diligence at first
 (If not for Conscience-sake) their Flocks had nurs'd ;
 Our Loiterers from hence foresaw their Doom,
 When none but painful Pastors cou'd have room.
 This made 'em rave like Men on Ruin's brink,
 And cry, the Deluge comes, stop ev'ry Chink, }
 Shut fast the Door, or else the Ark will sink.

To

To lose one useless Peg did Shipwreck seem,
And ev'ry rotten Rafter was a Beam.

P H I L A N D E R.

Let question'd Beauties owe their Charms to Dress,
Eusebia's Frame does all that's Fair possess;
Too gaudy Tire but makes a Matron scorn'd,
Let mild *Eusebia* shine
A Firmament by her own Stars-adorn'd.

P A L A E M O N.

Yet Meteors to the Firmament may rise,
And Comets Pestilent invade the Skies :
'Twas so of old.——

Their Influence in first Ages did appear,
Bright and untroubled shone the Church's Sphere, }
Till Sons of Vengeance got th' Ascendent there.
In petty Factions first her Stars engag'd,
Till War broke out, and Persecution rag'd.
This Pest, by *Constantine's* warm Summer bred,
At once thro all th'infected Clergy spread.
The bloody Paths had long in vain been trod,
Till Heathen Princes, tir'd, threw down the Rod ;
Ambitious Priests the Utensil to burn
Thought pity, till themselves had took their turn,
And persecuting by more dextrous Rules,
Prov'd *Maximine* and *Dioclesian* Fools.
'Twas *Rooting up God's Heritage* before,
While Magistrates the Iron Scepter bore :
In Them the Exercise, tho more severe,
Was *Discipline*, and *Ecclesiastick Care*.

P H I L A N D E R.

For Church or State on Conscience to impose,
Must wider make the Breach they think to close :
And he that Fetters wou'd for Reason find,
May shackle the Sun-beams, and grasp the Wind,
Which no Restraints of Human Laws will know,
But where and when they please will shine or blow.

But

But Truth should bind ; And your Opinion's true,
And erring Judgments should submit to you,
I grant.

But first you must convince by Reason's Light,
That They *mistake*, and You are in the *right* :
Where You mistake, and they the Truth may hit,
Will you to your own Rule of Force submit ?
You'll plead the Privilege They urg'd before,
Conviction crave, and They demand no more.
Conviction clear the Soul can only win ;
With Club or Hammer try to force the Pin, (in. }
The Brains you may beat out, ne'r drive the Notion }
Absurd the Zeal that Gospel's Pow'r promotes
'Gainst Gospel-Laws, and Peace by cutting Throats ;
That Faith to plant does Charity disband,
And break for *doubtful Truths* a *clear Command*.
Since first this Pest the Christian World annoy'd, }
Since Persecuting Power the Church enjoy'd, }
Zeal marr'd Religion, Creeds the Faith destroy'd. }

P A L A M O N.

Where Rome bears sway, bid Laws Divine farewell,
And Human Rights t'assert, is to rebel.
Speak, suffering Witness, I appeal to Thee,
Thou First Apostle of our Liberty, (some
Condemn'd to Stripes, Thy Crime? Thou didst pre-
To write 'gainst *Arbitrary Pow'r* and *Rome* ;
Didst *Inferences* of *strange Treason* draw,
And say, 'Twas *legal* to defend the *Law*.
Thy envious Foes no other Crimes could urge,
And to confute thy *Pen*, produc'd the *Scourge*.

P H I L A N D E R.

You mention'd *Constantine*, in whose mild Reign
The harass'd Church did first her Freedom gain,
When Priests secure to Bishopsicks aspir'd,
Without First-Fruits of Martyrdom requir'd :
Tell me, How then could Cruelty intrude ?
How came the Persecuting Plague renew'd ?

P A-

P A L Æ M O N.

Lust, Riot, Avarice, Ambition, Strife;
 Are Bastard Off-springs of too peaceful Life.
 With nice Disputes the wanton Priests began,
 To Envy next, and wild Confusion ran;
 Wou'd Mysteries too curiously enquire,
 That first rais'd Smoke, then set the Church on Fire.
 From brangling *Arius* the first Fire-brand came;

P H I L A N D E R.

But *Constantine* took care to quench the Flame.

P A L Æ M O N.

The *Nicene* Fathers, summon'd to decide
 The Strife, instead of Lenitives apply'd,
 Too late convinc'd th' indulgent Emperor,
 How fatal 'twas to trust a Priest with Pow'r.

P H I L A N D E R.

The pious Prince, to do th' Assembly Grace,
 Refus'd (I've heard) Himself to take his place,
 Till they were sat. — 'Twas Favour ill apply'd,
 If such Behaviour taught the Doctors Pride.

P A L Æ M O N.

Then having, as a Christian Monarch ought,
 First burnt th' Investives which the Fathers brought
 Against each Other, and for Union press'd,
 Thus to the Council he himself address'd:
God made you Priests, and God alone can be
Your Judge; Rest therefore from my Censure free;
No Man shou'd judg of Gods, and You are Gods to Me.

P H I L A N D E R.

When Princes yield, the Prelate must prevail.

P A L Æ M O N.

When e'r did Priest to take Advantage fail?
 Forthwith Church-Censures flew as thick as Hail:
 The *Arian System* to just Flames assign'd,
 And *Nicene Creed* with Penalties enjoyn'd.
 They fix'd not here; but for each trifling Cause
 The Metal try'd of their new Penal Laws.

Think

Think how each Victor went triumphant home,
 With Titles swell'd too bulky for his *Dome*,
 From *Council Orthodox* and *Catholic*;
 Each Hare that cross'd him was an *Heretick*.
 And if his Horse but stumbl'd in his way,
 Th'erroneous Beast incur'd th' *Anathema*.

P H I L A N D E R.

Yet, since they squar'd by Rules of Sacred Writ
 Their *Symbol*, you to their Decrees submit.

P A L Æ M O N.

I own what e'er the Sacred Books contain,
 Can Mysteries believe, tho not explain;
 Have none in Footsteps of first Martyrs trod,
 And dy'd for Truth, who ne'r conceiv'd the Mode?
 Brand such as won't to Truths reveal'd agree,
 But Penalties on such as cannot see
 What others can, is Breach of Charity.
 Had Charity in Synods interpos'd,
 The seamless Garment's Rent had soon been clos'd,
 Which to repair the wrangling Doctors try'd,
 (While Metaphysicks Sacred Truths decide)
 And by ill-botching made the Rent more wide;
 But they had now learnt Sciences, and must
 To their own Fame, as well as Truth be Just;
 Would Mysteries, not like Mechanicks know,
 But both the *ὄν* and *οὐδὲν* show;
 Were subtle School-men grown, and to agree,
 Had Scandal been to their *Philosophy*.

P H I L A N D E R.

But tell me, did these Clouds the Faith invade,
 When first whole Nations were its Converts made?

P A L Æ M O N. (Mists,

The Faith shone clear till School-terms, rais'd like
 Favour'd the Juggles of imposing Priests,
 And Councils having Scripture Bounds o'er-past,
 Advanc'd to forging of New Creeds at last;

Which

Which by the *Hocus* of *Infallible*,
 Went down so glib the Difference few could tell;
 The Priest's Turn better serv'd, and pleas'd the
 (Croud as well.

They heard how their Redeemer at his Death
 Did Sacred Legacies to all bequeath,
 Which if they'd now inspect, and had the skill,
 The Church into her Hands had got the Will;
 For now the Laity were left i'th' Lurch,
 Th' encroaching Clergy were become the Church:
 Nor stood the Magistrate on higher Ground,
 In vain to Scripture their Appeals they found,
 While'twas the Church's Priv'lege to expound.
 Thus (thro Indulgence, fond of such as reign'd,
 And thro the People's Sloth) th' Ascendent gain'd,
 Rome's Prelate top'd upon her Temp'ral Pow'r,
 And from her Priest became her Emperor.
 With artful Baits the Fisher long had sought,
 And Empire was the Fish at last he caught.
 But Time, and Breath, and Patience too won'd fail,
 To count the Steps of this prodigious Scale;
 Suffice it, that at first th' Impostor gain'd (tain'd;
 By Frauds his height, and by worse Frauds main-
 Sloth, Ignorance, blind Zeal, and blinder Fear,
 Combin'd to level Thrones, and mount the Chair.

P H I L A N D E R.

'Twas then th' aspiring Clergy crown'd their Hope,
 And form'd their Church-*Leviathan*, a Pope,
 In whom they still possess the Pow'r they give,
 Earth's Tyrant, but their Representative.

P A L A E M O N.

'Tis done, th' ambitious Priest has got the Day,
 The Prelate rules, and Princes must obey;
 The Spiritual Lord exalted to the Skies,
 Looks down, and all the Subject World defies;
 Does safe his Empyræan Height possess,
 His only Care to manage his Success;

How

How to dispense his Beams, to whom be kind,
 And who shall his Malignant Aspects find;
 To whom large Territories he shall give,
 To whom sell Crowns, & whom of Crowns deprive,
 To judg who best to Merit does pretend,
 And Merit is to be the Church's Friend.

P H I L A N D E R.

For Crimes so black, that Human Nature shockt,
 Unpeopled Earth, and Hell's Plantations stockt;
 Th'Indulgence-Shop was ope'd with Pardons stor'd,
 And to a Friend good pen'orths cou'd afford,
 As th'old fixt Rates, the rest their Ware must take.

P A L A E M O N.

But if you're impious for the Church's sake,
 Ev'n with their Office-Fees they can dispense,
 They con you Thanks, and consecrate th'Offence.
 A Cut-throat Priest of Murder cou'd make sport,
 From Laws protected by the Spiritual Court;
 Kings let him kill, and blackest Treasons act,
 His Judges still were Parties in the Fact.

P H I L A N D E R.

What if a Lay-man did the Priest offend?

P A L A E M O N.

An injur'd Priest, or who could Wrong pretend,
 Cry'd, Burn the Heretick—the ready Stake
 Forthwith did Pious Reparation make.

P H I L A N D E R.

To hurt his Person made the Sentence Just,
 What the Priest said, 'twas Death but to mistrust.

P A L A E M O N.

Fear more than Wit this Tyranny enjoin'd,
 Lest the dull Crond at last the Cheat should find,
 And to requite their gross pernicious Pranks,
 Pull down their Stage, and stone the Mountebanks:
 Dull Souls with Ease are of their Rights bereav'd,
 But none revenge, like *Fools*, when undeceiv'd;

And

And strongest Stomachs, with large Draughts op-
 The last disgusts, and throws up all the rest: (prest,
 Heap Crime on Crime, to keep the Frauds from Air,
 The last of course must lie expos'd and bare;
 And too much Weight o'erthrow the guilty Chair.
 Now Monster, Triple-Crown'd, expect thy Doom,
Lutber the *Saxon* Thunder-bolt is come,
 T'unhinge at once the Babel-Toils of *Rome*.
 For tho' to Heav'n the threatning Front aspire,
 He'll shew the wretched Basis laid in Mire
 In Papal Nets, shall Breaches make so wide,
 That Kings & Kingdoms thro' the Rents shall slide:
 Then shall *Eusebia*, cloth'd in Truth Divine,
 Her *Roman* Rust fil'd off, the Stars out-shine.

P H I L A N D E R.

Far must her first Reformers Skill extend,
 To leave succeeding Ages nought to mend.

P A L A E M O N.

I don't pretend to judg, since all confess
 Her Beauty, who except against her Dress;
 Which if she may with Decency neglect,
 Or does too much the *Roman* Mode affect,
 I leave her Guides that Question to decide;
 And dare not charge the Sacred Dame with Pride:
 I'd see Contention, but not Order cease;
 Order is needful, nor less needful Peace:
 Hope, tho' unthinking Formalists repine,
 Th' Indulgent Mother will at last incline
 To gratify her Pious *Constantine*,
 The Hero from Domestick Cares unbind
 To prosecute the Business of Mankind;
 Wave Jealousies, and yield the Trust that's due
 To her kind Patron, and Restorer too.
 Her Sacred Birth-right may she so retain,
 Dissenting Flocks so may her Sheep-folds gain,
 And leave the baff'd Wolf to grin & howl in vain.

P H I L A N D E R.

The Mother still in vain will condescend,
 In vain to wilful Sons her Arms extend ;
 As she enclines let them Advances make,
 Beware how Pride for Conscience they mistake ;
 How uncommission'd Shepherds lead astray,
 Securely on the wilder'd Sheep to prey.
 Divided Flocks, but make the Wolf more bold,
 The greatest Safety's in the common Fold ;
 The Bars remov'd, Compliance mild will show
 Your Pastor's Care, if for Themselves or You.
 Our ablest Guides for Comprehension strive,
 That Sacred Union may once more revive ;
 None more than He who late the Mitre took,
 Deserv'dly, as before He held the Crook,
 The skilful'st Textman at the Shepherd's Book :
 True to his Function, and the Publick-Weal,
 For which his steddy Votes have prov'd his Zeal :
 In each Debate (by Party or Design
 Unbias'd) does his Country's Int'rest join,
 And stamps on State-Decrees a Seal Divine.
 What Shepherd from his Judgment would divide,
 What Flock refuse to wait on such a Guide,
 Whose Truth and Courage has of old been try'd ?
 Whom not the raging Pestilence could make
 To shake Attendance, or his Charge forsake ;
 His Sheep to Comfort did their Danger share,
 When Hirelings fled, and for themselves took care.

P A L Æ M O N.

From hence let Britain her new Freedom date,
 The Church consenting to support the State,
 Since she at last has found a King to Trust,
 And Worthy Senate, who to both are Just.

P H I L A N D E R.

Hail, generous Patriots, you that poize the Realm !
 And lest encroaching Waves the State o'er-whelm,
 Bring kind Supplies while Cæsar sits at Helm.

In vain th' Oppress'd would call for his Alarms,
 And Conquest beckon forth his Pious Arms,
 Unless with *Europe's* Freedom you comply'd;
Cæsar and You must *Europe's* Fate decide,
 Invading Pow'rs within just Limits draw,
 Teach Tyrants Justice, and Oppressors Law.
 For tho the *Gallick* Pride has swell'd so high,
 United States and Empire to defy,
 Stol'n Conquest boast, & Neighbouring Cities hold,
 The wretched Purchase of extorted Gold;
 From you, the Tyrant his Just Doom must wait,
 For *Nero's* Guilt must look for *Nero's* Fate:
 Ev'n now the State-Magician in his Cell,
 Sits close contriving some new impious Spell,
 Which He sends forth his Dæmons to perform,
 Well-skill'd to raise, but dares not meet the Storm:
 'Tis You the Sword must furnish, You must Arm
 Our Pious Hero to dissolve the Charm.

P A L Æ M O N.

Our Swains o'er-joy'd their Senate's Conduct see,
 And carve their Sacred Names on ev'ry Tree;
 To their disposal yield their Grain and Fleece,
 A ready Off'ring to their Country's Peace.

P H I L A N D E R.

Oh! like our Patriots may our Swains agree!
 From home-bred Strife, as foreign Dangers free:
 So shall our Vales resume their former Lays,
 And Shepherds skill'd in Song the Consort raise,
 To celebrate once more our *great Restorer's* Praise;
 Employ their Leisure purchas'd by his Toil,
 In Raptures on *Juvene's* rescu'd Soil.

P A L Æ M O N.

Repeat, kind Youth, for I o'er-heard your Strain
 Last Night, by Moon-shine, from the dusky Plain,
 That joins the Copse, my Farms extremest Bounds;
 Repeat, for they were more than vulgar Sounds.

Your

Your Song pursu'd the Hero to the Coast
 Of moist *Juverne*, where the adverse Host
 Confus'd, the Mountain Passes did resign,
 And shew'd their Rear to the disdain'g *Boyne*,
 On whose steep Banks our *British* Troops you left:
 Of what ensu'd the listning Dales bereft;
 Nor had retrencht your welcome Notes so soon,
 If shrill *Lycisca* had not bay'd the Moon.

P H I L A N D E R.

To happy Swains that task I must resign,
 Who sing beneath the Shade of their own Vine;
 From dewy Morn, and sultry Noon can creep
 To their cool Sheds, and chuse to pipe or sleep;
 With vacant Songs call up the Ev'ning Star,
 Their Strains may rouse the noble din of War,
 Make Squadrons move, give foaming Steeds the
 (Rein;

And trace a Hero through the dusty Plain,
 Lure hov'ring Conquest down where they incline;
 Thro' all you see the gen'rous Freedom shine:
 And what false strokes their Pencil strikes in Heat,
 Their happy Leisure makes correct and great.
 What can *Philander* do, the wretched Heir
 Of Thought-confounding Grief, and Slave of Cate,
 To servile Hours of tedious Day confin'd,
 Expos'd all Night to welter thro' the Wind,
 To tend in Sun-burnt Lawn, or thirsty Dale,
 His Master's Flock, and must make good the Tale?
 How shall the strict *Dametas* be repay'd?
 Suppose a Milcher stoln, or Firstling stray'd;
 With Notes refin'd can I repair the Wrong,
 Or make him Restitution with a Song?

'Twas then great *Maro* found the Art to charm,
 When he regain'd his Freedom and his Farm,
 With Meadows, and an Oaten Pipe began,
 Till warm'd with ripening Beams he sung the Man.

Thy poor *Philander* to the Muses Seat
 By stealth has crept, and felt th'inspiring Heat;
 Been Midnight-Present at the sacred Quire,
 Has seen'd the laurel'd God, and heard his Lire;
 In smooth *Pirene* dipt his Fancy's Wing,
 And tasted of the learn'd *Castalian* Spring.
 What steals it that he knows his Flow'rs to cull,
 If rustling Care, before his Garland's full,
 Confound the fancy'd Order in a Trice,
 Moil his clear Spring, and blast his Paradise?

P A L Æ M O N.

Yet has our *Britains Pollio* heard thy Lays?

P H I L A N D E R.

Our *Pollio's* Skill might *Phebus* Envy raise:
 For tho the Court be *Pollio's* proper Sphere,
 Altho he shines the brightest Planet there,
 He thinks no scorn sometimes to cheer the Plain,
 Oft condescends to hear the rural Strain;
 Yet *Pollio's* Smiles should make no Shepherd vain.
 My uncouth Muse let gibing Goat-Herds laugh
 To Death, and *Codrus* write her Epitaph,
 If *Pollio's* Goodness she so far abuse,
 Or Ween he likes because he does Excuse.
 On Wits steep Heights he sits the ruling God,
 Those Heights which by himself alone are trod,
 Yet thence vouchsafes his gentle Beams to throw,
 And pitys all the panting Croud below.

P A L Æ M O N.

Yet *William's* Praise no Shepherd can refuse,
 And Fortune may assist the daring Muse:
 Deep Sense of Duty, and immense Desire
 Can make the Pipe keep Consort with the Lire,
 The vanquish'd *Boyne* and *Shannon* will inspire.

P H I L A N D E R.

When next we meet, expect the *Silvan* Rhime,
 Night hastens, and 'tis now my Folding time;

The winding Song will ask your Leisure's leave,
Employ your Patience, tho your Hopes deceive.

The Daring Muse unbeaten Paths shall tread,
In Visionary Dreams of Rapture led,
Descend into the Regions of the Dead.
Elysian Bow'rs, where *Waller's* well-tun'd Lirè
The Art of Numbers shall instruct the Quire,
Where *Milton* on eternal Roses lies,
Deep wrapt in Dreams of his own Paradise:
Th' advent'rous Muse, with this kind Vision charm'd,
And dear Concern for her lov'd Country warm'd,
Of Secrets that to *Britain's* Peace belong,
Shall question Fate, consult the Sacred Throng;
And thro the dang'rous Course——
The learn'd *Couleian* Shade direct her Song,
The Victor crown, and to reward their Pain,
Embalm and consecrate the noble Slain:
If that low pitch to which my Voice can rise,
May reach such Theams, and rural Notes suffice
To please the Plain, is all my Hopes persue:
The Palace has already had its due.

A pleasant Battel between two Lap-Dogs of the Utopian Court. Or a Dialogue between Sleep and Awake, Jest and Earnest, Reality and Fancy: Being fought upon the new erected Dog-Pit, lately contriv'd purposely upon this Occasion as aforesaid in the Anti-Chamber of the said Court, where it was fought with great Applause, Satisfaction and Content of the Company there present: But by reason of the Author's Drowzy Disposition, being late at Night, and he inclin'd to sleep, he would crave your favourable Censure of this his Pains, and judg of them as you find occasion. Printed in 1681.

Enter two Lap-Dogs, Tutty and Snap-short,

Reader,

WISE Æsop thought it no Mistake
 To make brute Beasts, as well as Men to speak:
 Why may not I, like him, in harmless Rhimes,
 Bring Brutes to speak against the brutish times?
 When Sin swells high, it needs a sharp Correction;
 I'll give you here a brief yet full Collection,
 By such a Catalogue of nasty Sin,
 As Sodom almost loath'd to wallow in;

First,

*First, I present two Lap-Dogs on the Stage,
 Who strike the bidden Vices of the Age,
 With so much Vigour, as it will surprize
 Your Senses all, your Hearts, your Ears, your Eyes:
 The English Lap-Dog here does first begin
 The Vindication of his Lady Gw—n.
 The other much more Frenchify'd, alas,
 Shews what his Lady is, not what she was.
 From Words they rise to Blows, as People say,
 Occasioned a sharp and bloody Fray.
 The Ladies looking on, each back'd her Cur,
 Until they made such a foul filthy stir,
 As set all in an Uproar: this was Sport
 Did highly please the grand Utopian Court.
 The Battel being ended I awoke,
 And all the Vision vanish'd into Smoak.*

Tutty.

HOW now Snap-short, what out of your Lady's Lodgings at this time o'th' Night? I'll teach the best French Cur of you all to come as a Spy into our Quarters at this unseasonable Hour: What do you think your Lady is able to protect you *ad secula seculorum*? No, Sir, so long as I have an English Tooth in my Head they shall make bold to salute your French Ears, and in as rugged a manner as ever *Don Quixot* handled the Wind-mills: and so have at you—

Snap-short.

How now Tutty, meddle with me if you dare; I protest if you do, I will cry out Treason! what assault me in Court? *Bé gar* me see your English Love and Affection: but what have you to say to me? speak your Mind, for if it comes to Blows, we have French enough to eat you.

Tutty.

Eat me, you *French* Scoundrel! Sirrah, you are a *French* pocky Rascal: and, tell your Lady from me, She is no better than the Devil can make her: before I would be a Dog to such a piece of monstrous Ingratitude, I protest, *Snap-short*, I would cut my own Head off. My Lady is a good Commonwealth's Woman: Yours cares not if she be ruin'd to buoy her up amongst those troublesome Seas of Destruction which are rais'd to involve us in Ruin: and indeed Ruin and She are so near akin, that she is out of her Element unless she be there.

Snap-short.

Come, *Tutty*; neither you, nor any of your Lady's Retinue durst affront me after this manner, were not my Lady a *French* Lady and a *Romanist*: But she may live, and I too, to see your Lady's Tail set up an end once more upon a *Dung-hill*.

Tutty.

You *French* Scoundrel, inconsiderable, pragmatical, rustical, diabolical, musty, fusty, rusty Puppy: You see my Lady's Tail set up as formerly! Sirrah, I would have, you know, had it not been more out of my Lady's Intercession than out of respect to your Lady's Deserts, the Grievances of the Nation had long ago been expos'd to publick View.

Snap-short.

Come, *Tutty*, I see you can bark, but dare not bite: I am sure my Lady has Charms sufficient left her to controul another-guess Kingdom than such as we are; a parcel of puny inconsiderable Lap-Dogs, who dare hardly bark, but the whole World is ready to go together by the Ears. Such is the wretched Condition of these miserable times.

Tutty.

Tutty.

And such the condition of these miserable times (as you call them) is still like to continue, so long as your Mistress is suffer'd thus to reign in her Roguery: were she more modest, it would never grumble in my gizzard, but being so peremptory, vexes every Vein of my Heart. But Murder will out at last: Come, *Snap-short*, my Lady never yet, to make her own private Gains, endeavor'd the Ruin of the Nation.

Snap-short.

And prithee, *Tutty*, who did? For you seem to reflect upon my Lady: but for all your *English* brave Alls and Braggadocio Tricks, you shall never make me believe your Lady exceeds mine in point of Honor. A Lady undo a Nation! This I dare boldly say; If she undo a Nation, it's only to advance another: And this, Brother *Tutty*, holds good with the Scripture too, why was *Joseph* sent into *Egypt*, but to help his Brethren in time of Dearth?

Tutty.

In time of Dearth, *Snap-short*! let me tell you without offence, your Lady is one of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine, she has almost devour'd a Kingdom; and yet her starv'd Carcase would get a sick Man an Appetite to look upon it: for she looks so ill-favour'd by sharp Countenance, that I protest when I saw her last, I would have given one of my Legs to have sav'd my Body; for she look'd so hungry, as if she would have chopt me up at one mouthful. However I am more afraid of her than you: I am apt to believe, you cannot swallow a Kingdom, nor me neither, so soon as she can: and, if I be not mis-inform'd, she can make Guinny-Pies as well as any Lady in *England*, tho it be a *French* Receipt. And, let me tell you, That there's no *Frenchman* of them all, of any Repute, at Court, but has

has tasted the sweet Savor of *English* Gold, which I pray God may be dissolv'd in a real Vengeance Pastly.

Snap-short.

Come, *Tutty*, you are a Rascal to abuse a Lady whom you know was, not long ago, one of the *Primum Mobile's* of the Kingdom; however, methinks 'tis strange, your open-arse Lady, who came lately from selling ripe Oranges and Lemmons about the Streets, and now being advanced to a Royal Bed, should be so forgetful of her former Mechanick Condition, as to kick up her wanton Heels against a Person whose Extraction is so high, that it would puzzle a good Poet, nay a good Herald, to give an absolute Description of her Pedegree, deriv'd from these Three Remarkable Judges of Hell, *Ezechus*, *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*.

Tutty.

And truly, *Snap-short*, I wish her no other harm than barely this, seeing you have so liberally describ'd her Pedigree, That she might be immediately sent to her Relations; I am confident my Lady will bear a considerable share of her Charges, and accompany her part of the way; but she has other Business than to go too far on the Road: Besides, she has more Discretion than to go to the utmost Stage, merely for this Reason, lest having but small Acquaintance, and being much more short of Money than your *French* Lady, she should be left in the lurch, and pawn'd to *Lucifer* as a Pledge for your Mistress's Honesty, which she cannot truly justify.

Snap-short.

Ha, *Tutty*, now you and I piss both in a Quill, I confess I dare no more vindicate my Lady's Honesty than you dare your Lady's: For this I believe,
my

my Lady's a Whore of the greater Magnitude ; and, in spite of your Teeth, will carry a greater Lustre than any. *English* Lady whatsoever : Tho in your own Court, if *French* Dogs, Ladies and Catholicks be not sufficient to put you all to a Non-plus, I will never bark in the praise of *France* more.

Tutty.

Come, you *French* Scoundrel, have at you tooth and nail, before I will see my Lady abus'd, or any of your Factionous Tribe thus to reign in your Roguery : I will make no more to cut your Catholicks Throat, and spill your wolfish Blood, than you did in Queen *Mary's* Days to burn us : Your *French* Dogs, Ladys and Catholicks have more command at Court ! Give me leave to tell you, You lye, if you deny it : And if any thing raise my Lady's Fortune, let me tell you, 'tis her being a Protestant who shall be protected, when your *French* Romish Bitch shall be pull'd Limb from Limb, without starving her, as her Predecessor *Jane Shore* was starv'd not many Ages before.

Snap short.

Come *Tutty*, my *French* Lady will find Favour, when your *English* Madam will be glad to return to her old Function ; it is not 10000 *l. per ann.* will last your Lady *ad infinitum* : my Lady has taken the wisest course, who has transported forty times the Sum, and intends to follow it soon after her self.

Tutty.

And good riddance of her by my Troth ; when the Salt Bitches leave the Kingdom, it's more than probable the *Romish* Wolf-Dogs will follow them ; and then what a happy Kingdom we shall have, let the whole World judg. But I am apt to believe, my Antagonist *Snap-short*, that your Lady rather makes provision for the Entertainment

ment of her *French* Monarch, than for her Departure: yet let me tell you, let him come when he will, I will for once hazard my Life like the Old *Roman* Geese, rather than betray the Capitol, for I am resolv'd to bark Louder than ever they Squeal'd, and if possible will prevent those hidden Mischiefs, tho they lay them as deep as Hell; I have a quick Nose for scent, and as sharp Claws as the best of them all; then do what you dare, for I vow, by the Honour of my Lady, I will ruin you sooner or later.

Snap-short.

Ha, good *Tutty*, rather than my Lady should be ruin'd, I will perswade her to turn Protestant too, I am confident she will do any thing to serve her own Interest.

Tutty.

But, *Snap-short*, let me tell you, that a *French* Whore will never make a good Protestant Lady; for if she should turn Protestant, and make a Whore of Religion, as she has of her Body, the whole World would set a Mark upon her for a notorious Murderer both of Religion, Honesty and common Reason; and when she comes into *France*, her own native Country, she must expect to be pelted like an Owl in an Ivy-Bush.

Snap-short.

But, *Tutty*, you mistake the Case, my Lady has an Absolution and Dispensation from his Holiness for all her Villanies that either are or may be committed during her Life, tho she should live to the Age of *Metuselah*. It seems you have call'd me inconsiderable Cur, but I wish you had but a Gizzard long enough to apprehend my Lady's Designs: you mistake the Case, if you imagine she came out barely to be a Whore; in short, she came for a Spy to betray both Kingdoms Interest. Do you

you not remember *Alexander* the Great had a brace of notorious Whores, sent over purposely upon the like occasion? but he had so many Guts in his Brains, as not only to perceive the Intrigue, but likewise a timely prevention to avoid the same.

Tutty.

Say you so, *Snap-short*, I am infinitely glad you have so ingenuously unravel'd your Lady's Design, which I hope to make such use of, as to send your Lady with a Flea in her Ear into her own Country; this is no more than has been formerly suppos'd, nay, confirm'd by several true Reports. But seeing you have own'd your Lady's Intentions and Designs upon which she was sent over; as sure as my Name is *Tutty*, and by the Virtue of my Protestant Mistress, I am not only resolv'd to bark, but bite, and if my Tongue can do no feats, my Teeth shall; tho I am but a little whiffing Cur, I would have you know I am not afraid to take the best *French* Bitch of you all by the Throat; and so, *Snap-short*, stand on your Guard, for I vow I will be at you.

Snap-short.

Come, *Tutty*, since you are so Cholerick, I'll strip me of my Crucifix; and begin as soon as you will, let's shake Hands, and so have at you.

Tutty.

Come down, there, now you are stript. Curr, ur, rrr, urr, urr, urrr, urrr. [The Dogs begin to engage, the Company speaks.]

Dutchess of R—th.

Pray, *Madam*, give my Dog fair play, I protest you hinder him with your Petticoats, he cannot fasten; *Madam*, fair Play is fair Play.

Madam

Madam Gw—n.

Truly Madam, I thought I knew as well what belonged to Dog-fighting as your Ladyship: but since you pretend to instruct me in your French Dog-play, pray Madam stand a little farther, as you respect your own Flesh, for my little Dog is mettle to the Back, and smells a Popish Miss at a far greater distance; Pray Madam take warning, for you stand on dangerous Ground: Haloo, baloo, baloo, ha brave Tutty, ha brave Snap-short; a Guiny on Tutty, two to one on Tutty; Done, quoth Monsieur; Begar, Pox takete begar, me have lost near Tausand Pound.

Tutty it seems beat Snap-short, and the Bell Tutty bears home in Victory: Farewel.

Marvel's Ghost: Being a true Copy of a Letter sent to the A. Bp. of Cant. upon his sudden Sickness, at the Prince of Orange's first Arrival into London, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE APOLOGY.

WHEN Men of God will do the Devil's Work,
 And frame new Prayers for Lewis and the
 In drunken Clubs religiously combine (Turk,
 To make the lost Mack-Ninny's Right Divine,
 And the whole Town with Sham Distinctions ring
 Of a de Jure and de Facto King,
 And prate of Duty till they've lost the Thing:

When

*When those whose Business 'tis to preach up Peace,
 Labour to make our Discontents increase;
 Foment Divisions, and new Storms create;
 Defame the King and undermine the State,
 Which wou'd, were they but hang'd, be fortunate:
 What Indignation can be thought severe?
 How can a true-born English Muse forbear
 To lash their Folly, and correct their Vice,
 And teach the People whence their Plagues arise?
 How innocent and good soe'er they seem,
 The Source of all our Mischiefs lies in them.
 From them, as from Pandora's Box, they fly:
 'Tis their corrupted Breath pollutes our Northern Sky.
 Therefore, my Lord, you justly can't accuse
 This modest Sally of a backward Muse,
 Which had been damn'd to Silence, and forgot,
 If you had not reviv'd it with your Plot.
 'Twas writ to console your Sickness then;
 If you had mended this had ne'er been seen.
 But since you every Day grow worse and worse,
 And still resolve to be the Nation's Curse;
 I also am resolv'd to let you know,
 Here's one as stubborn and as bold as you.*

The GHOST.

HOW just is then the Tribute of our Eyes:
 When Vertue languishes, and Goodness dies,
 When holy Prelacy from Court withdrawn,
 Lies sick at *Lambeth* in a Shroud of Lawn!
 Who fearing now, Compliance with the Prince
 Shou'd better Men to equal Power advance,
 With-holds his Hand, and in the very nick
 The humorous Prelate willingly falls sick.
 On what small Props a Churchman's health depends!
 Draw but one Pin and the whole Fabrick bends;
Touch

Touch but their Wealth, their Power, or their Place,
 They'll snuff, and snort, and curse you to your Face.
 Has there a Mischief in the World been done,
 E'er since the odious Name of B—— known,
 In which a Clergy-man has not been one!
 Have there been private Murders, publick Wars,
 Dividing Schisms or intestine Jars,
 Reproaches, Scandals, Goals, Fines, bloody Laws,
 Of which they have not been the chiefest Cause!

Great *Constantine*, how basely hast thou stain'd
 Those glorious Laurels that thy Conquests gain'd!
 Untainted Honor with bright Lustre spread
 It self in shining Circles round thy Head,
 Which might have shone till now, belov'd, rever'd,
 In the same Tomb had B—— been inter'd
 With lesser Villains; but nice Goodness spar'd
 Those Foes that should have the same Ruin shar'd:
 Those Sanctimonious Robbers that did more
 Infest the Church than Heathen Priests before:
 They with professed Malice Blood did spill;
 These pray, and smile, and flatter when they kill:
 They did their open Enemies annoy;
 These kiss the Friends they murder and destroy.
 By these oppress'd, the mournful Church implor'd
 The tardy Vengeance of thy backward Sword.
 Had this been done, had thy Imperial Frown
 But smote those haughty Mitred Monarchs down;
 Myriads of Blessings shou'd thy Reign adorn,
 Paid by past Ages, this and those unborn.

Tell me, ye doting Bigots who revere
 These Rare Shows o' th' Church and Pageants here;
 Like Tinsel Mortals on a Gilded Stall,
 Fram'd for mere show and of no use at all:
 Tell me in sober seriousness, unvest,
 What Holiness is to their Cowl annex;
 What hidden Virtue in their Office lies,
 Unseen by Men of common Sense and Eyes!

Did

Did e'er a Bishoprick a Man advance
Above the rest in Honour, Truth, and Sense !
Or did a fat Advowson ever make
A Man preach better and more labour take ?
They talkt indeed in very Loyal strain,
To praise the King did God himself profane, }
But sure we ne'er shall hear of that again. }
Born to themselves, themselves alone they please,
Steep't in the Sweets of Luxury and Ease :
The Land they canton and divide the Spoil,
And drain the moisture of our Wealthy Isle.
For Pulpit Work let those who can do that,
They're all too dull, too feeble, or too fat.

Are these the Men that hope to govern now ?
To whom our Church and State again must bow ?
Have we then but the blessed Prospect seen
Of dawning Peace, of a vast Gulph between ?
Like Men condemn'd, on flattering Hopes born high,
To fall with greater Ruin from the Sky !
Good God, forbid thy Church should e'er be sway'd
By those again that have thy Truth betray'd :
Who lately such a fatal Instance gave }
What precious Care they'd of Religion have, }
That durst adore a Fool and trust a Knave. }
Shou'd it be thus, how would our Isle complain,
And beg to have our wandring King again ?
Intreat the worst his incens'd Rage can do,
The less important Mischief of the two ;
Which is the cruel'st Beast will then be known,
An *English* Pr—te or a *French* Dragoon.
From hence, *my Lord*, you may with ease foreknow
What Epitaphs we shall on such bestow :
When such depart (when will just Heaven think fit
To strike and do an injur'd Nation right !)
The most obdurate Muse will strain a Verse,
And bathe with Tears of Joy each Bishop's Herse.

*A Congratulatory Poem to the Reverend
Dr. John Tillotson, upon his Promo-
tion to the Arch-Bishopal See of Can-
terbury, 1691.*

WHilst Priestly Pens the Glorious Theam de-
(cline,

And at their Loss, or at your Fate repine ;
And College-Wits no tuneful Notes express,
Are drunk in Faction, or unskill'd in Verse ;
I, who the *Levite* seldom did adore,
And scarce e'er knew a Priest I lov'd before,
Do to your Fame a juster Tribute bring,
At once the Prelate and his Vertues sing.

'Twas but of late my Warbling Lute I strung,
And mighty *Orange* in just Numbers sung ;
Did with the wondring World in Notes rejoice,
And prais'd our Maker's and the People's Choice.
Now the dear sweets of fresher Joys commence,
And for the Prelate we must bless the Prince.
Methinks the Vertue of our Land appears
After the Luxury of Thirty Years,
When close Opinions set the Prelate forth,
And 'twas his Faction rais'd him, not his Worth.
A juster Path our righteous Prince did tread,
Destin'd the Mitre for a nobler Head :
He shall unvanquish'd on the Plain command,
When such a Bishop does support his Hand :
Home from the Wars shall lasting Trophies bear,
For Heav'n will grant a righteous Prelate's Pray'r.

On you, Great Sir, our Pious Hopes depend,
Your Learning must our Rational Faith defend;
We fear no Fate, resolv'd to overcome
Beneath your Banner, who have conquer'd *Rome*.
Whilst mighty *William* draws his Shining Sword
To fight God's Battels, you maintain his Word;
He skill'd in War, with manly Prowess arm'd,
Has each good Man and every Nation charm'd;
Your Skill in Argument is not unknown,
Nor the great Feats your Artful Pen has done;
Altho Religion seem'd to bid adieu,
Its Resurrection we expect from you.
Religion first with dazling Rays did shine,
Her Shape was comely, and her Face divine;
Her Native Beauty each Admirer warm'd,
E'er Stains of Error had her Mien deform'd,
And Clouds of Ignorance, that Truth o'erspread,
Hover'd in gloomy Circles round her Head.
You are the Sun that must dispel these Mists,
Revive Religion, and reform our Priests;
Curb all our Vices, and impede their Growth,
So long debauch'd in Luxury and Sloth.
You are the *Moses* must our Factions quell,
And stop the murmuring of our *Israel*.
At your Advancement pious Souls rejoice,
No more the Monarch's than the People's Choice.
Before the King's Decree was fully known,
Methought each Look declar'd for *TILLOTSON*;
But when 'twas known, each Man his Joy exprest,
And thank'd the Monarch for so good a Priest.
Each distant Place receiv'd the joyful Sound,
Where the glad News a hearty Welcome found.
Tho different Sects too much infest our Land,
And with hot Zeal for either Party stand;
Tho the Devotes too mad and rigid are,
There ne'er appear'd a rash Dissenter here.

The Prelate all approve, the Man cares,;
 And for his Choice their rightful Monarch blefs.
 Let envious Priests your Glories strive to blast,
 Fixt as some Rock your Memory shall last.
 No stubborn *Levites* shall molest your Fame,
 But yours shall grow, as mighty *William's* Name.
 The stubborn *Levites* are our Land's Disgrace,
 A haughty, proud, and a contentions Race;
 Byas'd in Judgment, turbulent in Mind,
 No King can please, nor Acts of Grace can bind;
 Promote our Wars with vast Expence of Blood,
 Prefer their Humour to their Country's Good.
 If these reproach, the Venom of their Gall
 Beneath the weight of your Contempt must fall.
 All the Reproaches of the Wicked must
 Tend to the Praises of the Good and Just.
 Who knows the Vice to Envy does belong,
 Wou'd loath the Slanders of a railing Tongue:
 The Glory of your Vertue shines more bright,
 And scorns the Darknes of approaching Night:
 'Tis not the tainted Breath of envious Fame,
 Can blast the Beauties of your spotless Name;
 You need not value what the Gloomy say,
 The Clouds may darken, not obstruct the Day;
 The lofty Pine, with Head erect, does grow,
 Nor heeds the Motion of the Shrubs below.
 On in its course the constant Moon still jogs,
 Disdains the barking Neighbourhood of Dogs.
 When Vertue is oppos'd by vicious Might,
 It shews its Force, and shines with double Light:
 Vertue, like *Camomile* oppress'd, still lives,
 The more 'tis trod, the better Scent it gives.
 What tho you're hated and condemn'd by few,
 The Many to your Cause and Faith are true;
 In vain the Bad their weak disgust exprest,
 Since you are lov'd, supported by the best.

Scarce had our Royal Pair a greater Train,
To give the Scepter of a gentle Reign,
Than that the Prelate has so lately grac'd,
Who gave the Crosier, and the Miter plac'd;
The Nobler Throng led the Imperial way,
Scarce could *Maria's* Charms command their Stay;
To see the Rites perform'd they all resort,
Less'ning the Numbers of the crowded Court.

From ev'ry part the glad Admirers throng,
And bless the Prelate as they pass along.
Thus once the ransom'd People fill'd the Strand,
O'erspread the Beach, to see Great *Orange* land;
He brought ten thousand Blessings to the Shoar,
Great as the Miseries we felt before;
Remov'd our Scourges, and destroy'd our Rods,
And triumph'd o'er our Wooden Priests and Gods.
The joyful People soon his Praises sing,
With one united shout proclaim him King.
Scarce did they more rejoice to see the Crown
Plac'd on a Head was chosen by their own,
Than now they triumph when the Mitre's given
To one approv'd by People, Prince, and Heav'n.
But now, my Lord! the mighty Work is done,
And Heav'n with Blessings does the Action crown;
The joyful News fills every distant Plain,
And glads the Heart of every humble Swain.
We from your Learning do expect the Truth,
To help the Aged, and instruct the Youth;
And hope your good Example will afford
The same Success as mighty *William's* Sword;
Conquer the Lusts and Vices of the Age,
Allswage their Fury, and appease their Rage:
To stop a Torrent, when the Waves combine,
Requires a Courage and a Heat Divine:
To dare their Force, and with address withstand
The impious Fury of a Sinful Land:

Such mighty Actions never can be done,
 But by the Hands of such as *Tillotson* ;
 'Tis not an easy step to mount a Throne,
 And pull an old Imperious Tyrant down.
 Sin, like a Tyrant, with its Scepter reigns,
 And all the pious Strength of Man disdains ;
 A num'rous Train does to its Courts belong,
 Its Slaves are valiant and its Vot'ries strong :
 Just like a rightful Monarch it appears,
 And pleads Succession of some hundred Years ;
 Does for all Leudness and each Vice declare,
 And against Grace proclaims an open War ;
 All its strong holds with Art does fortify,
 And forms a Train of its Artillery,
 Of Lust, Ambition, and insatiate Pride,
 Of Malice and ten thousand Ills beside ;
 Longing for Death, and thirsting after Blood,
 And the Destruction of each thing that's Good.
 This is the Enemy, my Lord, you must
 Destroy, and lay its Honour in the Dust ;
 Retrieve the Praise of Thred-bare Vertue's Fame,
 And give't a glorious and immortal Name.
 'Tis true, the Business and the Work is hard,
 But great's your Help, and great is your Reward,
 The Mighty *William* did the Scepter sway,
 When Men were stubborn, and refus'd t'obey ;
 A Moody People in a Nation rul'd,
 Had been with Folly and with Leudness gull'd :
 So good, so mild, so gentle was his Sway,
 The Major Part soon learned to obey.
 Nor is the Hierarchy, where you command,
 Much less infested with the Sins o'th' Land ;
 Despotick Sway of late o'ercame the Law,
 And we the Ruin of our Freedoms saw :
 Then grave Divinity became a Cheat,
 And fell and dwindled to I know not what :

Some for Preferment had their Faith forgot,
 And gave their Hand to carry on the Plot;
 Some Braves indeed (and these were not a few)
 Kept to their Doctrines and their Country true,
 Oppos'd our Foes, and our Restorer serv'd,
 And never yet have from his Interest swerv'd.
 The Glory of our Faith you must retrieve,
 And a new Life must to Religion give,
 And make our Clergy good Examples live.
 Thus by your Sway we hope for better Times,
 Men shall hate Vice, and shall abandon Crimes;
 The Shame of Sinning shall its Use unlearn,
 And Men by Vertue shall their Worth discern:
 The Priests no longer shall be steep'd in Sloth,
 And 't shall be Scandal to refuse the Oath;
 Nor shall Opinion one another blame,
 The *Wolf* shall slumber with the tender *Lamb*;
 Our Tuneful Bards exalted Notes shall raise,
 And sing the Monarch's, and the Bishop's Praise.

*The Earth-quake of Jamaica, describ'd in
 a Pindarick Poem, 1692.*

By Mr. T U T C H I N.

I.

WELL may our Lives bear an uncertain Date;
 Disturb'd with Maladies within,
 Without by cross Events of Fate,
 The worst of Plagues on Mortals wait,
 Pride, Ignorance, and Sin.
 If our antient Mother Earth,
 Who gave us all untimely Birth,

Y 4

Sach

Such strong Hysterick Passion feels ;
 If Orbs are from their Axles torn,
 And Mountains into Valleys worn,
 All in a Moment's space ;
 Can Humane Race
 Stand on their Legs when Nature reels ?
 Unhappy Man ! in all things cross'd,
 On every giddy Wave of Fortune tofs'd :
 The only thing that aims at Sway,
 And yet capricious Fate must still obey ;
 Travels for Wealth to Foreign Lands, (Sands,
 O'er scorching Mountains, and o'er Desert
 Laden with Gold, when homeward bound,
 Is in one vast impetuous Billow drown'd :
 Or if he reaches to the Shoar,
 And there unlades his Oar,
 Builds Towns and Houses which may last and stand,
 Thinking no Wealth so sure as the firm Land ;
 Yet Fate the Animal does still pursue ; (too
 This slides from underneath his Feet, and leaves him

II.

Environ'd with Ten thousand Fears we live,
 For Fate do's seldom a just Warning give ;
 Quicker than Thought its dire Resolves are made,
 And swift as Lightning flies,
 Around the vast extended Skies :
 All things are by its Bolts in vast Confusion laid.
 Sometimes a flaming Comet does appear,
 Whose very Visage does pronounce
 Decay of Kingdoms, and the Fall of Crowns,
 Intestine War, or Pestilential Year ;
 Sometimes a Hurricane of Fate
 Does on some Great Man's Exit wait,
 A murder'd *Cornish*, or some *Hercules*,
 When from their Trunks Almighty *Jove*,
 Who breaks with Thunder weighty Clouds above,
 To honour these,

Large

Large Pines and Oaks does lop,
And in a Whirlwind lays 'em upon *Oeta's* Top.
E'er this vast Orb shall unto Chaos turn,
And with consuming Flames shall burn,
An Angel Trumpeter shall come,
Whose Noise shall shake the Massy Ground,
In one short Moment shall express
His Notes to the whole Universe ;
The very Dead shall hear his Sound,
And from their Graves repair
To the Impartial Bar ;
Those that have been in the deep Ocean drown'd,
Shall at his Call come to receive their Doom.

III.

But here, alas ! no Omens fly,
No secret Whisper of their Destiny
Was heard ; none cou'd divine
When Fate wou'd spring the Mine :
Safe and secure the Mortals go,
Not dreaming of a Hell below,
In the dark Caverns of the gloomy Earth,
Where suffocating Sulphur has its Birth,
And sparkling Nitre's made ;
Where *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* prove
The Thunderbolts they make for *Jove*,
Here *Aeolus* his Winds has laid,
Here is his Windy Palace, here 'tis said
His Race of little puffing Gods are bred,
Which serve for Bellows to blow up the Flame.
The dire Ingredients are in order plac'd,
Which must anon lay Towns and Cities waste.
Strait the black Engineer of Heaven came,
His Match a Sun-beam was,
He swift as Time unto the Train did pass,
It soon took Fire ; the Fire and Winds contend,
But both concur the Vaulted Earth to rend ;

It upwards rose, and then it downwards fell,
 Aiming at Heaven, it sunk to Hell :
 The Neighb'ring Seas now own no more
 The sturdy Bulwarks of the Shoar ;
 The gaping Earth and greedy Sea,
 Are both contending for the Prey ;
 Those whom the rav'nous Earth had ta'en
 Into her Bowels back again,
 Are wash't from thence by the insulting Main.

IV.

The Old and Young receive alike their Doom,
 The Cowards and the Brave
 Are buried in one Grave ;
 For Fate allows 'em all one Common Tomb,
 The Aged and the Wise
 Lose all their Reason in the great Surprise.
 They know not where to go,
 And yet they dare not stay,
 There's Fire and Smoak below,
 And the Earth gaping to receive the Prey,
 If to the Houses Top they crawl,
 These tumble too, and downwards fall :
 And if they fly into the Street,
 There grizly Death they meet ;
 All in a hurry die away,
 The Wicked had not time to pray.
 The Soldier once cou'd teach grim Death to kill,
 In vain is all his Skill,
 In vain he brandisheth his Steel :
 No more the Art of War must teach,
 But lies Fate's Trophy underneath the Breach :
 The good Companions now no more carouse,
 They share the Fate of the declining House,
 Healths to their Friends their Bumpers
 (crown'd :
 But while they put the Glasses round,
 Death steps between the Cup and Lip,
 Nor would it let 'em take one parting Sip.

V.

The Mine is sprung, and a large Breach is made;
Whereat strong Troops of Warring Seas invade;
These overflow;
Where Houses stood, and Grass did grow,
All sorts of Fish resort:
They had Dominions large enough before,
But now unbounded by the Shoar,
They o'er the Tops of Houses sport:
The watry Fry their Legions do extend,
And for the new slain Prey contend;
Within the Houses now they roam,
Into their Foe, the very Kitchen, come.
One does the Chimney-hearth assail,
Another flaps the Kettle with his slimy Tail.
No Image there of Death is seen,
No Cook-maid does obstruct their Sway,
They have entirely got the Day.
Those who have once devour'd been
By Mankind, now on Man do feed:
Thus Fate decides, and steps between,
And sometimes gives the Slave the Victor's Meed.
The beauteous Virgins whom the Gods might love,
Cou'd not the Curse of Heav'n remove;
Their Goodness might for Crimes atone,
Inexorable Death spares none.
Their tender Flesh lately so plump and good,
Is now made Fishes and Sea-monsters Food;
In vain they cry,
Heav'n is grown deaf, and no Petition hears,
Their Sighs are answer'd like their Lovers Pray'rs,
They in the Universal Ruin lie.

VI.

Nor is inexorable Fate content
To ruine one poor Town alone;
More Mischief by the Blow is done:
Death's on a farther Message sent.

When

When Fate a Garifon does sack,
 The very Suburbs do partake
 Of Martial Law,
 Its Forces draw

To every Mountain, Field and Wood ;
 They ravage all the Neighborhood.
 Worse than the weak Assaults of Steel,
 Its Instruments of Death all Places feel.
 They undiscover'd, like fell Poison kill,
 Its Warriors fierce,

The Earth, the Air, and Men do pierce ;
 And mounted, fight upon the winged Winds.
 Here a great Mountain in a Valley's thrown,
 And there a Valley to a Mountain grown.
 The very Breath of an incensed God
 Makes even proud *Olympus* nod.
 Chang'd is the Beauty of the fruitful Isle,
 And its fair Woods lop'd for its Funeral Pile,
 The moving Earth forms it self into Waves,
 And curls its Surface like the rolling Seas ;
 Whilst Man (that little thing) so vainly Raves,
 Nothing but Heaven can its own Wrath appease.

VII.

But Fate at length thought fit to leave its Toil,
 And greedy Death was glutted with the Spoil.
 As weary Soldiers having try'd their Steel,
 Half drown'd with Blood, do then desist to kill,
 More Ruin wou'd a second Deluge make,
 Blot out the Name of the unhappy Isle,
 It fares with her, as when in Martial Field,
 Resolv'd and Brave, and loth to yield,
 Two numerous Armies do contend,
 And with repeated Shouts the Air do rend.
 Whilst the affrighted Earth does shake,
 Some large Battalions are entirely lost,
 And warring Squadrons from the mighty Host :

Here by a Shot does fall
Some Potent General ;
And near to him

Another loses but a Limb.

Part of the Island was a Prey to Fate,
And all the rest do's but prolong its Date,
'Till injur'd Heaven finds
Its Bolts a Terror strike on Human Minds ;
Sure we may hope the Sinners there repent,
Since it has made their leudest Priest relent.

*Midsummer-Moon : or the Livery-Man's
Complaint, 1682.*

I Cannot bold, bot struggling Rage aspires,
And crouds my free-born Breast with noble Fires.
Whilst prudent Fools squeak Treason thro the Nose,
And whine a quivering Vote in sneaking Prose,
My Muse soars out of reach, and dares despise
What e'er below attempts to tyrannize.
Tho I by some base Nero should be clad
In such a Gown as the old Christians had,
In Clouds of Satyr up to Heav'n I'de roll ;
For he could burn my Shell, but not my Soul.
Tho Nature her auspicious Aid refuse,
Revenge and Anger shall inspire my Muse :
Nature has giv'n me a complaining part,
And bleeding England a resenting Heart.

Let creeping Play'rs, whose pliant Fancies can
Sneak to the Devil, and call him Gentleman ;
How long has Northern Air so Sovereign been
To purge the Plot, and sanctify a Sin ?

'Tis

'Tis well for *England*, if at last it find
 The *Traitor's* Noxious Humours left behind,
 Which long have been fomented by the Spoil
 Of that old-fashion'd honest Fool *Argyle*,
 Who lost a noble Fortune, on pretence
 Of a fond thing the Whigs call *Conscience*.
 His Fall, and *Tbynn's*, if rightly understood,
 Were only doom'd to flesh the Hounds in Blood;
 The Way's chalkt out, tho Fear retard the Blow,
 'Tis plain, that once a Rogue and ever so.
 Treason's the Gangrene of a mounting Soul,
 Which, if not soon cut off, infects the Whole.
 Tho Heav'n in Anger sometimes may relieve,
 Pardons still do not follow a Reprieve.
 Not fell *Charibdis*, *Godwins*, and the *Ore*,
 If Fate ordain't, shall keep a Prince from Shoar;
 Since he that would by *Brother's Blood* be crown'd,
 Shall (tho in Egg-shell Frigat) ne'er be drown'd.
 Which stockt *Seraglio's*, and rich Grand *Viziers*,
 Th' industrious *Tory* truck for Officers.
 In sober sadness, Sirs, how goes the Price?
 Are *Sheriff's* lately grown good Merchandize?
 Sure, Brethren, we may fear the Cause is low,
 When you for Cordials unto *Turkey* go:
 When nothing else the desperate Game retrieves,
 You'l chuse the City Circumcised Shrieves:
 To whom, if you would take Advice from me,
 Good Father *Elliot* should a Chaplain be.
 Some *Mufties* too you might have wasted o're,
 But that with B—ps we were stockt before,
 High rampant, swearing B—ps, tite and true,
 Brisk B—ps, who have their *Seraglioes* too;
 Who'll bid, e'er Ghostly Codpiece find rebuke,
 Two hundred pounds a Year above a Duke;
 Who, if their Piety were open set,
 Are verier *Turks* than Bishop *Mabomet*:

Who arm'd with Sword for Pen, and Male for Gown,
With cogent Blows knock reeling Error down.
Had you some Aids of *Janizaries* got,
Or some bold Troops from the *Timariot*,
These better would have merited Rewards,
Than all your Ruby-nos'd and Whoring Guards;
Who tho to fight they could not find a Heart,
Most nobly would discharge the plundering Part.
Then we shall get as Loyal Sheriffs, when
The Lousy Regiments are Livery-men.

Now you by Law may freely take a Purse,
For one upon the Bench will vouch it, Sirs.
Claw me, and I'll claw thee; what, he's his Brother!
And one Good-turn, ye know, deserves another:
For that old Fox most prudently decreed
To get a pow'rful Friend in time of need;
That when he *Newgate* Fate approaching sees,
He may perswade him to refund his Fees;
Or, if they cannot here securely trade,
Sneak back with him, and turn a *Renegade*.

Poor *Tories*! have you none but him in store,
Who's now been *thum'b* so oft he'll hold no more?
Can you provide no better Partner than
An Unbeliever for a Mussulman?
Those are but mungrel *Turks* (to tell you true)
Who love not *Christian* better than a *Jew*;
And, if they will not take a Friend's Advice,
Shall ne'er come into *Mabomet's* Paradise.

Degenerate *London*! Slave to Mighty Pelf!
Degenerate *London*! Stranger to thy Self!
Are these thy Senators? thy Fathers sage?
Sure, if they are, they dote with Gold and Age.
There was, alas! there was a time when we
Esteem'd our Lives below our Liberty;
When, if our dying Country we could save,
We'd sung on Tombs, & triumph'd on the Grave.

Joyfully

Joyfully fal'n on her beloved Face,
 And perish'd in our Mother's dear Imbrace:
 That nobler Ardour long ago is fled ;
 The Slaves are living, and the Heroes dead.
 We peep into the Hall, and whoop, and then,
 Fools as we went, like Fools come back agen :
 For Shrieves, like Larks in falling Skies, we gape,
 And dance Attendance on the Courtier's Ape,
 Who (poor good-natur'd Soul) can neither have
 Honesty for the Fool, nor Wit for Knave.
 He's a strange piece of Linfy-Woolfy Ware,
 Just such another thing as B—ps are.

When he on lofty Ten-toes did advance,
 And thro the Streets on foot-back proudly prance,
 Circled around by all the ragged Ront,
 Who loud Huzza's, and, *Bless your Lordship*, shout ;
 Absent from J—s, H—x, and all
 That in his Ears for ever buz and bawl ;
 Then he his Loyal Carcase did undress,
 And unto Ghostly Mother thus confess:

The Work is done, I ought to swear 'em too ;
 But, O ! I shall be chidden if I do.
 Some-body terrifies me twice and once,
 And frights me with *Raw-head and Bloody-bones*.
 But if I'm good, he calls me *Love* and *Joy*,
 And tells me, *There's my dainty Golden Boy!*
 Gives me a Pipe and Cart to truckle in,
 And strokes my Head, and chucks me under Chin ;
 And also promis'd the next time he comes,
 To bring his Pocket full of Sugar-Plumbs.
 Nay, once in Verity he past his Word,
 To make my Honourable Knaveship, Lord ;
 Spight of my Teeth, he made me Truant play,
 And to *White-Hall* kidnap'd my Lord away ;
 There such paw Words so terribly he fed,
 As with strange Proclamations fill'd my Head ;

I'll imitate great *Lucifer*, and be
 A Tyrant far more absolute than he,
 Who never could a Common-Council call,
 Nor domineer like me in Heaven's *Guild-Hall* ;
 Nor yet in the *Crown-Office* put the Stars,
 Nor Angels prosecute for Rioters.
 Well, if at last I find the House too hot,
 And Master J — ry needs must go to pot,
 Worst come to th' worst, it only shall be said,
 I wisely hang'd my self, to save my Head.

Thus said, on gilded Couches sinking down,
 Sleep seiz'd his Corps, and laid his empty Crown:
 Thro all the tedious Hours of baleful Night,
 Guilt gnaws his Soul with many a gasty Spright:
 Disloyal *Morpheus* did at first present
 The horrid Spectre of a *Parliament* ;
 Five hundred Heads adorn its mighty Chest,
 Millions of Noble Hearts inform the Breast ;
 Millions of Hands defend the Sacred Throne,
 Bravely resolv'd to make its Grave their own :
 Poor He at their Tribunal quivering stood,
 Guilt lockt his Veins, and Fear congeal'd his Blood ;
 But what was done or said by him, or these,
 I can not tell you till their Masters please.

The next that gave his Memory a rub,
 Were Two produc'd in *City Sweating-Tub*,
 Who that they might appear for *North* and *Box*,
 Were us'd like rotten Courtiers with a *P-x* ;
 Within his *Bannjo* they were forc'd to stay,
 Till choak'd with heat, their Souls did melt away ;
 Bequeathing him the Peoples weighty Hate,
 Sure *Omch* of a far severer Fate.

The next that discompos'd his Lordship's Naps,
 Was a whole show'r of dreadful Shoulder-Claps ;
 Action they still a top of Action pack,
 Almost enough to break a Camel's Back ;

Hundreds of thousand Pounds ! St. J—s defend us,
 Or these unconscionable *Whigs* will end us :
 So great a noise these Counter-Devils did keep,
 As fright his doughty Lordship out of sleep :
 For a Court-Journey he again provides,
 Saddles his Cane, and then gets up and rides,
 To the *Cabal* he hastily does go,
 Still crying *Westminster* and *Lambeth*, *boa*.
 What there he did, *Fanaticks* must not tell :
 But if you'd know, pray ask Sir *Lionel*.

Room for the Chap-faln *Mouth*, or else'twill swear
 By all the *Aps* from *Saint Cadwallader*,
Prute's hur creat Cranfather, if hur enquire,
 And *Adam's* Cranfather was *Prutus* Sire.
 Famous *ap Shenkin* was hur elder Prother,
 Some *Caledonian Sycorax* hur Mother,
 Or some she-Deel more damn'd than all the rest;
 At their black Feast hur lustful Sire comprest ;
 Thence this incarnate *Cacodæmon* rose,
 Whose very Face his Parents Image shows :
 His Shape was all inhuman, and uncouth,
 But yet he's chiefly Devil about the *Mouth*.
 With care they nurs'd the Brat, for fear it shou'd
 Grow tame, and so degen'rate into good ;
 With *City Charters* him they wrapt about,
 And *Acts of Parliament* for Swadling-Clout.
 As he grew up, he won a Noble Fame,
 Well worthy of the Brood from whence he came ;
 Cherishing Spite, and hugging Discord fell,
 He was the best-beloved Brat of Hell.
 Oft with Success this *Mighty Blast* did bawl,
 Where loudest Lungs and longest Swords win all ;
 And still his clenched Arguments did end
 With that home thrust, *He is not Caesar's Friend*.
 Sometimes, that jaded Ears he might release,
 Good Man ! he has been *see'd* to hold his Peace.

Hear

Hear him, but never see him, and you'd swear
He was the *Cryer*, not the *Counsellor*.

He roars, as if he only chanc'd to find
Justice was now grown deaf as well as blind.

This demy Fiend, this *Hurricane* of Man,
Must shatter *London's* Glory (*if he can?*)

This Engineer must with his *forked Crown*
For *Battering Ram*, beat all her Bulwarks down.

And him our prudent *Prætor* wisely chose
To splutter Law, and the din'd Rabble pose;

They have a thousand Tongues; yet he can roar
Far louder, tho they had a thousand more.

Unto long-winded *Cook* he scorns to go,

But pleads, *His Majesty will have it so*.

Counsel alone, for such a Client fit,

As fam'd for *Honesty* as he for *Wit*.

Well, quoth Sir G. the *Whigs* may think me rude,
Or brand me guilty of *Ingratitude*;

At my *Preferment* they (poor Fools) may grudge;

And think me fit for *Hangman*, more than *Judge*;

But tho they fret, and bite their Nails, and bawl,

I'll slight them, and go kiss dear *Nelly Wall*.

Dalila is to Court return'd, and I,

Blest with her Influence, all the World defy;

I'm made, whilst *Sampson* wantons in her Lap:

Such Favorites are Wh--s, so charming is a Clap.

But hold! what makes the gaping *Many* run?

Is *France* defeated? or, is *Rome* undone?

Is *Portsmouth* Nun, or *Kate* a Mother grown?

Will conscientious *Comyn* swear for none?

Have Poets quite forgot to smooth, and glose;

And lead admiring Cullies by the Nose?

Have we a War with *Monsieur*, Peace with *Spain*;

Or, have we got a Parliament again?

All in good time, when Heav'n & *Charles* shall please:

But 'tis a Wonder greater far than these:

Were not our Shreeves the greatest Sots alive,
 To question my Lord Mayor's Prerogative,
 Who is (if all that *Tories* say be true)
 The wisest Lord that ever *London* knew ?
 And aided by some musty Laws, dispute
 With him that is, or would be, *Absolute*.
 Tho that's (if due to one) to One alone,
 Unless the *Hustings* could commence a Throne!
 Rave whilst they will, he'll make the City stay ;
 Because 'tis Great and Lordly to Delay.
 Our Pleasure is, that you no longer sit,
 But go, and meet again when We think fit.
 When Will and Pleasure could not ought prevail,
 Away he trots to tell the woful Tale.
 On Marrow-bones he sadly begs for pity ;
Pray, Sir ! I can't be quiet for the City.
 They hunch, and punch, and hit me many a Pat,
 And throw one down, and dirt one's *Bever-Hat*.
 Th' uncomplaisant *Phanaticks* neither care
 For sage Sir *J--n*, nor *L.* nor *M--r*, nor *M-a-r*.
 Wo to the naughty Boy that's such a noddy,
 T' abuse him who says nothing to no body.
 The *Shreeves* must come, and in one live-long hour,
Presto, they'r conjur'd into' enchanted *Tower* :
 But four small Devils did hoist 'em on their backs ;
 Behold the Policy of *Hallifax* :
 Who makes the Protestants Devotion thus,
 From *Hell*, and *Hull*, and *Him*, deliver us.
 That Sham won't take, Sir ; for what e'er you do,
 We know our Strength, but know our Duty too.
 At these fine little Tricks of State we laugh ;
 For such old Birds are seldom caught with Chaff.
 Yet tho whole droves of Locusts you provide,
 With ten and twenty Regiments beside ;
 Tho they shou'd batter down our Towers & Walls
 (As once before) with *Teuxbury* Mustard Balls ;

We've

We've Noble Hearts dare leap into a Flame,
 With a bold Traitor's Blood to quench the same,
 With parting Breath curse all the Friends to *Rome*,
 And in some Temple's Ruins find a Tomb.

Nor you Familiars shall forgotten be,
 Altho unworthy of my Verse and Me;
 You who that Honourable Fool command,
 And finely manage him by slight of hand.
Billy look to't, e'er Parliament come on
 Let you and Neighbour *Jemmy* get you gon.
 Rouse up ye *Tories* of the Faction's Age,
 Implicit Clappers to the Bawdy Stage:
Du--b's an Ass to think these mighty Men
 Would take such store of pains for Nine or Ten;
 When your dear Patrons to Preferment rise,
Moloch must have a larger Sacrifice;
 Hundreds of *Hecatombs* shall grace his Shrine,
 Whilst you huzza in Blood instead of Wine;
 Whilst from their holes the *Waspsish Whigs* you burn,
 And every Sign-post to a Gibbet burn.
 Degenerate *Albion*! Ah! is this thy Son?
 This thy degenerate Off-spring, *Albion*!
 Canst thou without a Cloud of Blushes see
 The Follies of thy spurious Progeny?
 Is not the Man a *Hero*, bold and brave,
 That damns his Race, & dooms his Grandchild *Slave*?
 Does not our Loyal Lord deserve to pass,
 For what he is indeed, a Loyal Ass?
 Are not our dearest Friends, the plodding *Whigs*,
 Old Dogs at Politicks and State-Intrigues,
 Who split again upon the self-same Shelves,
 And sweat to twist a Rope to hang themselves?
 One would have thought the Port wherewith he
 (goes,
 And Chain and all, enough to fright his Foes!
 'Tis true, he scorns to fear, or take Affront,
 But looks as big as *Bully Rodomont*.

For who the Valour and the Force can tell,
 That waits upon the Name of *Colonel* ?
 But yet to curb *Fanaticks* Discontent,
 Guards must be drawn up ready to present ;
 Yet tho he's so courageous, he's so wise,
 That none but Friends know where his Valour lies,
 Poor Soul-less thing ! alike-contemn'd and curst,
 By some Court-sneaking Devil inform'd at first,
 Under what sickly Planet wer't thou born,
 Doom'd at thy Birth thy Nation's Plague and Scorn ?
 Did sullen *Saturn* rule the sooty Sky,
 Or frowning *Mars* his Car run rumbling by ?
 No Manlike Power would then vouchsafe to sway,
 Some Woman-God usurp'd th'unlucky Day ;
 Unconstant *Luna's* Force did then prevail
 In close Conjunction with the *Dragon's* Tail.
 Poor Soul-less thing ! thee cross-grain'd Nature gave,
 To make the Land a *Scourge*, the Court a *Slave* ;
 Thy Country's *Bane*, the States-man's *Wooden-Tool*,
More Fool than Knave, and yet *more Knave* than Fool,
 Like farting *Pythia*, thou art nothing else
 But a mere Trunk to Satan's Oracles :
 Still mayst thou live, but live in fear and pain,
 And live to see a *Parliament* again.

Ah, too too happy *London* ! didst thou know,
 And blest the Arm Divine that made thee so ;
 Planted by Heav'n in a Luxuriant Soil,
 The Paradise of all this fruitful Isle ;
 With Air-invading Turrets proudly crown'd,
 With *Thames's* ouzy Arms begirt around,
 With Silver *Thames*, who smooths his Aged Face
 When hasting to his Darling's dear Embrace ;
 Bearing the Traffick of the home-spun West,
 As a Love-token to adorn her Breast.
 On his proud Neck he takes the irksome Chain,
 And still rolls back to kiss her Shores again ;

Indulgent Mothers so, long Tales will tell,
And give their parting Sons a long Farewel !
The gentle *Naiads* for her Sight prepare,
And in their Chrystal Mirrour curl their Hair ;
Their purling Streams, and bubbling Rills advance,
And round the Sedges deckt with Ofsers dance.
Their Brooks and Ponds of skaly Subjects drain,
For Presents to enrich their Sovereign ;
The stately *Nereids* with the swelling Tide,
Rich Freights from all the Universe provide,
Whate'er of Rarities the East can shew,
With all the glittering Intrails of *Peru* ;
Cargoes of Myrrh and Frankincense they bring,
And Pearls and Diamonds for an Offering :
And when a Storm is rais'd, to make their Peace,
E'en their own Corals and their Ambergrease :
Nor yet this Cabinet, tho bright, had been
Admir'd, but for the nobler Gems within ;
Not all the *Indies* Charms enough can find
To please and satisfy a Vertuous Mind.
For Wealth without our Liberties would be
But painted Chains, and gilded Slavery ;
To make her Happiness compleat and whole,
The Gods inspir'd her with a generous Soul ;
Her Free-born Off-spring still was great and brave,
Too low for *Rebel*, but too high for *Slave* ;
Who both of *Right* and *Duty* sense did feel,
And could Bow low, but rather burst than Kneel.
Amongst this purer Wheat some Tares did breed,
Some Cockle, and encroaching Darnel Seed ;
A vip'rous Brood, who smiling Poison give
To those indulgent Friends who made 'em live ;
Cut out for *France*, or some ignobler Place,
Where Tyrants Chains are counted no disgrace.
Nature found Stuff for Men, and wrought it right,
But Heaven denies to give a Human Sprite.

Some Sparks of Fire she like *Prometheus* stole,
 And wanting better, gave a Chicken's Soul ;
 Or what did by late Transmigration pass
 From some contented Slave, or golden Ass.
 These (*Bleeding London*) all thy Bliss destroy,
 These stab thy Hopes, and murder all thy Joy:
 These not content with what themselves could do,
 To please the Devil, would damn their Neigh-
 (bours too.

But thou (*great Charles!*) whose glorious Wain does
 Round our Horizon, next to none but *Jove*, (rove
 With Royal Goodness hear their humble Suit,
 Whofain would love thee, if thou'dst let *them* do't ;
 I beg no Favour, I expect no Bays, (Praise ;
 Bare Truth gets Frowns, gilt Lyes have Coin and
 Could I the Art of thy great Laureat win,
 To wash a *Moor*, or blanch a blacker Sin,
 Then might I nobly swear and whore in State,
 And e'en bid fair for Wealth in spite of Fate ;
 But tho my thredbare Muse would fain be trying,
 Yet all, like him, have not the Gift of Lying.

Oh, hear thy bleeding Subjects Groans & Sighs,
 If not their Tongues, yet hear their flowing Eyes ;
 Pity their too well-grounded Grievs and Fears,
 Mov'd by the silent Rhetorick of their Tears :
 O let the charming Devil tempt on in vain,
 Appear thy self, and break th'ignoble Chain ;
 Shake the Court Ear-wiggs from thy pester'd
 (Throne,

Shake off thy little Kings, and reign alone :
 So mayst thou see thy Flatterers fall, and see
 Those that are Friends to Law are Friends to thee ;
 So mayst thou bring poor *England* glad Relief,
 To right her Wrongs, and banish all her Grief :
 Till crown'd with Suns and Beams of peaceful
 Attendent Angels thee to Bliss convey ; (Day,

Thither

Thither tho late (late let it be) remove,
 And change this Diadem for one more bright above.
 May thy surviving Image ever be
 (If possible) as much belov'd as Thee.
 May After-ages his great Sons admire,
 For *England's* Darlings and the World's Desire ;
 For sworn eternal Foes to *France* and *Rome*,
 In a long, long Succession down to th'day of Doom.

A SATYR against Brandy. Written by
Jo. Hains, as he saith himself, 1683.

Farewel damn'd *Stygian* Juice, who dost bewitch
 From the Court Baud, down to the Country
 (Bitch :

Thou liquid Flame, by whom each fiery Face
 Lives without Meat, and blushes without Grace:
 Sink to your native Hell, and mend the Fire,
 Or, if you rather chuse to settle nigher,
 Return to the dull Clime from whence you came,
 Where Wit and Courage may require your Flame,
 Where they carouze in your *Vesuvian* Bowls,
 To crust the Quagmire of their spongy Souls.

Had *Dives* for thy scorching Moisture cry'd,
Abr'am in Mercy had his suit deny'd :
 Or *Bonner* known thy Force ; the Martyr's Blood
 Had kiss'd in thee and sav'd the Nation's Wood.
 Essence of Embers, Scum of melting Flint,
 With all the Native Sparkles floating in't.
 Sure the black Chymist with the Cloven Foot,
 All *Aetna's* Simples in his Limbeck put,
 And double still'd, nay quintessenc'd thy Juice,
 To charcoal Mortals for his future use,

Fire.

Fire-ship to Nature, who dost doubly wound,
For those that grapple thee, are burnt and drown'd.

As when Heav'n press'd th' Auxiliaries of Hell,
A flaming Storm on cursed *Sodom* fell;
And when its single Plagues could not prevail,
Egypt was scal'd with kindled Rain and Hail:
So Nature's Fends are reconcil'd in Thee,
Thou two great Judgments in Epitomy:
God's past and future Anger breathes in you,
A Deluge and a Conflagration too.

View yonder Sot (I don't mean Sheriff *Sb—te*)
Grilly'd all o'er by thee from Head to Foot:
His drousy Eyelids shoar'd above their pitch,
His Cheeks with Carbuncles and Rubies rich;
His Scull instead of Brains supply'd with Cinder,
His Nose turns all his Handkerchiefs to Tinder:
He breathes like a Smith's Forge, and wets the Fire,
Not to allay the Flame, but raise it higher:
His trembling Hands scarce heave the Liquor in,
His Nerves all crackle in his Parchment Skin;
His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his Food;
His Liver even vitrifies his Blood;
His Guts from Nature's Drudgery are freed,
And in his Bowels *Salamanders* breed.
He's grown too hot to think, too dull to laugh,
And steps as if he walk'd with *Pindar's* Staff.
The moving Glass-house lightens with his Eyes,
Singes his Clothes, and all his Marrow fries;
Glows for a while, and then in Ashes dies.
Thus like a sham *Prometheus*, we find
Thou steal'st a Fire from Hell to kill Mankind.

But hold—lest we the Saints dire Anger merit,
By stinting their Auxiliary Spirit:
We hear of late, whate'er the wicked think,
Thou art reform'd and turn'd a Godly Drink;
And doubtless thou'rt con-natural to them,
For both thy Spirit and theirs abound in Phlegm;

Ere

'Ere since the Publick Faith for Plate did wimble,
And sanctify'd thy Gill with *Hannab's* Thimble :
Thou left'st thy old bad Company of Vermin,
The drunken Porters, and the swearing Carmen,
And the leud Drivers of the Hackny Coaches,
And now tak'st up with sage discreet Debauches :
Thou freely drop'st upon Gold Chains and Fur,
And Sots of Quality thy Minions are.

No more shalt thou foment an Ale-house Brawl,
But the more sober Riots at *Guild-hall*,
Where, by thy Spirit's fallible Direction,
The Reprobates stood polling for Election.

If this Trade holds, what will the Wicked do ?
The Saints sequester e'en their Vices too :
For since the Art of Whoring's grown precise,
And Perjury hath got demurer Eyes ;
'Tis time, high time to circumcise the Gill,
And not let Drinking be *Philistian* still.

Go then, thou Emblem of their torrid Zeal,
Add Flame to Flame, and their stiff Tempers neal, }
Till they grow ductile to the Publick Weal. }
And since the Godly have espous'd thy Cause,
Don't fill their Heads with Liberties and Laws,
Religion, Privilege, and lawless Charters, }
Mind them of *Falstaff's* Heir apparent Garters, }
And keep their outward Man from *Ketches* Quarters. }

One Caution more (now we are out of hearing)
Many have died of Drinking, some of Swearing ;
If these two Pests should in Conjunction meet,
The Grass wou'd quickly grow in every Street :
Save thou the Nation from that double Blow,
And keep thy Fire from *Salamanca* TO.

The Grove: Or, the Rival Muses, 1701.

DIVINE *Thalia*! Charmer of my Breast,
 To whom I fly, when with rude Cares oppress:
 Thou only vernal Virgin of the Nine,
 Who mak'st the Spring with blooming Glories shine;
 And pleas'd with Gardens and a silent Grove,
 Inspir'st the Swains with Gaity and Love.
 Renew thy Favours, teach me to relate (Hate;
 The Shepherd's Love, the Nymph's dissembled
 How he and *Cycnus* by the Moon's pale Light,
 With rival Songs, beguil'd the passing Night:
 And with what Joy the Youth forsook the Shade,
 And ran t' embrace the dear relenting Maid.
 His yearly Race bright *Phæbus* thrice had run,
 And now again the radiant Course begun,
 Since Love-lick *Theron* turn'd a Shepherd Swain,
 To feed a Flock, and play a rural Strain.
 To higher Notes at first his Harp he strung,
 And of immortal Gods and Heroes sung:
 Till in a swift pursuit of Love, and Fame,
 A fond Endeavour, and a hapless Flame!
 In thought secure (hard Fate!) he chanc'd to find
 The Town, and *Celia* both at once unkind.
 One sooth'd him on with hopes of coming Joys,
 The other bid him snatch the falling Bays:
 But soon the false, inconstant Wheel was turn'd;
 He saw his Verses damn'd, his Passion scorp'd.
 Then in a Rage th' ingrateful Town forsook,
 With many a Sigh, and many a parting Look,
 And to the Shades his mourning Muse convey'd,
 To weep his Fate, and curse the cruel Maid.

Where

Where now in unmolested Peace he reigns
 Th' unrival'd Prince of all the tuneful Swains;
 To him, and *Pan* they consecrate the Plains.
 No beauteous Virgin, that is us'd to wield
 The harmless Crook, and trace the dewy Field,
 But will for *Theron* weave a flow'ry Crown,
 And sighing wish the Shepherd were her own.
 No Swain so rude, but bows at *Theron's* Name,
 Proclaims his wondrous Worth, and sings his happy
 (Fame.

This *Cycnus* heard ; whose Muse in Buskins sings
 The Fall of Empires, and the Fate of Kings:
 Or lashes, with a sharp Satyrick Rage,
 The Follies of a leud, degenerous Age.
 He heard, he saw, he read with wondring Eyes
 The happy Strains, and own'd a vast Surprize.
 So soft, so moving, yet so full of Fire ;
 Made Envy's self his matchless Skill admire.
 Yet nought the unbelieving Bard cou'd move,
 To think such Verse the product of a Grove.
 Till urg'd with Envy of another's Fame,
 From noisy Streets, to silent Shades, he came ;
 To see the Youth that sung such tender Lays,
 And try who best deserv'd a Crown of Bays,
 To tempt from Solitude the careful Swain,
 And with kind Tidings end his growing Pain.

Tall Shadows now from distant Mountains fell,
 Each Swain his Cot, each Hermit sought his Cell:
 But *Theron* to a lonely Grove repairs,
 To mourn his Love, and sing away his Cares ;
 There, every Night, when silence fill'd the Woods,
 And brooding Darkness o'er the Fields and Floods
 Had spread her sable Wings ; the pensive Swain
 Wou'd sit, and weep, and of the Stars complain,
 And *Celia*, cruel *Celia* cry, in vain.

But now the rising Moon with Silver Light,
 Began to paint the dusky Face of Night,

And

And o'er the Meads her Lucid Beams advance;
 Where mimick Elves in antick Figures dance.
 When *Cycnus* list'ning travers'd o'er the Grove,
 And heard the Shepherd thus complain of Love:
 Ah cruel Moon! (the mournful Youth begun)
 To me unwelcome, as thy Brother Sun:
 On happier Lovers spread thy silent Beams,
 That kiss in Shades, or walk by warbling Streams.
 They may rejoice, and bless thee for thy Light,
 But let my Woes, and me be hid in Night:
 Darkness, Oblivion, everlasting Shades, (vades!
 Where no bright Glimpse the dreary Gloom in-
 (If such a Place there be) that Place I crave,
 As dismal as my Thoughts, and silent as the Grave:

Ah *Celia*, fair, unkind! Didst thou but know
 How full of Pain I live, how fraught with Woe;
 (If ought a Heart of Adamant can move)
 Thou need'st must pity, tho thou can'st not love.
 Here all the Night, about the Shades I rove,
 And all my Tale is *Celia*, Fate, and Love.
 Or else upon some rising Hillock lie,
 Sigh, languish, weep, and wish I could but die.
 Hills, Groves, and Woods are conscious of my Flame;
 And every Tree bears cruel *Celia*'s Name.
 Poor *Philomel* sometimes affords Relief,

And in a kind Condolance soothes my Grief:
 She's with my Cares so well acquainted-grown;
 She sings my Wrongs and, quite forgets her own.

But all in vain: My Sorrows will not cease,
 Till *Celia*'s Voice shall hush my Soul to peace;
 From her alone a Cure I must obtain,
 She gave the Wound, and must relieve the Pain.
 If not, I'm in Despair and Anguish lost,
 And soon shall be a wandering, weeping Ghost.
 Dear charming Tyrant, let my Tears prevail,
 (Nought can succeed, if these last Tears should

(fall.)
 Leave,

Leave, leave the Town, and to these Shades repair;
These Shades will yield a softer, sweeter Air.

Here, free from Business in a calm Retreat,
Delightful as the Muses sacred Seat,
In charming Grotts, green Fields, and shady Bowers,
We'll sweetly pass the gay, the smiling Hours:

Here, like the Mortals of the golden Age,
Secure from Envy, Treach'ry, Lust, and Rage:

How happy, more than happy! should we be,
Would'st thou but come, and love, and live with.

But if at last your Pity you deny, (me?
And I (in spite of all my Tears) must die:

Yet let poor *Theron*, e'er his Soul depart,
Once more behold those Eyes which fir'd his Heart;

Grant me once more to view thy charming Face,
Snatch one dear Kiss, and steal a short Embrace.

I'll not offend thee by too long a stay,
But press my Love, my last soft Homage pay;

For *Charon* waits to waft my sighing Soul away.

This, and much more the pensive Shepherd sung,
Till Grief o'erwhelm'd his Voice, and stopt his
(Tongue;

And *Cycnus* now convinc'd, that *Theron's* Name
Had well deserv'd the best, and noblest Fame;

Gently advanc'd, and to the Shepherd came.
Where thus he spoke, and seem'd to mourn his Fate:

Ah happy Swain, wer't not for *Celia's* Hate!
'Tis strange, fond Youth, she can resist so long

The powerful Charms of your enchanting Song;
So well you sing, so well complain of Love,

Your Verse might Passion in a Statue move,
Calm a rude Tempest, still the raging Wind,

Stop rapid Streams, or make a Monster kind:
Sure she's no Woman, or in Deserts nurs'd,

With blood of Panthers quench'd her Infant Thirst;
Stupid and wild as they; the Savage Bowl

Drown'd all the Softness of the human Soul;
For

For were there but one Spark of Native Fire,
 Soft *Tberon's* sighing Lays would fan Desire;
 Melt the coy Nymph, till she her Love confess;
 And breath'd her Passion on his Joyful Breast.
 But she who stands unmov'd at *Tberon's* Charms,
 Must be unworthy of his blissful Arms.
 Let me advise, come leave the lonely Grove,
 And strive to cancel this unhappy Love.
 Not here in Shades indulge the darling Grief;
 Silence augments your Pain, not yields Relief.
 Return, return, and all your Cares forget,
 And former Pleasures with fresh Gust repeat.
 Our crouded Town more pleasant Objects yields;
 Than either Groves, or Streams, or Woods, or Fields.
 You may be happy there, you there may find
 Your Stars indulgent and a Mistress kind.
 And yielding Fame no more your Arms will shun;
 But give the Crown which you so justly won.
 Return, return, great *William's* Deeds rehearse;
 And sing his Battels in Immortal Verse.
 Tell, how the Seas he in loud Tempests crost;
 To save a Nation, which had else been lost:
 How he the Crown at last vouchsaf'd to take,
 Not for his own, but poor *Britannia's* sake.
 Secure of Conquest wheresoe'er he fought,
 Returning home, Triumphant Laurels brought!
 Sing how the Hero past the rapid Flood,
 Rose from the Waves, and look'd the Warrior God!
 With Joy the Billows such a Burden bore;
 Whilst sounding Fame, and Vict'ry flew before;
 Then how the Toils of War he could sustain,
 Smiling on Fear with a serene Disdain,
 And glad to hear the Trumpet's chearful Call,
 Still rush'd thro Danger, and despis'd it all.
 And how at last, a happy Peace restor'd,
 The joyful Hero sheath'd his willing Sword.

Let his great Acts be your inspiring Theam,
Nor longer here thus sooth a sickly Dream.
Thus the presuming Bard to *Theron* spoke,
And thus at last the Swain his Silence broke.

Of Warriors let the skilful *Stepney* sing,
And *Prior's* Muse her lofty Raptures bring
To pay due Honours to a Godlike King. }
I doom'd to Sorrow, must in Sylvan Song,
To list'ning Woods relate my cruel Wrong.
By Passion made unfit for chearful Airs,
My Thoughts are all subjected to my Cares :
And sure no Place so proper as a Grove,
For one that languishes in hopeless Love.
The Town ! Alas I know the Town too well ;
That fatal Place, where Noise and Tumult dwell:
Can Virtue hope to find a Place of Rest,
Where Vice in her Imperial Glories drest,
Usurps the Throne, and is by all ador'd ;
The sordid Beggar, and the shining Lord ?
No, no ; long since, with Indignation fir'd,
From thence the Goddess to the Shades retir'd.
The Bard reply'd : Tho Vice is powerful grown ;
Yet has not Virtue quite forsook the Town.
To her the Generous still due Homage pay,
And still the Goddess bears an equal Sway.
Nor will she thence withdraw her brighter Charms ;
Whilst *Collyer* fights her Cause with conqu'ring Arms ;
And charming *Wesley*, warm'd with pious Rage,
On Virtue's Part so bravely does engage.
'Tis true, her Reign th' unthinking Vulgar hate, }
Yet still she's lov'd and honour'd by the Great ; }
And *H——t*, and *So——rs* still support her State:
Suppose litigious *F———* cannot rest,
And Fury Law lies brooding in his Breast ;
Which, like the Devil Malice, drives him on
To ruin others, till himself's undone.

Suppose some Husbands here their Wives destroy,
 More fond of Riches than uxorious Joy;
 And others rise to Fortune and to Fame,
 Flying like Eagles at a nobler Game,
 Who Kings defraud, and publick Treas'rys cheat,
 Nor fear a Punishment, because they're great :
 Yet sure with Virtue we may often meet,
 Each Man is not a *D* ——— nor a *F* ———.

Then why should one that sings like *Theron*, choose
 A Place like this to entertain his Muse ?
 Can senseless Trees your wondrous Worth proclaim,
 Or whistling Winds sing your immortal Fame ?
 Can you with Brutes and Savage Beasts converse,
 Or unbred Swains, that never heard a Verse
 Beyond a murder'd Psalm or ballad Air,
 Sung by vile Strolers at some Country Fair ?
 Clowns, who from fruitful Dunghils take their Rise,
 With equal Stamp of Ignorance and Vice,
 Whose highest Wisdom in their Senses lies,
 And all their Understanding in their Eyes.

Soft (answer'd *Theron*) moderate your Rage,
 If for the Town with me you would engage.
 Sit down a while : I may some respite gain,
 These little Contests may divert my Pain.
 Be it your Business and your Task to tell
 What Vice, what Follies in the Country dwell ;
 Whilst I a more ungrateful Subject choose,
 And to the Town compel m'unwilling Muse,
 Assume new Numbers, and a bolder Face,
 T'expose the Leudness of the hated Place.
 The Bard agreed, nor stay'd the Rivals long,
 E'er smiling *Cycnus* thus begun the Song.

In vain you boast your Innocence so great ;
 Imperious Vice keeps too her rural Seat :
 The sordid Swains, by Nature prone to Ill,
 Want more the Knowledg than they do the Will.

There

There are some Crimes peculiar to the Town,
 Not practis'd here, because they are unknown.
 But rustick Vices stam each blushing Day,
 And the dull Clown is leudest in his Way.
 Oft have I laugh'd to see the brainless Rout,
 With awkward dancing fling themselves about :
 Till down their Sunburnt Faces Sweat distil'd,
 And undistinguish'd Clamours fill the Field.
 D'ye ask the Cause? A Farmer's eldest Son,
 Hight *Corydon*, the envy'd Prize has won.
 In woful Rhymes the Victor's Praise they sing,
 On each of's Arms the buxome Lasses cling :
 Then round a Stand of Ale the Rusticks lie,
 And drink like Beasts the sounding Vessel dry.
 Then drunk, with Lust the mingling Sexes fill'd,
 Act their rank Leudness in the open Field.
 Each Town, each Village well may curse the Day,
 That gave the Cause, and call'd them out to play ;
 The dire Remembrance begs at every Door,
 A bawling Bastard, and a lazy Wh—re.
 Nor are these Boors alone by Vice subdu'd,
 Their Masters too are senseless, vain, and leud.
 Here in an old thatch'd House by Tempests torn,
 By all but him, and Owls, and Bats forlorn,
 There lives a Wight, run mad for love of Gold,
 (They call him *Colon*) wretched, rich, and old.
 No Spouse, no Off-spring ever grac'd his Bed ;
 Too rough to Love, too covetous to Wed :
 No menial Servants round his Table wait,
 No croud of Beggars throng his silent Gate,
 Alas ! the Wretch himself scarce dares to eat. }
 Yet under ground the Churl vast Treasure keeps,
 And in his mouldy Chests the shining Idol sleeps ;
 Got by Oppression, while the injur'd Poor
 Increase, and not partake his useles Store.
 Not far from hence a Princely Palace shrouds
 Its rising Head amongst the flying Clouds.

Encompass'd round with a delightful Scene
 Of Rivers, Meads, and Groves for ever green ;
 Where smiling *Flora* paints the gaudy Way,
 And in cool Waves the sportful *Naiads* play.
 Too happy Man ! the Lord of such a Seat ;
 Did Virtue join to make the Bliss compleat :
 But her he knows no more than to despise ;
 So from her Arms by consequence he flies.
 Drink, Dogs, and Horses are his darling Joys,
 To this he gives his Nights, to these his Days.
 Lavish of Gold, and prodigal of Health,
 The careless Spendthrift idly wasts his Wealth.
 On him a Crew of wretched Rakes depend,
 That sooth his Follies, and his Faults commend :
 A Cadet one, old Cavaliers the rest,
 A drunken Lawyer, and a gaming Priest.
 With daily Food these Locusts he supplies,
 Who, in return, persuade the Fool is wise.
 These *Theron*, these disgrace your boasted Plain,
 These frequent Crimes in every Village reign.
 More I could mention, but let these suffice
 To shew the Country is not free from Vice.
 Happy the Youth ! who far from pensive Groves
 Spends his glad Hours in Mirth, and various Loves ;
 If one coy Nymph a wish'd Embrace denies,
 Another strait his vacant Arms supplies.
 What tho *Papirius* chaste *Sulpitia* shuns,
 To meet his Flames *Aurelia* panting runs ;
Aurelia to her trading Spouse deny'd
 The Joys of Wedlock, and a blooming Bride ;
Papirius reaps the Harvest of her Charms,
 And lies intranc'd within her crushing Arms.
Sergius the Brave, the Gallant, and the Gay,
 To whom a wedded Wife could yield no Joy ;
 Luxurious thro the Female World does rove,
 By just Decree divorc'd from lawful Love.

You need not here drag on the Load of Life,
Clog'd with that Household Plague, a craving Wife.
If flowing Blood provoke a strong Desire,
Some generous Nymph will soon abate the Fire:
Or if for Profit you're oblig'd to wed,
A Doctor soon removes the Nuisance of your Bed.
You need not of your Thralldom long complain,
Mirmil and *Maurus* ne'er took Fees in vain.
Who's will may live in idle Shades for me,
Sigh Love to Winds, and wound each harmless Tree;
I'll in the Town a Life more sprightly pass,
With generous Friends, and the reviving Glass.
Pray what Diversions can the Country give,
That, like the Stage, our careful Thoughts relieve?
The height of Passion there we daily prove;
Revenge, Hate, Pity, Jealousy, and Love:
Our vacant Hours there glad Refreshment find,
Which charms the Fancy, and informs the Mind.
But can your Fields or Plains or Groves produce,
Except your own, one soft, one tuneful Muse?
Yes, your *Amintas*, he that wears the Bays,
Can sing sweet Sonnet, and make Rounde-Lays;
And *G — d* that writes Lampoons with hasty Rage,
Still thinks it hard he cannot charm the Age:
But while he labours on so base a Theam,
None will admire, but all despise his Dream.
The charming *Philomela* sings no more
Her Lovers lost, and seeks a Foreign Shore.
She was the Glory of the Groves and Plains,
Pride of her Sex, and Joy of all the Swains.
But now she's mute. The rest with tuneless Throats
Like Screech-owls, hoot their harsh unpleasant Notes.
Here ended *Cycnus*, and the blushing Swain
Confest he'd too much Reason to complain:
Yet in these Shades, quoth *Theron*, ne'er were known
Such barbarous Mischiefs as infect the Town.

Extravagance and Lust, Pride, Envy, Cheats,
 Murders, Oaths, Atheism too, her Guilt compleats;
 The very Streets will prove th' Assertion true,
 Vices of every kind appear in view;
 Rogues of all sorts, and Fools of every size,
 Some unobserv'd pass by, and some affront our Eyes.
 Here struts a Fop, with starch affected Grace;
 There reels a Sot, with *Bacchus* in his Face.
 This starves his Belly, that he may be fine;
 And that undos himself, and Friends, for Wine.
 Here, at the corner of a crowded Street,
 A brace of formal busy Coxcombs meet:
 Of Trade, and of Religion they discourse,
 But—Hypocrites are always Knaves of course.
 There, lolling in a Coach, *Aureno* lies,
 Whose numerous Train does all the Mob surprize,
 And gains their Voices, as it charms their Eyes. }
 To these he bows as humble as a Slave,
 But treats with Insolence the Great and Brave:
 Thinks he is wrong'd, that of their own accord
 Th' uncivil City had not dubb'd him Lord.
 Lavish as *Xerxes*, and as *Craesus* rich;
 Much every Day receives, and squanders much.
 Two Wh—by turns his vacant Hours employ;
 Whom, as the Gout permits, he does enjoy.
 Oft with sham Bounty he beguiles the People,
 Makes drunk the Mob, or else erects a Steeple.
 But let him, if he'd gain immortal Fame,
 Go build a Church, and give it D——s Name.
 Ah wretched Town! What Monsters dost thou breed?
 What ravenous Harpyes on thy Vitals feed?
 Pimps, Parasites, Buffoons, designing Knaves,
 Audacious Villains, humble cheating Slaves;
 Such as your Tradesmen are, who Truth disguise,
 And live by Tricking, Cheats, and formal Lies.
 All would be Great, and all would be Supreme,
 Gold is their God, and Profit all their Theme.

Some

Some by defrauding of their Neighbours thrive,
 Others by politic Projections live.
 On fickle Chance the Merchant's Hopes depend,
 And Impudence is still the Lawyer's Friend.
 How else could *S* ——— *d* such vast Treasures gain?
 And quibbling *S* ——— has not baul'd in vain.
 In great gilt Coaches thro the Streets they ride,
 Big with Ambition, bloated up with Pride:
 Whilst others, that like *Icarus* will soar,
 Fall from their height, and live despis'd and poor.
 With borrow'd Coin the Banker ventures all,
 And at a push must either rise or fall:
 And should we e'er see Honesty prevail,
Great-Lombard-street might languish in a Jail.
 The trading Quacks too bear an equal part,
 Paultry Pretenders to *Apollo's* Art;
 Certain as Fate th' unhappy Patients die,
 Whilst *Ludlow* durst prescribe, and *Lee* apply.
 Lewdness pollutes Religion's living Streams,
 And drunken *Ho* ——— *nd* in the Pulpit dreams.
 The other Party too has suffer'd long
 Th' Impertinence of noisy tatling *T* ——— *ng*;
 The hot-brain'd Fool a Madhouse once restrain'd,
 And sickning *Bedlam* of his Tongue complain'd.
 But hold, my Muse, a while suspend thy Rage,
 And tell what Worth adorns the thankless Age:
Dorset and *Hallifax*, a matchless Pair,
 Have reach'd her Sight, and challeng'd all her Care:
Dorset and *Hallifax*, brave, just, and good,
 Noble in Virtue as they are in Blood;
 Great *William's* Friends, our *Isle's* Support and Stay,
 The Poets Patrons, and the Muses Joy;
 Triumphant stand amidst the sacred Throng
 Of learned Bards, whose emulative Song
 In lofty Numbers, and ne'er-dying Verse,
 Th' immortal Hero's matchless Praise rehearse.
 First generous *Pryor* greets the rising Age,
 ▲ mighty Genius shines thro every Page:

His Theam, and Verse still vast, are still the same,
 And as his Muse descends mounts upwards too in
 Whilst by his Fav'rite great *Apollo* stands, (Flame.
 Striking the speaking Strings with artful Hands :
 Wondring we hear a second *Pindar* sing,
 Extol the Poet's Art, adore the God-like King.
Dryden, 'tis true, the mournful Tomb enfolds,
 A narrow Grave the mighty Poet holds !
 Yet shall his Verse to future Age remain,
 And Worlds to come applaud his heavenly Strain.
 Whilst *Garth* and *Congreve*, Heirs to all the Flame
 With which he wrote, and rose to endless Fame,
 Charm with soft Harmony the list'ning Age,
 Or lash its Vices with a noble Rage.
 Judicious *Dennis* too, with equal Fire,
 Shines sweetly bright, and never shall expire.
 Poor *Iphigenia* weeps in such a Strain ;
 We read, we pity, and we feel her Pain.
Southerne still moves our Soul with tender Grief ;
 (A fatal Marriage, and a double Wife !)
 None but a Savage could refrain from Tears,
 When he the innocent Adulteress hears.

Amongst the Worthies of the Female Quire,
Clarinda blazes with immortal Fire.

With genial Heat the *Delian* God has fir'd
 Her tender Breast, and now she sings inspir'd :
 Soft rural Lays the tuneful Charmer try'd,
 Her Numbers like a Silver Current glide.
 Not *Bebn* her self with all her softest Art
 So well could talk of Love, or touch the Heart.

To all the rest that wear the sacred Bays,
 Unknown, my Muse a silent Homage pays.

But see what Croud is that which lags behind ?
 With meager Looks ; a spurious, mungril kind !
 In vain they stretch their stubble Wings, and try,
 Like those before, to mount thro Air and Sky.

In vain they catch at Fame; their Touch she scorns,
And to their native Earth the grov'ling Rhymers
(spurns.

Brown their chief Leader, whom the Mob adore,
A pigmy Poet, scandalous, and poor.

Petris to him succeeds, and trifling *VVard*,

A frolick Writer, and a *Smithfield* Bard.

Next *Settle* shews, amidst the rhyming Throng,

Unhappy Poet to have liv'd so long !

A Play-wright once ; for Profit and for Praise
He drudg'd : But vanish'd are those golden Days.

Expel'd the Stage, he met unhappy Times ;

And now for Bread composes *Bellman's* Rhymes.

Mottaux, and *Durfey* are for nothing fit,

But to supply with Songs their want of Wit.

Had not the *Island Princess* been adorn'd (scorn'd.

With Tunes, and pompous Scenes, she had been

What was not *Fletcher's*, no more Sense contains,

Than he that wrote the *Jubilee*, has Brains ;

Which ne'er had pleas'd the Town, or purchas'd
(Fame,

But that 'twas christ'ned with a modish Name.

More I could urge in scandal to the Town,

And tell of Crimes to harmless Shades unknown ;

How Fathers burn with execrable Fires,

And Daughters mingle with their lustful Sires ;

How *R—by* scorns the Ladies charming Eyes,

And on Male-Love his lend Embraces tries.

Some City Matrons too might well prolong

Th'ungrateful Task of my Satyrick Song,

Who burn with Liquors, Envy, Lust, and Pride ;

Nor e'er their craving Appetites deny'd :

Regard the true Concerns of Life no more

Than the dull Spouse with Bottle and a Whore.

But stop my Muse, for it must be confess'd,

No Sins like those which do the Town infest :

By seeing part, we may suppose the rest.

Then

Then on and tell what Bliss the Swains enjoy,
 Before shrill *Chanticleer* has wak'd the Day.
 With softer Voice in rural numbers sing
 The budding Glories of the Infant Spring.
 When teeming Nature with a gradual Birth
 Brings forth her various Greens, and garnishes the
 Earth (Leaves }
 With blooming Flowers, from whose fragrant }
 The painful Bees enrich their useful Hives,
 And the gay Butterfly her Pride receives. }
 Next by her Liberality bestow'd (Wood ;
 The Mountain Raps, and Strawb'ries of the
 The nobler Fruits, loading the spreading Trees,
 Whose splendid Looks the joyful Gazer please,
 Which show like Gold and Corals nicely plac'd,
 And like Ambrosia to the thankful Taste.
 At last the rich luxuriant purple Vine
 Boasts her inspiring Clusters more Divine ;
 Each Place adorn'd with fresh inviting Groves,
 For cool Retreats, or solitary Loves.
 While *Phœbus* chearful Beams, with healthful Air,
 Makes a gay glad *Elizium* every where.
 Happy the Man, who acts his Part of Life
 In this blest Scene, remote from Noise and Strife.
 Content and Ease, with all their peaceful Train,
 Wait every Hour, and bless the humble Swain.
 No golden With invades his homely Seat,
 To vex his Thoughts with Hopes of being great.
 No frightful Dreams his starting Soul surprize,
 Or make him wish the Day with waking Eyes.
 No Globes, or gilded Spires his Gates adorn ;
 No Silk, or Purple's by the Shepherd worn ;
 Him, and his Love, a little Cottage holds,
 And Cloth of Wool their healthy Limbs enfolds.
 On Beds of Moss they sleep secure and sound ;
 With gentle Dreams, and golden Slumbers crown'd.

Or if loud Winds the neighbouring Forests shake,
Or Winter Storms the sleeping Lovers wake;
They listen to the Tempest with Delight,
Secure from all the Terrors of the Night.
Oh! let me ever live in silent Shades,
Remote from noisy Towns, and busy Trades;
Where I may innocently pass my Days
In virtuous Pleasure and in harmless Joys,
With some young Virgin Vor'tress of the Grove;
Like *Celia* fair, but faithful as a Dove.
Ah! could I once forget that fatal Name,
Teach my fond Breast to own another Flame,
Till the fresh Rapture had eras'd her Charms,
And a new Nymph came welcome to my Arms:
Then to the Groves in sprightly Tunes Pd sing;
The Vales should with redoubled Io's ring.
The gay Idea fills my glowing Breast
With fancy'd Joys too vast to be express'd.
How sweet the Pleasure! when the Evening Breeze
With gentle Murmurs fans the waving Trees,
To walk along the River's verdant side,
And listen to the soft complaining Tide:
Or in some winding Valley to behold
Our weary Flocks run bleating to their Fold!
Whilst on my rural Pipe I softly play
A mournful *Requiem* to the falling Day:
And the kind Nymph upon my Labour smiles,
Rewarding with a Kiss her Shepherd's Toils.
Raptur'd I think, how, when the Shades are fled,
And bright *Aurora* leaps from *Tithon's* Bed,
E'er *Phæbus* can relieve the bending Grass,
My Love and I the flowry Fields might trace,
To hear the Warblings of the winged Choir,
And taste the fragrant Sweets of morning Air;
Crop Virgin Violets blushing from their Bed,
And sip the pearly Dew on Leaves of Roses shed.

Then,

Then, then I curse, and ban the baleful Dart,
 That in so ill an Hour transfix'd my Heart.
 'Tis then I call the cruel Maid in vain,
 To quit the Town, and hasten to the Plain.

With Rapture *Cycnus* heard the Shepherd tell
 What charming Pleasures in the Country dwell,
 Nor longer could the joyful News conceal:
 Then thus the happy Secret did reveal.

Prepare dear tuneful Youth, prepare to hear
 A Tale so kind 'twill charm your ravish'd Ear;
Celia the false, the faithless, and the fair,
 Fickle as Chance, and fleeting as the Air,
 For whom you left the Town, and sought the Groves,
 Spite of her Pride at length has own'd the loves.
 The smother'd Fire is kindled into Flame,
 There's nothing now so dear as *Tberon's* Name.

To morrow she resigns up all her Charms, (Arms)
 With Joy she runs, she flies into your wish'd-for

As, when the Sun's too powerful Beams invade
 The tender Lillies, in their native Shade;
 With languid Looks, the mourning Flowers decay,
 Scorch'd with the Ardor of a burning Day:
 But when kind *Auster* on his humid Wings
 Some gentle Showers of soft Refreshment brings,
 And on their Leaves the dewy Cordial sheds,
 Soon they revive, and raise their pensive Heads,
 Regain their fragrant smell, their Charms retrieve,
 And in their former Pride and Splendor live.

So *Tberon* far'd, who but few Moments past
 Droop'd in Despair, and wish'd to breathe his last:
 Now fill'd with Joy, starts sudden from the Ground,
 And thus taught Eccho a more chearful Sound.
 She loves! Farewel ye melancholy Woods,
 Farewel ye silver Streams, and chrystal Floods:
 To whom I've often sigh'd my Griefs in vain,
 No more, no more, you'll hear me now complain.

She loves ! No longer I'll converse with you,
 Hills, Groves, and Woods, and Solitude adieu.
 Charm'd to the Town again by *Celia's* Call,
 Whose Love, whose Virtue can atone for all.
 Come, come my Godlike Friend, with winged Feet,
 We'll run, and the consenting Goddess meet.
 Stay not to talk ; look there, the rising Day
 Already breaks, and summons us away.

He spoke, and thro the dewy Shades they prest,
 And *Phæbus* rose, and smil'd to see the Lover blest.

*A Pindarick Ode, occasioned by the Death
 of the late Lord Chief Justice Treby,
 1701.*

I.

AS *Indians*, when a valu'd Héro dies,
 Prepare no cheap, no common Obsequies,
 But costly Piles the high-priz'd Body burn ;
 With Gums they load the odoriferous Urn,
 And Fumes of Spices waft him to the Skies :
 So we presume not to attend thy Death
 With common or unhallow'd Breath ;

But——

With Voice of Anthems and of Airs Divine
 We 'dorn thy Hearse and consecrate thy Shrine,
 Nobler than Incense or aspiring Flame,
 Such as for Gods Poetick Fancies frame.

II.

Why did we not with fervent Raptures pray,
 And importune the Heavens for his stay ?
 Alas ! if Prayers could have brib'd the Skies,
 So moving were his own, his own cou'd well suffice :

But

But Heaven's now our Rival grown,
 And robs us of our Joys t'increase its own:
 Or else the weight of State and Care
 Was much too heavy for a Saint to bear:
 Or with the Joys above divinely fir'd,
 Thinking it goodly to be there,
 He thought he saw, and he expir'd.
 When Heaven so much Pains had shewn
 To stamp the Favorite for her own,
 Why was it slow to save
 So fine a Purchase from the Grave?
 But this is sacred and behind the Vale,
 Whiles we in piteous Moutning left,
 Of all but Sighs and Mufmürings bereft,
 Grow wild with Providence, and rail
 That so much Worth should be
 Subject alike to common Destiny.

III.

Joy of it self bespeaks a wondrous Grace,
 When its gay Spirits spread and wanton in the Face:
 But Grief and sullen Woe
 Benumb the Spirits that would in Numbers flow;
 The Soul then bends beneath its Care,
 As if 'twere ty'd to Sorrow and Despair:
 To praise him right her strains should be
 As far above the Clouds as he.
 Who can the Loss relentless hear,
 When even Malice has allow'd a Tear?
 If Envy's silent and is piteous grown,
 In what sad shape must Love and Duty moan?
 And tho in silence they lament,
 Yet Truth is ever Eloquent;
 The deepest Sighs may burst, and Tears may dry,
 And like or Time or Chance may raise
 The fairest Characters of Praise:
 But hearty Sorrow scarce can die,
 And is as lasting as his Monument.

IV.

Some grow illustrious thro a prosperous state;
 But *Treby's* Sufferings help'd to make him great,
 For wounded Vertue shines with brightest Light,
 As Diamonds till cut are never bright.

Firm and unmov'd he did like *Isthmus* stand,
 Still beating back the Waves that beat upon the
 When *Rome* laid out a Picture justly Great, (Land.

The Hero's painted struggling with his Fate;
 As if those various Trials were design'd,

There where they cou'd not shock, to raise the
 So in those Pieces that are finely made, (Mind:

We find the Beauty heightn'd by the Shade.

The *Indians* torture all the Royal Race,

And he that suffers best obtains the Place;

None to the Helm of Government can come,

Unless by Crosses ripen'd for a Throne.

Brave Souls, like *Aristotle's* Stars,

Backt with their Deities above,

Have each a Genius to controul

The wild Excentricks of the Soul;

And tho the Space wherein they move

Be great, it's regular:

Treby could not move

Beyond the Bounds of Justice and of State;

His Action's still heroically great,

Because his Center was above.

V.

Let single Vertues meaner Souls adorn,

But *Treby* equally with all was born.

As the fam'd *Roman* Pantheon did enshrine

Within it self whatever was Divine;

Great without Pride, and without Wrinkles wise,

Obliging without Art, and just without Disguise,

Wise in his Counsels, humble in Discourse,

Good without Noise, and pleasant without

(Force,

Easy

Easy of Access, willing to bestow;
 Regarded Vertue and forgot his Foe;
 So much his Goodness with the Law did strive;
 What Justice would have punish'd Mercy did for-
 (give:

So full of Knowledg here below,
 He only could receive addition now.
 And thy great new-flown Soul so swift,
 These Realms of Frailty when departing left,
 That as the method is of Angels here,

You only seem to disappear;
 And since like them you have your Character,
 And of Perfections as great a share,
 Not only faultless; but good to that excess,
 You'l scarce admit a change when you'r re-
 (fin'd for Bliss.

The Triumph of Peace. A Poem, 1698.

To Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt. M.D. Fellow
 of the College of Physicians in London,
 and Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty.

SIR,

I Hope you will pardon my Presumption, in pre-
 fixing your Name to so small a Trifle. 'Tis
 the first Essay of a young Poet, that has not yet
 reach'd his Twentieth Year; the first I mean that I
 have ventur'd to make Publick: and therefore having
 but little Experience to recommend me to the World, I
 make bold to chuse you for my Guardian during my
 Minority. The favourable Judgment you've been
 pleas'd to make of some former Lines, makes me flat-
 ter my self, that you will not be less indulgent to
 these;

these; and I am proud to make this publick Acknowledgment of the kind Reception I have met with from so great and worthy a Person; One who has vindicated the Reputation of the Muses from the Dishonour reflected on 'em by the loose Lives and Writings of some witty Men, and has given the World a noble Instance that good Morals and good Poetry are very consistent. But I must not proceed: trifling Presents ought not to be usher'd in with much Ceremony. I shall only add, that in a Sense of the many Favours receiv'd from you, I shall always endeavour to improve my self,

Sir, Your most oblig'd,
and most humble Servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

The Triumph of Peace, &c.

HE A R, *Britain*, hear a rough unpractis'd
(Tongue!
Tho' rough my Voice, the Muse inspires the Song;
The Heav'n-born Muse; ev'n now she springs her
(Flight,
And bears my raptur'd Soul thro' untrac'd Realms
We mount aloft, and in our airy Way (of Light.
Retiring Kingdoms far beneath survey.
Amid the rest a spacious Tract appears,
Obscure in view, and on its Visage wears
Black hov'ring Mists, which thick'ning by degrees,
Extend a louring Storm o'er Earth and Seas.
But, lo! an Eastern Light arising high,
Drives the tempestuous Wrack along the Sky!

B b

Then

Then thus the Muse——Look down, my Son! and
The bright Procession of a Deity! (see

She spoke; the darkning Gloom was vanish quite,
And well-known *Europe* stands disclos'd to Sight.

Of various States the various Bounds appear;
There wide *Hispania*, fruitful *Gallia* here;
Belgia's low Soil conspicuous from afar,
And *Flandria*, long the Field of a destructive War.
Germania too, with cluster'd Vines o'erspread;
And lovely *Albion* from her watry Bed, (Head.
Beauteous above the rest, rears her auspicious }
Sea-Nymphs beneath her chalky Cliffs resort,
And awful *Neptune* keeps his reedy Court;
His Darling *Thames*, rich Presents in his Hand
Of bounteous *Ceres*, traverses the Land;
And seems a mighty Snake, whose shining Pride
Does thro the Meads in sinuous Volumes glide.

Ah, charming Isle! fairest of all the Main!
Too long thou dost my willing Eye detain.
For see a Hero on the adverse Strand!
And, lo! a blooming Virgin in his Hand!
All hail, Cœlestial Pair! ——a Goddess the
Of Heav'nly Birth confest, a more than Mortal Hel!
Victorious Laurels on his Brows he wears;
Th' attending Fair a branching Olive bears.
Slender her Shape, in Silver Bands confin'd;
Her snowy Garments loosely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd Stars, and ruffle in the
(Wind.

But once such differing Beauty met before, (adore
When Warriour *Mars* did Love's bright Queen
Ev'n Love's bright Queen might seem less winning
And *Mars* submit to his Heroick Air. (fair
Not *Jove* himself, Imperial *Jove* can show
A nobler Mien, or more undaunted Brow, (Plains
When his strong Arm through Heav'ns Ætherial
Compels the kindl'd Bolt, and awful Rule main-
tains.

And

And now embark'd they seek the *British* Isles,
 Seas'd with the Charge propitious Ocean smiles.
 Before, old *Neptune* smooths the liquid way;
 Obsequious *Tritons* on the surface play;
 And sportful Dolphins with a nimble Glance,
 To the bright Sun their glist'ring Scales advance.
 Boozey Beds profound the Billows sleep,
 So clamorous Winds awake the silent Deep;
 Hush'd, they whisper in a gentle Breeze,
 And all around is Universal Peace.

Proceed, my Muse! The following Pomp declare;
 Thy who, and what the bright Attendants were!
 First *Ceres* in her Chariot seated high,
 By harness'd Dragons drawn along the Sky;
 Her *Cornucopia* fill'd her weaker Hand,
 Charg'd with the various Off-spring of the Land,
 Fruit, Flowers, and Corn; her right a Sickle bore;
 A yellow Wreath of twisted Wheat she wore.
 Next Father *Bacchus* with his Tygers grac'd
 He Show, and squeezing Clusters as he pass'd,
 Pass'd flowing Goblets of rich flavour'd Wine.

Order last succeed the tuneful Nine;
 Apollo too was there; behind him hung
 A useless Quiver, and his Bow unstrung;
 He touch'd his Golden Lyre, and thus he sung.
 Lead on, bright *WILLIAM*! In thy happy Reign
 Peace and the Muses are restor'd again.

Far, that fierce Lyon, long disdaining Law,
 Eng'd uncontroll'd, and kept the World in awe,
 And trembling Kingdoms crouch'd beneath his
 (Paw.)

At last the reeling Monster, drunk with Gore,
 Lies at thy Feet subdu'd, and quells his Roar;
 Obediently to Thee he bends his shaggy Mane,
 And on his Neck admits the long-rejected Chain.
 Thy protecting Court for this blest Day,
 Sending Nations their glad Thanks shall pay:

Not *Belgia*, and the rescu'd Isle alone,
 But *Europe* shall her great Deliverer own :
Rome's mighty Grandeur was not more confest,
 When great *Antonius* travel'd thro the East,
 And Crouds of Monarchs did each Morning wait
 With early Homage at his Palace-Gate. (meet;
 Hast then, bright Prince! thy *Britain's* Transports
 Hast to her Arms, and make her Bliss compleat!
 What e'er glad News has reach'd her listning Ear,
 While her long absent Lord provokes her Fear,
 Her Joys are in suspence, her Pleasures unsincere. }
 He comes, thy Hero comes! O beauteous Isle!
 Revive thy Genius with a chearful Smile!
 Let thy rejoicing Sons fresh Palms prepare,
 To grace the Trophies of the finish'd War;
 On high be hung the Martial Sword insheath'd,
 The Shield with Ribbons dress'd, and Spear with
 (Ivy wreath'd!

Let speaking Paint in various Tablets show
 Past Scenes of Battel to the Croud below!
 Round this Triumphant Pile in rustick Dance
 The shouting Swains shall hand in hand advance;
 The wealthy Farmer from his Toils shall cease;
 The Ploughman from the Yoke his smoaking }
 (Steers release,

And join to solemnize the Festival of Peace.
 No more for want of Hands th' unlabour'd Field,
 Choak'd with rank Weeds, a sickly Crop shall yield:
 Calm Peace returns; behold her shining Train!
 And fruitful Plenty is restor'd again. —
Apollo ceas'd; — The Muses take the Sound,
 From Voice to Voice th' harmonious Notes re- }
 bound, (around.

And ecchoing Lyres, transmit the volant Fugue }
 (Gales

Mean while the steddly Bark with prosp'rous
 Fills the large Sheets of her expanded Sails,

And

And gains th' intended Port ; thick on the Strand,
Like swarming Bees, th' assembl'd Britons stand,
And press to see their welcome Sov'reign land :
At his Approach unruly Transport reigns
In ev'ry Breast, and Rapture fires their Veins.
A general Shout succeeds, as when on high
Exploded Thunder rends the vaulted Sky.
A short Convulsion shakes the solid Shore,
And rocks th' adjacent Deep, unmov'd before ;
Loud Acclamations thro the Valleys ring, (King.
While to *Augusta's* Walls the Croud attend their
And now behold * a finish'd Tem-
ple rise,
On lofty Pillars climbing to the Skies !
Of Bulk stupendous its proud Pile it
rears, (Years.
The gradual Product of successive
An inner Gate that folds with Iron Leaves,
The charm'd Spectator's entring Steps receives :
Where curious Works in twisted Stems are seen
Of branching Foliage vacuous between.
O'er this a vocal Organ mounted high
On Marble Columns, strikes the wondring Eye,
And feeds at once two Senses with Delight,
Sweet to the Ear, and splendid to the Sight.
Marble the Floor, enrich'd with native Stains
Of various Dye, and streak'd with azure Veins.
Ev'n emulous Art with Nature seems to strive,
And the carv'd Figures almost breathe and live ;
The painted Altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful Blue, and dazling Gold.
Here first th' illustrious Three of Heav'nly Race,
Religion, Liberty, and Peace embrace ;
Here joyful Crouds their pious Thanks express
For Peace restor'd, and Heav'n's Indulgence bless'd.
Auspicious Structure ! Born in happy Days,
Whose first Employment is the Noblest, PRAISE

* *The Quire of St. Paul's first open'd on the Day of Thanksgiving for the Peace.*

* *The Quire of
St. Paul's first
open'd on the
Day of Thanks-
giving for the
Peace.*

So when by just degrees, th' Eternal THOUGHT
 His Six-Days Labour to Perfection brought,
 With Laws of Motion first endu'd the Whole,
 And bad the Heav'ns in destin'd Circles roll:
 'Then polish'd Spheres commenc'd their Harmo-
 All Nature in a Chorus did agree, (ny;
 And the World's Birth-Day was a Jubilee.

To my Lord Chancellor Hyde. Presented
 on New Years-Day, 1662.

By J. DRYDEN.

My Lord,

WHILE flattering Crouds officiously appear
 To give themselves, not you, an happy
 (Year;
 And by the greatness of their Presents prove
 How much they hope, but not how well they love;
 The Muses (who your early Courtship boast,
 Tho now your Flames are with their Beauty lost)
 Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot
 They were your Mistresses, the World may not;
 Decay'd by Time and Wars, they only prove
 Their former Beauty by your former Love;
 And now present, as antient Ladies do,
 That courted long at length are forc'd to woo.
 For still they look on you with such kind Eyes,
 As those that see the Churches Sovereign rise,
 From their own Order chose, in whose high State
 They think themselves the second Choice of Fate.
 When our Great Monarch into Exile went,
 Wit and Religion suffer'd Banishment:

Thus

Thus once when *Troy* was wrapt in Fire and Smoak,
The helpless Gods their burning Shrines forfook;
They with the vanquisht Prince and Party go,
And leave their Temples empty to the Foe:
At length the Muses stand restor'd again
To that great Charge which Nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by Fate,
While you dispense the Laws and guide the State.
The Nation's Soul (our Monarch) does dispense
Through you to us his vital Influence;
You are the Channel where those Spirits flow,
And work them higher as to us they go.

In open Prospect nothing bounds our Eye,
Until the Earth seems joyn'd unto the Sky:
So in this Hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our King and you:
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther Heav'n can find.
So well your Vertues do with his agree,
That tho your Orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an Emptiness had come between.
Well may he then to you his Cares impart,
And share his Burden where he shares his Heart.
In you his Sleep still wakes; his Pleasures find
Their Share of Bus'ness in your lab'ring Mind:
So when the weary Sun his Place resigns,
He leaves his Light and by Reflection shines.

Justice that sits and frowns, where publick Laws
Exclude soft Mercy from a private Cause,
In your Tribunal most her self does please;
There only smiles because she lives at ease;
And like young *David* finds her Strength the more,
When disincumber'd from those Arms she wore:

Heav'n would your Royal Master should exceed
 Most in that Vertue which we most did need ;
 And his mild Father (who too late did find
 All Mercy vain, but what with Pow'r was join'd)
 His fatal Goodness left to fitter times,
 Not to increase but to absolve our Crimes.
 But when the Heir of this vast Treasure knew
 How large a Legacy was left to you,
 (Too great for any Subject to retain)
 He wisely ty'd it to the Crown again :
 Yet passing through your Hands it gathers more,
 As Streams through Mines bear Tincture of their
 While Emp'rick Politicians use deceit, (Ore.
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat ;
 You boldly shew that Skill which they pretend,
 And work by Means as noble as your End :
 Which, should you veil, we might unwind the Clue,
 As Men do Nature, till we came to you.
 And as the *Indies* were not found before
 Those rich Perfumes which from the happy Shore
 The Winds upon their balmy Wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty Sweetness first their World betray'd ;
 So by your Counsels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd World in you.
 By you our Monarch does that Fame assure,
 Which Kings must have or cannot live secure :
 For prosp'rous Princes gain the Subjects Heart,
 Who love that Praise in which themselves have
 By you he fits those Subjects to obey, (part :
 As Heaven's Eternal Monarch does convey
 His Pow'r unseen, and Man to his Designs,
 By his bright Ministers the Stars, inclines.
 Our setting Sun from his declining Seat
 Shot Beams of Kindness on you, not of Heat :
 And when his Love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy that they might be true,

Made you the Fav'rite of his last sad times,
That is a Suff'rer in his Subjects Crimes:
Thus those first Favours you receiv'd were sent,
Like Heaven's Rewards, in Earthly Punishment.
Yet Fortune, conscious of your Destiny,
Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by:
And wrapt your fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your King's.
Shown all at once you dazl'd so our Eyes,
As new-born *Pallas* did the Gods surprise;
When springing forth from *Jove's* new-closing
(Wound,

She struck the Warlike Spear into the Ground;
Which sprouting Leaves did suddenly inclose,
And peaceful Olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the Arts of Peace,
Whose restless Motions less than Wars do cease!
Peace is not freed from Labour but from Noise;
And War more Force but not more Pains employs.
Such is the mighty Swiftnefs of your Mind,
That (like the Earth's) it leaves our Sense behind;
While you so smoothly turn and roll our Sphear,
That rapid Motion does but Rest appear.
For as in Nature's Swiftnefs, with the Throng
Of flying Orbs while ours is born along,
All seems at rest to the deluded Eye
(Mov'd by the Soul of the same Harmony)
So carry'd on by your unwearied Care,
We rest in Peace and yet in Motion share.
Let Envy then those Crimes within you see,
From which the Happy never must be free;
(Envy that does with Misery reside,
The Joy and the Revenge of ruin'd Pride)
Think it not hard if at so cheap a rate
You can secure the constancy of Fate,
Whose Kindness sent, what does their Malice seem;
By lesser Ills the greater to redeem?

Nor

Nor can we this weak Show'r a Tempest call,
But Drops of Heat that in the Sun-shine fall.
You have already weary'd Fortune so,
She cannot farther be your Friend or Foe ;
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
A Fate so weighty that it stops her Wheel.
In all things else above our humble Fate,
Your equal Mind yet swells not into State,
But like some Mountain in those happy Isles,
Where in perpetual Spring young Nature smiles,
Your Greatness shows : no Horrour to afright,
But Trees for shade, and Flow'rs to court the sight ;
Sometimes the Hill submits it self a while
In small Descents, which do its height beguile ;
And sometimes mounts, but so as Billows play,
Whose rise not hinders but makes short our way.
Your Brow, which does no fear of Thunder know,
Sees rolling Tempests vainly beat below ;
And (like *Olympus* Top) th' impression wears
Of Love and Friendship writ in former Years.
Yet unimpair'd with Labours or with Time,
Your Age but seems to a new Youth to climb.
Thus Heav'nly Bodys do our time beget ;
And measure Change, but share no part of it.
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this New-Year, whose Motions never cease.
For since the glorious Course you have begun
Is led by *CHARLES*, as that is by the Sun,
It must both Weightless and Immortal prove,
Because the Center of it is above.

Upo

*Upon the stately Structure of Bow-Church
and Steeple, Burnt Ann. 1666. Re-
built 1679.*

By Dr. W I L D.

Look how the *Country-Hobbs* with wonder flock
To see the City-Crest turn'd Weathercock !
Which with each shifting Gale, veers to and fro ;
London has now got twelve Strings to her Bow !
The Wind's *South-East*, & straight the *Dragon* ruffles
His brazen Wings, to court the Breeze from *Brussels* !
The Wind's at *North* ! and now his Hissing Fork
Whirls round, to meet a flattering Gale from *Tork* !
Boxing the Compass with each freshing Gale,
But still to *London* turns his threatening Tail.
But stay ! what's there ? I spy a stranger thing ; }
Our Red-cross brooded by the Dragon's Wing ! }
The Wing is warm ; but O beware the Sting ! }
Poor *English-Crass*, expos'd to Winds and Weathers,
Forc't to seek shelter in the *Dragon's Feathers* !
Ne'er had old *Rome* so rare a Piece to brag on,
A Temple built to *Great Bell* and the *Dragon* !
Whilst yet undaunted *Protestants* dare hope,
They that will worship *Bell*, shall wear the *Rope*,
O how our *English* Chronicles will shine !
Burnt sixty six, *Rebuilt* in seventy nine.
When *Jacob Hall* on his *High Rope* shews Tricks,
The *Dragon* flutters ; the *Lord Mayor's Horse* kicks :
The *Cheapside-Crouds*, and *Pageants*, scarcely know
Which most t'admire, *Hall*, *Hobby-Horse*, or *Bow* !

But what mad Frenzy set your Zeal on fire;
 (*Grave Citizens!*) to raise Immortal Spire
 On Sea-coal Basis? which will sooner yield
 Matter to burn a Temple, than to build!
 What the Coals build, the Ashes bury: no Men
 Of Wisdom, but would dread the threatening *Omen!*

But say (*Proud Dragon!*) now prefer'd so high,
 What Marvels from that Prospect dost thou spy?
Westward thou seest, and seeing hat'st the Walls
 Of sometimes *Rev'rend*, now *Regenerate Pauls*.
 Thy envious Eyes such Glories cannot brook,
 But as the Devil once o'er *Lincoln*, look:
 And Envy's Poison will thy Bowels tear,
 Sooner than *Daniel's* Dose of Pitch and Hair.

Then Eastward, to avoid that wounding sight,
 Thy glaring Eyes upon the Mum-glass light.
 Adorn'd with monstrous Forms to clear the scope,
 How much thou art out-dragon'd by the Pope.
 Ah Fools! to dress a Monument of Wo
 In whistling Silks, that should in Sackcloth go!
 Nay strangely wise our Senators appear
 To build That, and a *Bedlam* in a Year,
 That if the Mum-glass crack, they may inherit
 An Hospital becoming their great Merit!

To Royal *Westminster* next turn thine Eye;
 Perhaps a Parliament thou mayst espy.
Dragons of old gave Oracles at *Rome*;
 Then prophesy their *Day*, their *Date*, and *Doom!*

And if thy visual Ray can reach the Main;
 Tell's when the Duke, new gone, returns again!
 Facing about, next view our *Guildhall* well,
 Where *Reverend Fox-furs* charm'd by potent spell
 Of Elephants (turn'd wrong side outward) dare
 Applaud the Plays, and yet hiss out the *Player*:
Player! whose wise Zeal for City, Country, King,
 Shall to all Points of the wide Compass ring,
 Whilst *Bow* has Bells, or Royal *Thames* a Spring!

Thy

Thy roving Eye perhaps from *Hague* may send's
 How the *New League* has made *old Foes new Friends* ;
 But let substantial Witness Credence give it,
 Or ne'er believe me, if the House believe it !
 If true, I fear too late ! *France* at one sup
 (*Like Pearls dissolv'd in Cleopatra's Cup*)
Trade, Empire, Netherlands has swallow'd up !

But hark ! the Dragon speaks from brazen Mouth,
 Whose Words, tho Wind, are spoken in *good South* !
 To you of ratling Fame, and great Esteem ;
 The higher plac'd, the less you ought to seem !
 To you of noble Souls, and gallant Minds,
 Learn to out-face (with me) the huffing Winds !
 To tim'rous feeble Spirits, that live beneath ;
 Learn not of me to turn with every Breath !
 To those who (like Camelions) live on Air ;
 Popular Praise is thin consumptive Fare !
 To you who Steeple upon Steeple set,
 Cut my *Cocks-comb*, if e'er to Heaven you get.

A Paradox against Liberty.

*Written by the Lords, during their Imprison-
 ment in the Tower, 1679.*

A Prison, or an Isle, are much the same ;
 They only differ in Conceit and Name.
 As Art the first, Nature immures the last ;
 Only i'th' larger Mold her Figure's cast.
 All Islanders are in a Prison pent,
 And none at large, not those o'th' Continent.
 Each Mariner's a Prisoner in his Bark,
 The living World was prison'd in the Ark.

And

And tho it be abroad adays, the Light
 Still lodges in the Prison of black Night;
 The Sea it self is to its Bounds confin'd,
 And *Aeolus* in Caves shuts up the Wind.
 Nothing in Nature has such vast Extent,
 But is imprison'd in its Element.
 The Fish in watry Dungeons are inclos'd ;
 Men, Beasts and Birds, to Earth and Air dispos'd.
 If to enlarge their narrow Bounds they strive,
 The fatal Freedom rarely they survive.
 And as with them, we hope with us 'twill be,
 When from their Prisons took, Death sets them free:
 Man can no more a native Freedom boast ;
 That Jewel ne'er was found since first 'twas lost, }
 'Twas then transported to the *Stygian Coast*. }
 But still there's something which we do esteem,
 Only because 'tis like the polish'd Gem,
 And this we *Freedom* call ; its Credit grows
 From a false Stamp, the gilded outside shows :
 Which avaritious Men attempt to get,
 Cheated and ruin'd with the Counterfeit.
 Like Children, Soapy-bubbles they pursue,
 And the fantastick Vision take for true ;
 But whilst they think bright Forms they do em-
 ixion-like, they find a Cloud i'th' place. (brace,
 Consent of Crouds exceeding Credit brings,
 And seems to stamp Truth's Image on false things ;
 Not what's a real Good, but what does seem,
 Still shares the blind and popular Esteem.
 Whilst Sense and Fancy over-rule their Choice,
 And Reason in th' Election has no Voice.
 But Souls in vain have Reason's Attribute,
 If to their Rule they cannot Sense submit.
 Hence the Heroick Mind makes no complaint,
 But Freedom does enjoy, e'en in Restraint.
 When Chains and Fetters do his Body bind,
 He then appears more free, and less confin'd.

Disord

Discord and Care, which do distract him here,
In Durance take their leave, and come not there.
False Friends and Flatterers then take last adieu,
Who often swore how faithful and how true,
Things their dishonest Bosoms never knew.
These, like the Swallows, in cold Weather fly;
A Summer's Fortune only draws them nigh.
Flatt'ers a sort of fatal Suckers be,
Which draw the Sap till they destroy the Tree.
Fair Virtue to their Opticks when they bring,
Seems a deform'd and antiquated thing.
Vice they commend, whilst Virtue is despis'd;
The Blackest by these *Negroes* most are pris'd.
These Slaves to Vice do hug so hard and long,
Till like the o'er-fond Ape they kill their Young.
Ambition in the Mind's a feverish Thirst,
Which is by drinking drier than at first;
And these will feed the Humor till it burst.
When Parasites the Arbiters are made,
They'll place the Garland on a *Bedlam's* Head.
Riot, Excess, and Pleasure car' the Day,
And Lust (the worst of Tyrants) bears the sway,
At whose black Throne they blind *Allegiance* pay.
Morose and dull they do account the Grave;
And the meek Man, fit only for a Slave:
The Humble, of a Nature poor and base;
The Ghost, sprung from a dull insipid Race;
And Temperance a Gallant's chief Disgrace.
In Virtue's Garb the great Man's Vice they dress,
Giving it Names which sound of Worthiness.
They call his Pride the Grandeur of his Mind,
And for his Lust the Name they have design'd
Is a complaisant Air, that makes Men kind.
Profaneness is his Wit; and his Excess
By a gay janty Humour they express;
All his Debauches too must be no less.

Thus

Thus they lap Ruin up, and gild our Crimes;
 But Vice destroys like *Ivy*, where it climbs,
 In us, the dang'rous State th' Ambitious see
 Of Greatness, Avarice, and Flattery.
 Gifts, Honors, Office, Greatness, Grace of Kings,
 Raise the Ambitious upon Treach'rous Wings;
 Till from the mighty heights they giddy grow,
 And fall into the Ruin lies below.
 If the first fall, which do support our State,
 The last our Fall serve to precipitate.
 This with too dear Experience we have bought,
 And learnt a Lesson, which too late was taught.
 Prosperity's a Drug, that must be ta'en
 Corrected (*Opium* like) or else 'tis bane:
 A more *Lethargick* Quality's in her,
 Than ever yet in *Opium* did appear.
 Her fatal Poison to the Mind she sends,
 And uncorrect, in sure Destruction ends;
 Whilst in the way her gilded snares she lays,
 Easy and credulous Man she soon betrays;
 Who sees her Roses and her Lillies here,
 But her concealed Snakes doth never fear.
 Prosperity's Repasts puff up the Mind
 With unsubstantial and unwholesom Wind.
 'Tis a *Hault-Goust* which *Epicures* do use,
 And choicer Viands squeamishly refuse.
 But when Affliction moulds your daily Bread,
 'Tis then the staff of Life with which she's fed.
 Affliction (like the River *Nile*) bestows
 Her fruitful Blessings wheresoe'er she flows:
 And if when she withdraws, strange Serpents rise,
 Not in her Streams, but in the Soil it lies.
 Which (like the great *Apollo*) she strikes dead,
 By the same Influence they first were bred,
 If she return, and shew her hidden head.
 Great Minds (like the victorious Palms) are wont
 Under the Weights of Fortune more to mount.
Strongly

Strongly suppress'd, and hurl'd upon the ground,
Fill'd with sublimer Thoughts they more rebound ;
Still careless whether Fortune smile or frown,
Whether she give or take away a Crown.
Our Walls are tided, and by that we know
She always ebbs when she doth leave to flow,
And constant in Inconstancy does grow. }
Make an attack all Injuries that can,
They fall like Waves beneath a Rising Swan.
Freed and secur'd from all discordant Care, }
Here we our Heads above the Billows bear,
Till from our Shoulders they transplanted are. }
And from their summits, with dumb Gapes proclaim,
Of a Quincumvirat the trait'rous shame.
But during all this Storm, we still do find }
An Anchor and a Haven in our Mind,
Not beaten now, tho then expos'd to th' Wind. }
As Nightingals, our Bosoms we expose,
And sing, environ'd with the sharpest Woes.
Degraded from vain Honour here we grow
More great and high, as Trees by lopping do.
Honour's like Froth in each Man's Glass of Beer ;
'Tis least of use, tho topmost it appear.
The common Vouchee for ill Acts she's grown ;
It and Religion all our Mischiefs own.
She reigns in Youth with an unruly Heat, }
And in her falser Mirror shews them Great, }
Till Age and Time convince them of the Cheat. }
Rash Heads approve what sober Men despise, }
And the fantastick Garb offends the Wise ; }
She rarely now is seen, but in Disguise. }
True Honour and plain Honesty's the same ;
From various Dwellings comes the various Name:
For whilst she's gay in Courts, she's Honour there,
But Honesty with us in Durance here.
Indiffering States, most things have difference :
What pleas'd this day, the next offends the Prince:
Cc The

The Prosperous loath what the Afflicted love;
 Prisoners abhor, what free, they did approve:
 And still there's Power in each Man's Choice to
 Himself content, if he can wisely take, (make
 And think his own (tho hard) a happy Stake. }
 In every state does some Contentment dwell,
 And here we find a Palace in a Cell.
 Good's good ev'ry where, and every thing,
 And Good can of it self no Evil bring.
 All Good's a Ray of the first Light alone;
 When Ill approaches, only that's our own.
 Vertue's not gain'd by spending of our Days
 In Pleasure, Prince's Courts, or from their Rays.
 At Vertue's Coast by Travel we arrive,
 And so by Travel Vertue's kept alive.
 She dwindles if she want due Exercise;
 But us'd, grows brighter, and still multiplies.
 Vertue increases Snow-ball like, roll'd on:
 A lazy Vertue's next of kin to none.
 Pris'ners indeed they be, that do lay by
 At once their Freedom and their Industry.
 If Men turn Drones within these hony'd Hives,
 It lies i'th' Pris'ner's Heart, and not his Gives.
 The Good grow better here, the Bad grow worse;
 The Spur that makes this go, does jade that Horse.
 Hence the great'st part are Male-content and Sad,
 Since that the Good are fewer than the Bad.
 A Bliss that springs from penitential Joy,
 Is the Mind's Balsam in each sharp Annoy;
 Fools only their own Comforts do destroy. }
 To this Retirement we can freely go;
 'Tis the great'st pace of Majesty below: }
 Our stirring out imports the World to know. }
 The Goaler's Centinel to guard our Doors,
 And Castles are contain'd i'th' narrow Floors.
 More happy and more safe, secur'd from Foes,
 Than those whom Troops of Enemies inclose.

Much

Much more as Pris'ners, our high Bliss we boast,
 Being secur'd from such a mighty Host
 Of deadly Foes, so fierce with Wrath and Might,
 Our selves so feeble, and unfit to fight
 Gainst the black Band of Vicious and Profane,
 Who Thousands do undo in each Campaign.
 In the Assault, we seldom brook the Field,
 But fly like Hares, or else like Cowards yield.
 Yet this the World esteems an hard Estate,
 And us, who feel it, count unfortunate.
 Hush then, Philosophy ! the State wherein
 Such Safety, and so much Content is seen ;
 Wherein less rugged or steep Hindrance lies,
 To obstruct the Path unto Perfection's prize.
 The useful Rod's only bound up for this,
 To whip and lash the Childish on to Bliss ;
 Who sullenly refuse the Rod to kiss,
 And so the Blessing in the Whipping miss.
 Some, like the Whale, only design'd to play
 In fruitless Pleasures, drive the flying Day ;
 As Boys with Clackers drive the Linet away.
 Whilst here, we stop the hours of Time, that flies,
 With Contemplation's nobler Exercise.
 Maugre all Goals, think we e'er long must dye,
 And then enjoy an endless Liberty ;
 Death will redeem from long Captivity.
 Man's Life's a Piece spun of a various Thred ;
 In some 'tis fine, in some a coarser Web.
 The Threds across, th' Occurrences of Fate,
 Cut early from the Loom by Death or late.
 The Dread of Kings, Death does not us dismay ;
 To dye's less, than be tantaliz'd each day :
 What Man complains, with Weariness oppress'd,
 That Night is come, the only time to rest ?

*A DIALOGUE between the Dutchess
of Clevel—and the Dutchess of Portf-
mouth, at their Meeting in Paris.
With the Ghost of Jane Shore.*

Cl. **A**RT thou return'd my Sister Concubine,
For all those subtle cunning Arts of thine,
With which thou didst subdue our Monarch's Heart,
And wouldst not let me with thee share a part ;
Tho my great Beauty did that Heart subdue,
Long e're it could so meanly stoop to you ?

Portf. I am return'd to see my Native *France*,
The Place where first I saw the World by chance.
Tho mean by Birth, yet Fortune this can do,
Help by the Charms of Wit and Beauty too.
Methinks my Port and my illustrious Train,
Should rather move your Envy than Disdain.

C. My Envy ! no, thy Meanness I despise,
Thou art a Beggar still, tho in disguise.
The noble Ladies of the Gallick Court
Will mock at your fine gaudy Train and Port ;
Thy Converse and thy Company they'll scorn,
Since thou of genteel Blood wert never born.

P. The King's Example, Dutchess, you will find,
Shall make the Ladies of this Court more kind :
For many Services for him I've done,
Which he I'm sure with Kindness now will own.
I've serv'd him with my Person and my Wit,
But how, to tell you, Madam, 'tis not fit.

C. If you have ought for this great Monarch done,
He'll make you then some Abbess or a Nun.

For I do find 'tis not the Guise of *France*,
 Their Whores to noble Titles to advance
 But usually the Royal Miss is sent,
 To some Religious Cloyster to repent.

P. It is not yet that time of Day with me,
 Nor am I fallen to so low degree;
 More joyful Days I yet do hope to see.
 Tho I have here of *English* Guinies store,
 I thither will return and get me more.
England will me a plenteous Harvest yield,
 Here to buy Lands and Palaces to build.

C. Methinks you talk at an immodest rate,
 Thou *French* She-Horse-leech of the *English* State:
Rome us'd to draw its richest Treasures thence,
 The *English* Gold was chang'd to *Peter's* pence:
 But now that *Rome* can draw from thence no more,
 It is enhanced by a *Gallick* W —

P. If I'm immodest methinks you are vain,
 Thus idly of my Riches to complain:
England did once to you a Harvest yield,
 Alas! I've but the Gleanings of the Field.
 Gold fell into your Lap with a spring Tide,
 But you have spent it on your Lust and Pride:
 Your time is past, and Lust has made you blind,
 And to be serv'd you now must give your Gold;
 Or fumble with some weak old Clergy-man,
 To get a Spill your Royet to maintain.

C. O Madam, you must needs be very chaste,
 If, as they say, the Prior you embrac'd.
 I laugh to hear of Chastity from you,
 As if a Whore was e'er to one Man true.
 I own my Nature, it is brave and high,
 With *Messalina* I my self could vie.
 Let a dull Husband lie with her that's chaste,
 I by a Prince am fit to be embrac'd.

P. Brag not, your decay'd Beauty is grown stale,
 And all your Arts no longer can prevail:

I yet retain my glorious conquering Charms,
 Whilst you are banish'd from a Monarch's Arms,
 Alas, your Beauty now is in the Wain,
 No Art can e'er renew that Face again :
 Madam, the shining Glories are all set,
 Which makes you thus at your Successor fret.

(good,

C. Dull Tool, my Eyes yet sparkle and are
 I feel a vigorous *May* yet in my Blood ;
 I'm sound and free from any foul Disease,
 Can warm a Lover and know how to please ;
 Whilst thou corrupted, scentst the very Room
 In spite of Essences and strong Perfume.
 I can't but wonder by what Magick Art,
 Thou e'er couldst conquer a great Monarch's

(Heart.

That Baby's Face of thine, and those black Eyes,
 Methinks should ne'er a Hero's Love surprise ;
 None that had Eyes e'er saw, in that *French* Face,
 O'ermuch of Beauty, Form or comely Grace.

P. You are my Rival and may me despise,
 But Lovers see not with your envious Eyes.
 If you in Beauty have the greatest share,
 And if that mine cannot with yours compare,
 My Wit exceeds, and yours have prov'd but ill,
 Since you're cast off and I am courted still.

C. When I did reign, I like a Queen did show,
 I sat above and saw crown'd Heads below ;
 Of Jewels and of Gold I had such store,
 I knew not how to seek or wish for more.
 To me the Idols of the Court all bow'd,
 I was adored by the numerous Croud ;
 Till thou wert seen, who with some Magick Spell,
 Some Charm or Philtre that was made in Hell,
 Didst my great Hero's Heart then steal away,
 And took by Hell-bred Arts my Beauty's Prey,

This

This be my Comfort, I did first subdue,
They were my Leavings that were shar'd to you.

P. It shows my Wit and Beauty had most Power,
When I subdu'd your mighty Conqueror :
And that I broke into your Beauty's Charms,
And ravished your Hero from your Arms.
I've rul'd as well as you, and my *French Pate*
Has div'd into the great Intrigues of State:
In Balls and Masques you revel'd out your Nights,
But, Madam, I did relish State Delights:
My Politicks and Arts were deeper bred,
Than ever came into your shallow Head.
Vain Pride and Pleasure were the things you sought,
Whilst that four Kingdoms did imploy my Thought.
States-men did know that you were but a Fool,
But they from me took Measures how to rule.

C. And yet I see you are turn'd off at last,
And all your cunning Policies misplac'd.

P. You are deceiv'd, and I shall make you mourn,
When you shall see me, Madam, back return:
Mind you your Pleasures, game your time away,
My business will not let me longer stay,
To our great Monarch I have much to say.

C. If back to *England* thou shouldst e'er return,
May thou become the common People's Scorn.
May against thee the *London-Prentice* rise,
And may they pull out thy bewitching Eyes.
Against that time I will go learn to curse,
That *Pox* or *Plague* I'll wish thee something worse.

What Specter's this !

P. O Heav'ns, what have we here !
My Joints do tremble and my Soul doth fear.

The Ghost of *Jane Shoar* to them.

Ghost. Perhaps you know me not, yet take a View,
See what I am, I was once such as you,
I was a Whore, a Royal Mistress too.

I was a Woman of egregious Fame,
 And like you too I gloried in my Shame,
 Edward my Lord was, and Jane Shoar my Name,
 I liv'd in Splendor and enjoy'd Delights,
 Feasted all Day, and in Love's luscious Rites,
 Between a Monarch's Arms wore out the Nights,
 But when at last my happy Monarch dy'd,
 I lost my Riches, Pleasures, and my Pride,
 And all that e'er was sweet or good beside.
 Alas, remember what of me became,
 My Honor stain'd, and black was all my Fame,
 Scorn of the People, to my self a Shame.
 A Wretch I grew, wish'd I were never born,
 Poor and contemn'd, and every Rascal's Scorn,
 Unpity'd died, most wretched and forlorn.
 But happy had I been had this been all,
 Or if that I had had no farther Fall,
 But Hell on my Misdeeds aloud did call.
 Tormented in the Flames of Hell below,
 No Ease from Torment, Pain, and endless Woe,
 For Pleasures past, my scorched Soul doth know.
 Short were my Pleasures while I lived here,
 And those were also mixt with Grief and Fear,
 But Pain Eternal's in the lower Sphere.
 You two great Women, great in Lust and Sin,
 Repent, repent, and to reform begin,
 For your Reward you Hell at last will win,
 Rivals look on me, and contend no more,
 What you are now I once was long before,
 Yet I am damn'd altho a Royal Where,

A Satyr against Persecution, 1682.

HOW easy 'tis to sail with Wind and Tide!
 Small Force will serve upon the stronger side;
 Power serves for Law, the Wrong too oft's made
 (Right;
 And they are damn'd, who against Power dare fight.
 Wit rides triumphant, in Power's Chariot born,
 And deprest Opposites beholds with Scorn.
 This well the Author of the Medal knew,
 When *Oliver* he for an Hero drew,
 He then swam with the Tide; appear'd a Saint,
 Garnish'd the Devil with Poetick Paint.
 When the Tide turn'd, then strait about he veers,
 And for the stronger side he still appears.
 Then in Heroicks courts the Great and High,
 And at th' Opprest he lets his Satyrs fly.
 But he who stems the Tide, if ground he gains,
 Each stroke he makes must be with wondrous Pains:
 If he bears up against the Current still,
 He shews at least he has some Art and Skill,
 When against Tide, VVind, Billows he does strive,
 And comes at last unto the shore alive.
 Huzza my Friends, let us our way pursue,
 And try what our Poetick Arms can do.
 This latter Age with VVonders does abound,
 Our Prince of Peets has a Medal found,
 From whence his pregnant Fancy rears a Piece,
 Esteem'd to equal those of *Rome* and *Greece*.
 With piercing Eyes he does the Medal view,
 And there he finds, as he has told to you,
 The Hag *Sedition*, to the Life display'd,
 Under a Statesman's Gown, fancy'd or made,
 That

That is all one, he doth it so apply,
 At it th' Artillery of his Wit lets fly;
 Lets go his Satyr at the Medal strait,
 Worries the *Whigs*, and doth Sedition bait.
 Let him go on, the *Whigs* the Hag forsake;
 Her Cause they never yet would undertake,
 But laugh to see the Poet's fond Mistake,
 But we will turn the Medal; there we see
 Another Hag, I think as bad as she:
 If I am not mistaken 'tis the same,
 Christians of old did *Persecution* name:
 That's still her Name, tho now grown old and wise,
 She has new Names, as well as new Disguise.
 Let then his Satyr with *Sedition* fight,
 And ours the whilst shall *Persecution* bite:
 Two Hags they are, who Parties seem to make;
 'Tis time for Satyrs them to undertake.

See her true Badg, a Prison or the Tower;
 For *Persecution* ever sides with Power.
 Our Satyr dares not worry those he shou'd,
 But there are some felt, heard, and understood;
 Who Substantives of Power stand alone,
 And by all seeing Men are too well known;
 What Steps they tread, and whither 'tis they drive,
 What Measures take, and by what Arts they thrive,
 But were these little Tyrants underfoot,
 How bravely o'er them could our Satyr strut!
 What Characters, and justly, could he give,
 Of Men who scarcely do deserve to live!
 Yet these are they some Flatterers can court,
 Who now are *Persecution's* great Support.
 We on the Medal see the fatal Tower;
 Truth must be silent, for we know their Power:
 Whilst they, without controul, can shew their hate,
 And whom they please with grinning Satyrs bait.
 This puts our Satyr into fume and chafe;
 He could bite sorely could he do it safe.

Since

Since against such he dares not spend his Breath,
Th' Hag Persecution he will bait to death.

Old as the World almost, as old as *Cain*,
For by this Hag was Righteous *Abel* slain ;
In Tyrants Courts she ever doth abide,
Accompanied with Power, with Lust and Pride.
What she has done is to the World well known :
She always made the best of Men to groan,
Her bloody Arts are register'd of old,
And all her cruel Policies are told.
All that is past our Muse shall let alone,
Pass Foreign, and speak only of our own ;
Our own dear ugly Hag, who now has Power,
To send to *Tyburn*, *Newgate*, or the *Tower*.

If Power be in the Multitude, not few,
They shew that they have Faith and Reason too,
Leap not their Bounds, nor do their Power betray,
Since they to Laws and Government obey.
If other Power they exercise, 'tis Force,
Or Rage, that seen in a wild headstrong Horse,
The more he's spur'd or rein'd, the more doth
(bound,

And leaves not, till the Rider's on the ground.
But far it seems from our Almighty Croud,
To boast their Strength, or be of Power proud ;
Their Power they of old had fruitless try'd,
And therefore now take Reason for their Guide.
Nay, Faith they have in their own juster Cause,
In their dread Sovereign, and his righteous Laws ;
This makes them thus submit, all Power lay by,
For Right, for Law, for Peace they only cry.
For this, by some, they are accounted Fools ;
So generous Horses are mistook for Mules ;
And some Court *Jockies* mount them in their Pride,
And with a Satyr's Heel-spurg all their Hide ;
Dull Asses they suppose the People are,
Made for their Burdens, and not fit for War.

All with the forewind of Religion sail,
 It to all Parties is the Common Stale.
 I know you'l grant the Devil is no Fool,
 He can disguise in Surplice, Cloak, or Cowl;
 But still he may be known without dispute,
 By Persecution; 'tis his Cloven Foot.
 Let him be *Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew*,
 Pretends religious Zeal, it can't be true,
 If 't Persecution raises, or maintains,
 Or makes a Market of ungodly Gains.
 When *Rome* had Power here, and sat in chair'd,
 How cruel and how bloody she appear'd!
 Our Church-Dissenters then did feel the same,
 Their Bodies serv'd for Fuel to the Flame:
 And can this Church now, got into the Chair,
 A cruel Tyrant like to *Rome* appear?
 For bare Opinion do their Brothers harm,
 Plague and imprison, 'cause they can't conform?
 But stay, our Church has Law upon its side,
 And so had *Rome*, that cannot be deny'd.
 And if these *Jebu's*, who so fiercely drive,
 In their sinister Arts proceed and thrive,
 We soon shall see our Church receive its doom,
 And feel again the Tyranny of *Rome*.
 To bar Suecession is th' ungodly Sin,
 So often broke, so often piec'd ag'in:
 O may it here in *England* never cease,
 Could we but hope it would secure our Peace!
 But Men with different Thoughts possessed are,
 We dread th' Effects of a new Civil War.
 We dread *Rome's* Yoke, to us 'tis hateful grown,
 And *Rome* will seem a Monster in our Throne.
 How rarely will a Cope the Throne bedeck?
 A Bishop's Head set on a Prince's Neck?
 Th' inherent Right lies in the Sovereign's Sway,
 But then the Monarch must *Rome's* Laws obey.

Head of the Church he must no longer be,
But give that Place unto *Rome's* Holy See.
Both of the Church, and him *Rome* will take care,
The Throne must truckle under Papal Chair.

Kings can't do wrong, so does the Maxim say,
But Ministers of State, their Servants, may.
Tho Kings themselves do sit above the Law,
Justice still keeps their Ministers in awe;
For if they do not make the Law their Guide,
Great as they are, by Law they may be try'd;
Else we should subject be to every Ill,
And be made slaves to Arbitrary Will.
O happy Isle where each Man Justice craves!
Kings can't be Tyrants, nor the Subjects Slaves.
The Laws some great Ones fear, who rule the State;
When they can't new unto their Wills create,
They to their Minds, with cunning, try to mold,
And, with new Images, to stamp the old:
What 'gainst dissenting *Papists* first was bent,
For *Protestants* now proves a Punishment.
Law, Law they cry, and then their Brother smite,
As well upon the left side as the right:
To every Jail the Protestants they draw,
And Persecution still is masqu'd with Law:
We do not know but *Rome* may have its turn,
And then it will be also Law to burn.

This is not all, for some ill Men there be,
Who would the Laws use in a worse degree:
Treason and Traytors, Plots against the State,
To reach their Foes, they cunningly create:
To Prison then the Innocent they draw,
And if they could their Heads would take by Law;
But Law is just, and *Englishmen* are good,
And do not love to dip their Hands in Blood
Of Innocents: But this has rais'd the Rage
Of some Politick Actors on our Stage,

And

And spite of Justice, Law, and Reason too;
 Their wicked Ends by other means pursue.
 Those Men, whom they can neither hang nor draw,
 Freed by their Country, Justice, and the Law,
 They try to murder with an Hireling's Pen,
 By making them the very worst of Men.
 They 'ave Orators and Poets at their Will,
 Who with their Venom strive their Fames to kill.
 These rack the Laws, and holy Scriptures too,
 And fain would make all the old Treasons new:
 They will not let the Graves and Tombs alone,
 But conjure up the Ghost of Forty One.
 With this they try the Ignorant to scare,
 For Men are apt the worst of things to fear;
 Tho that Ghost is no liker Eighty Two,
 Than a good *Christian* like a *Turk* or *Jew*.
London, the happy Bulwark of our Isle,
 No smooth and oily Words can thee beguile:
 Thou knowst thy Int'rest; that will never lye;
 Eternal as thy self, the Men do die.
 'Tis Truth and Justice that do thee uphold,
 And richer in Religion than in Gold;
 Thy Piety has built thy Turrets higher
 Than e'er, in spite of Plague, of War, and Fire.
 Without a Sigh we can't think on the Flame,
 Nor by what Hands, and from what Heads it came.
 With envious Eyes they do thy Riches view,
 When old Ways fail, to spoil thee they find new:
 No Art's untry'd which may thy Coffers drain,
 For which the subtil Lawyer racks his Brain:
 Thy too old Charters they will new arraign. }
 Thou must not think thou canst in safety stand,
 Whilst the false *Canaanite* swarms in the Land.
 Some State-Physicians cry, that thou art sick,
 And on thee they would try some quacking trick;
 As yet their poisonous Drugs thou dost not need,
 Nor does thy Body want to purge or bleed.

Thy

Thy Head we hope with Loyalty is crown'd,
 Thy Heart and Intrails we do know are sound :
 Thy Hands are open, honest, free, and strait,
 And all thy Members pliable and neat ;
 All think you well in Health, and sound within,
 Tho some few Spots appear upon your Skin,
 They're but the Purgings of the sounder Part,
 And are at a great distance from the Heart.
 The Wealthy love to thrive the surest way,
 For Gain perhaps they will like Slaves obey.
 Give up their Charters, bend their Necks, now free,
 To servile Yokes, and stoop to that degree,
 As to submit to *Rome's* curst Tyranny. }
 But sure the Wise, and the Religious too,
 Will all the just and lawful Ways pursue,
 To keep that Freedom unto which they're born,
 And which so well doth *Englishmen* adorn ;
 Which our Forefathers did preserve with care,
 And which we, next our Souls, do hold most dear.
 Let the hot *Tories*, and their Poet, curse,
 They spend in vain, and you are ne'er the worse :
 Alas ! they seem as only made to damn, (sham ; }
 And then curse most when they have lost their }
 They are true *Shimeis*, or the Sons of *Cham*. }
 Their Mouths are open Sepulchers, their Tongue
 With Venom full is ever speaking wrong :
 With Oaths and Cursings, and with looking big,
 They seek to fright some harmless peaceful *Whig* ;
 Then boast the Conquest, hector, rant, and tear,
 And cry, *God dam'um Protestants they are* :
 All the Fanaticks are a cursed Crew,
 Worse than the *Papists*, or the *Moor*, or *Jew* :
 The City is a Laystall full of Mire,
 And ought again to be new purg'd with Fire :
 All Honesty, all Godliness they hate,
 Love Strife and War, Contention and Debate.

These are the Men from whom much mischief
 (springs,
 Whilst their bad Cause they falsely make the King's.
 These wrong the King, and then to make amends,
 With Oaths declare they are his only Friends:
 But these are they who *Coleman* would outdo,
 Blow up both Kings and Kingly Power too.

For why is all this Contest and this Strife?
 This struggling in the State, as 'twere for Life?
 When all Men own'd their enjoy'd Happiness,
 And daily did their belov'd Monarch bless?
 But these ill Men all common Roads forsake,
 O'er Hedges, and thro' standing Corn they break;
 Tho' ill Success they have, they will not cease,
 Till they have spoil'd the Nation's happy Peace.
 They see none to Rebellion are inclin'd,
 Yet Plots they make, where Plots they cannot find.
 But their Designs they did so idly frame,
 The Evil on their Heads return'd with shame;
 And tho' they find their evil Projects curst,
 They keep the Impudence they had at first:
 'Gainst Honesty, Law, Reason, then they fight,
 And falsely cry, The King can have no Right.
 The People of their Judgment they bereave,
 No Proof, no Circumstance will they believe:
 Rebels and Traytors they will still create,
 And are Men-catchers of the highest Rate.
 With Regal Rights these Men keep much ado;
 But, with that Stale, their own Game they pursue:
 Their Monarch's Safety, Honour, Fame, Renown,
 The great Supports and Jewels of the Crown;
 The Peoples Love, their Freedom, Liberties,
 Those they neglect, and these they do despise.
 What e'er these Men pretend, the juggling Feat
 Is plainly seen; 'tis to grow Rich, and Great,
 To Rule, to Sway, to Govern as they please:
 The Peoples Grievance, and the Land's Disease.

All Men that would oppose their Pow'r and Sway,
And will not them, like Gally-slaves, obey,
They brand with odious Names, altho they spring
From Fathers ever Loyal to their King :

Tho they themselves Sons of the Church are known,
Would with their Blood defend their Monarch's
And ready are their Lives to sacrifice (Throne,
For all their King's just Rights, which much they
(prize.

But O the Change that's now in *England* seen !
They who are Loyal, and so e'er have been,
Because they will not serve sinister ends,
Are Rebels call'd, at least call'd Traitors Friends.
Thou wicked Hag, that now art arm'd with Power,
That wouldst Mens Souls and Bodies both devour,
That now dost show thy bloody armed Paws,
With Malice arm'd, and with too rigid Laws ;
With what Poetick Curse shall I thee paint,
Who art a Devil, yet appear'st a Saint ?
But Vengeance for thee still in Heav'n there's store,
Tho many bless, and Thee the Beast adore,

(Whore.

Thou'rt dy'd with Blood, and art the Scarlet
O Persecution ! thou'rt a Goddess blind,
That never sparest any Human kind ;
In every County thou dost footing gain,
In all Religions thou desir'st to reign,
But never wast admitted in the True. (renew
Hence grow our Tears, that here thou shouldst
Thy Strength and Power in this happy Realm,
Our Quiet and our Peace to overwhelm ;
When for some Years thou hast been banished,
And Protestants believ'd thou hadst been dead ;
Or that at least, we never more should fear
That thou shouldst live to shew thy Power here :

Unless (which Heav'n avert) that thou shouldst
(come

By Force, brought in by the curst Power of *Rome*.

But griev'd we are, to see it in our Age,

And fear it may a greater Ill presage.

Prisons and Fines the Punishments are now,

But who knows what at last it may come to?

For this damn'd Hag longs still for human Food,

Ne'er satisfy'd till she is gorg'd with Blood.

Well may the Papists, when they have their turn,

Rack and imprison, torture, hang, and burn;

When Protestants to Protestants do shew,

That had they Pow'r, themselves as much would do.

But let the busy Ministers take care,

They do but Vengeance for themselves prepare :

For in all Ages it was ever known, (down

That God his Vengeance on their Heads pour'd

All but mere Fools may easily foresee

What will the fatal End of these things be ;

If one bigotted in the *Romish* way,

Should once again the *English* Scepter sway ;

Then those who in the Pulpit are so loud,

Preaching Succession to the vulgar Croud, (turn;

Must change their croaking Notes, their Coats must

Or, if prove honest, fly the Land, or burn:

Whom Benefit or Ignorance engage,

Now to the Party, then shall feel the Rage

Of those fierce Tyrants, who now undermine,

And hidden carry on their curst Design.

The proud usurping Priest, and Popish Knaves,

Shall be your Lords, and all the *English* Slaves ;

The Nobles then must wear the *Romish* Yoak,

Or Heads submit unto the fatal Stroak.

Oppression will grow bold, the Tadpole Priests

Shall lift above the Lords their Priestly Crests.

T'attempt

T'attempt or struggle then will be in vain,
For Persecution will a Tyrant reign.
Her fatal Pow'r will then be understood,
And she will glut her self with Martyr's Blood.
The Pope's Supremacy shall then be shown,
No other Head in *England* will be known:
Then shall a general Curse flow thro the Land,
Lord against Lord, Friend against Friend shall stand;
Till at the last, the Croud, in their Defence,
Provok'd to Rage, arm 'gainst their Popish Prince:
With Words no longer, but with Arms they'll jar,
And *England* will be spoil'd with Civil War;
True Peace and Happiness so long shall want,
Till she shall get a Monarch Protestant.
Thus Faction Men to Civil Broils engage,
And with their ferment make the Croud to rage:
Their Madness, they in others would increase,
Yet wipe their Mouths, and cry they are for Peace:
For King, for Regal Rights, and true Succession,
They in the People's Ears still make Profession;
Yet for one Man, such Friends they are, so civil,
They'd send almost three Nations to the Devil.
But there's no way these Mischiefs to prevent,
Unless we have a healing Parliament.
Of that these faulty Men love not to hear, (fear.
They've much transgress'd, and much they have to
Until that day, *England* will find no rest,
Tho now she slumbers on her Monarch's Breast;
But then the Nation will be truly blest.

*An Elegy on his Excellency Lieutenant-General
Talmash, 1694.*

By Mr. Edm. Arwaker.

I.

SINCE Heav'n from *Albion's* once lov'd Isle estrang'd,
Has into Frowns its benign Aspect chang'd;
And pleas'd to interrupt her Joys,
The Blessings she in her great *Talmash* found,
With which her Fields, while grac'd with him, were
Severely in their Author them destroys, (crown'd,
And in her tendrest part gives her a mortal Wound:
Why, in this great Occasion to complain,
Does *Albion* seem insensible?
O why suppress her Sighs, her Tears restrain?
Nor offer at her Patron's Herse
A Sacrifice of Monumental Verse?
That might her Grief, great as her Suff'rings, tell;
And celebrate the mighty Name
That swells the Registries of Fame,
That Name, whose just Applause is the main source

II.

(of hers?)

Rouze, you ungrateful Scribling Crew,
VWho with your Tribute of gross Flatteries come
To wait on every meaner Tomb,
But where you shou'd be loudest-tongu'd, are dumb;
Think what is to the Name of *TALMASH* due;
Of whom the VVonders you declare,
So far from Adulation will appear,
They cannot reach his glorious Character.

Justly

Justly to Him your Praise belongs,
Vvhose great Exploits gave you a copious Theme,
And did inspire each Muse with Thoughts sublime,
In imitation of them,
But still, alas! inferior to him, (Songs.
The noblest Subject, and the best Rewarder of your
For as his Vertue did exalt your Strains
Above the pitch of common Thought and Sense,
He amply did requite your Pains
By his unparallel'd Munificence;
He made your Laurels fructify,
And rais'd you to the heights of Poetry,
Freed from the Pressure of its Indigence.

III.

Raise then your Voices, and his Praise declare,
Thus to the World you will your Verse endear,
And ravish every listning Ear.
Tell of his noble Aspect, graceful Mein,
In which Beholders took a strange content,
Fitted to hold the Glorious Things within,
And what it did contain, to represent.
There Wit and Sense were in Abundance found.
But lest, as Waters that their Banks o'erflow,
These Streams shou'd shallow by Dilation grow,
A solid Judgment did their Courses bound,
Which still preserv'd their Depth and Current too,
And made their Silence, as themselves profound;
Not noisy with Impertinence,
The certain mark of a low ebb of Sense.

IV.

Nor did his Courage to his Wit give place;
As great, and yet as quiet too it was;
Free from all offers of Offence,
Conceal'd within his Breast it lay,
As Seeds of Fire hid in their Parent Stone,
Nor easily wou'd it be tempted thence,

Till urg'd by Provocation,
 The angry Sparks forc'd thence their burning way,
 And made his real Brav'ry 'known,
 That cou'd resent a wrong as well as offer none.
 But if his Country, dear as Life or Fame,
 Bid him unsheath his Sword in its defence,
 His Blood was quickly in a Flame,
 And in each Vein beat brisk Alarms,
 To call her great Defender out to Arms;
 Such for her Weakness was his Shame,
 Such of her Sufferings was his tender Sense.

V.

Hibernia, that unhappy Land
 That boasts her wholesom Soil no Venom breeds;
 Yet never wants Rebellion's pois'nous Seeds,
 Her Empress *Albion* durst withstand,
 And strove to wrest the Scepter from her Hand;
 Who then so fit in *Albion's* Cause to fight,
 As he who did in *Albion's* Peace delight,
 And was the great Asserter of her Right?
Talmash is sent her Vassals to reduce:
Talmash the Brave, who cou'd not brook to see
 An Arbitrary Pow'r her Laws abuse,
 And cramp her Native Liberty:
 Him she desires, him she's oblig'd to chuse;
 Nor cou'd she find in her Heroick Store,
 One that wou'd study her Advantage more,
 Or in her Cause be more of Life profuse.

VI.

Atblone, by Art and Nature fortify'd,
 Put a strange Non-plus to the *English* Arms,
 Their Courage baffled, and their Strength defy'd,
 Doubly secur'd from Harms,
 Till *Talmash* found a way they did not dread,
 (Since such a dangerous Enterprize
 No Courage durst attempt, no Thought design,
 A way as unsuspected as unknown, (but his)

At

At once to gain their River and their Town ;
Follow'd by Numbers of admiring Friends

(Who wou'd not follow where he led ?)

Into the *Shannon* boldly he descends,

As *Cæsar* once into the *Rubicon* ;

Th' affrighted River from him fled,

Quitted its Post, and did to *Lym'rick* hast,

(The Rebels strongest Refuge, and their last)

Nor thought its Stream had now sufficient speed ;

While to th' astonish'd Town he safely pass'd,

And on the conquer'd Walls his flying Ensigns

Thus daring Minds no difficulty know, (plac'd.

The Courage that in great Attempts they show,

Enables them to conquer what it leads them to.

Soon War's loud Tumults in *Hibernia* cease,

Subjected to her Sovereign's Pow'r :

Pleas'd with the Blessings of his gentle Reign,

The Golden Plenty, and the Downy Peace,

Which, as his happy Conquest did restore,

His more triumphant Goodness does encrease ;

And now she tunes her Silver Lyre again,

To sing her Liberty regain'd,

Which, if unconquer'd, she had ne'er obtain'd :

Since she no longer business does afford,

To exercise our Hero's Sword,

He hastens to the *Belgick* Shore,

That does his strong successful Arm implore,

To free it from th' encroaching *Gallick* Pow'r,

Which with the Title of *Most Christian* dress'd,

Does *Christendom* worse than the *Turk* infest.

VIII.

But to suppress this pow'rful Foe,

And wound him deeper with a nearer Blow,

The *British* Navy is for *France* design'd,

France must again that dreaded Courage know,

That Courage that had often brought her low ;

And whom cou'd *Albion*, but her *Talmasb*, find

And for the Breath she gave too largely paid.

France by his Death already grown too proud,

Wanted the Honour of his Grave;

This Privilege injurious Fate allow'd,

To be for *Albion* reserv'd, (serv'd:

Whom as his Life he lov'd, whom with his Life he

Nor cou'd she next his Life a greater Blessing crave,

Than to preserve him dead, who her alive did save.

XI.

See *Albion*, see thy General brought home,

Not crown'd with Conquest, as he us'd to come,

But by inconstant Fate betray'd,

Himself a bleeding Victim made;

Ah then dissolve into a briny Flood,

And let it flow in Confort with his Blood.

But, Oh! The precious Balm is shed in vain,

No Virtue is in that or Physick found

To keep out Death, and heal the gaping Wound:

That Sluice does Life's whole treasure drain.

Not all thy Sighs can him with Breath supply,

Not all thy Pray'rs his fleeting Soul recal,

But in thy Arms thy Champion must dye,

Pleasing himself with what thou do'st lament,

The loss of Life in thy lov'd Service spent,

And only deems the Sacrifice too small.

Since then for Thee the gen'rous *Talmash* dies,

To his great Memory just Trophies raise,

For which he Death may prize!

That his pleas'd Soul from its exalted Seat

May triumph in his Fate,

So well deserving and so full of Praise.

While in a peaceful Grave his Body lies

The Guardian Relique of our Isle,

Berkeley in *France* performs his Obsequies,

And makes whole flaming Towns become his Fu-

(n'ral Pile.

Green-

Greenwich-Hill. A Poem.

By Mr. MANNING.

SINCE every Mountain, where the Muses come,
 Is call'd *Parnassus*, and induces some
 Poetick Friend to celebrate its Name:
 Here, *Greenwich*, I attempt to sing thy Fame,
 Led by the Wonders, which my ravish'd sight
 Views from thy lovely Park's aspiring Height.
 O! could I make my Numbers but attain
 To *Denham's* sweetness, not his Hill should gain
 A rise o'er thee, nor yet Proportion hold
 With thy just Fame, which I could then unfold
 With greater Force, transported with each Grace
 So charming, that surrounds the lofty Place.
 Then shouldst thou be to me as that to him,
Parnassus was, and merit more esteem.
 For that, exalted by his Muse alone,
 Without his Song had still remain'd unknown:
 But thou by Nature such Renown dost claim,
 Thou want'st no Poet's Art to give thee Fame.
 And if thy various Beautys I could trace,
 As they deserve, with more than common Grace,
 The Writer's Credit, and the Poem's Fame
 Would spring from thee, whilst thou art still the
 Here then my rising Eye, before my Feet (same.
 Ascend the Mount, so fair a Pile doth meet,
 As in a Poet's Fancy well might prove
Apollo's Palace, or the Seat of *Jove*.
 And the aspiring Hill, on which 'tis laid,
 Might be *Parnassus*, or *Olympus* made.

This

This View, which of a sudden strikes my sight,
Fills me with so surprising a delight,
That I'm o'erjoy'd at what I can descry
From hence, nor wish more limits to my Eye.
And viewing well this Prospect's beauteous Store,
It gives me wonder to be promis'd more.
Thus in some Painter's outward room we find
Enough to please and to surprise the Mind:
And when the Artist labours to invite
Our Eyes to more variety of Sight,
We part not without Pain from what before
We saw so pleasing, that we wish'd no more.

No steep Ascent discourages our Feet,
But all so fair, and regular we meet,
That fill'd with Joy by gentle Steps we rise
To that fair House, which first confin'd our Eyes.
But there arriv'd, and turning to look down,
We wonder that we reach'd the height so soon.

This House, erected at a * King's * Charles II.
(Command,

Displays the Goodness of a Royal Hand;
Nor is't, tho small, unworthy of that Fame,
But high, and graceful, as its Founder's Name.

Here, *Flamsted*, mounted to this lofty Seat,
Where all the Arts of thy Profession meet,
Thou shew'st Mankind how much improv'd by thee
Are all the Wonders of Astronomy.

Thou, Reverend Man, from thy auspicious Hill
Canst all the Secrets of the Stars reveal.

Thy Astrolabes are made with so much Art,
They can the distance of the Sun impart;
Disclose a Parallax i'th' Heavenly Sphere,
And shew the Place of every wandring Star.
Now shall we fear no more mistakes, we see
Celestial Motions all set right by thee.

Nor

Nor need we mourn Great *Archimedes* Sphere,
 Lost tho the finish'd Labour-be, since here
 In thee reviv'd his Genius doth appear.
 Nor doth thy Hand the hoarding Miser play,
 But all the Uses of thy Art convey
 To serve Mankind. Now *Flamsted*, give me leave
 Here from thy Walls that Prospect to receive,
 Which Nature's wide Indulgence doth afford
 To each surveying Eye.

Here mine descending from the Hill, salutes
 A pleasant Vale, whose constant Beauty futes
 The Queen's fair House, that seems below to vye
 With equal Grace the Pile that stands so high.
 More safe, for this like every lofty State
 Is liable to Envy or to Hate,
 The Blasts of Fortune, or the Rage of Winds,
 Which spoil the proudest, and the best Designs.
 Whilst that, like one with milder place content,
 Is less expos'd, more firm and innocent.
 Here shouldst thou dwell, my Muse, at least reveal
 What Gratitude forbids thee to conceal:
 That entring here, amidst the various Paint,
 * Old as it is, disdaining to be faint, * By Rubens.
 The Muses we behold divinely fair,
 With all the proper Emblems of their Care.
 And here, O teach me to unfold that Birth,
 Which dignifies so much this Spot of Earth,
 That of the Great *Eliza*, [so renown'd
 In all the Arts of Empire. and so found
 In Fame's Immortal Volume] in whose time
 True *English* Worth most flourish'd in this Clime.
 And as it rose with her, so her Decrease
 Made that decline, and almost with her cease.
 So doom'd a while, till Nature gain'd Recruits,
 Improv'd the Soil, and brought forth better Fruits.

Here should my Praise enlarge, but that my Eye,
 Too quick for Thought, beholds a Valley nigh:
 Whose

Whose flow'ry Pasture oft invites to graze
 Whole Droves of the Horn'd Herd, a fearful Race,
 The Hunter's Pastime, now retir'd for Shade
 Beneath a lofty Hill, by Nature made
 A common and a safe Retreat, to shun
 A Northern Tempest, or a Scorching Sun.
 Here they delight to wanton, play, and rove,
 To make their Courtship, and enjoy their Love.
 Rambling they love, nor are to one confin'd,
 But free as Air, and uncontroul'd as Wind.
 No Law they know, but guided by their Eyes
 Take their own Choice to love or to despise.
 How then is Man deceiv'd! how weak, how vain
 Is he, who thinks by Reason to obtain
 Advantage over Brutes, who know no Cares
 Of racking Love, no Hopes, or wild Despairs;
 But run with Joy the destin'd Course of Life,
 Ty'd to no Rule, no Slavery, no Wife!
 Whilst we triumphing falsely o'er their State,
 Misguided by our Reason, soon or late
 Split on the fatal Rocks of Love and Hate.
 Behind the Queen's another Royal Pile
 Next courts my view, the Hope of *Britain's* Isle;
 * A King's Foundation, and design'd * *Charles II.*
 (his Seat,

When State-Affairs would suffer his Retreat:
 When Care of Empire, and the Toil of Power
 Had well prepar'd Him to enjoy an Hour.
 Close to the Banks of Silver *Thames* it stands,
 With Majesty it rises, and commands
 A noble Prospect, for at once it views
 An *English* Fleet, our Isle's Defence, and shews
 A Mixture of all Nations and of Things,
 Which the kind Flood receiving, hither brings.
 The View, I mean, it brings, for all the Store
 Unlades it self upon the Neighb'ring Shore

Of the Fair City, whose extending Side
 Swells in my Eye with so August a Pride,
 So near me too, that did not here my Muse
 Urge a Suspence, I could not well refuse
 More than a transient Offering to its Praise,
 But that's reserv'd a while my Thoughts to raise
 Upon another View.

Crossing the Stream that flows between the Pile
 And the next Shore, we view a spacious Isle,
 Whose Bosom teeming by an ambient Flood,
 Produces Plenty of such wholesom Food,
 That grazing here, the worn, abandon'd Steed
 Regains his Vigour, and renews his Speed.

Now gentle *Thames*, concern'd for our Delight;
 Presents a hundred Windings to our Sight;
 Which as they turn, still flow with such a Grace,
 Giving so much Advantage to each place
 They run between, that no *Mæander* shows
 Such Turnings, or so fair a View bestows.
 See with what joyful hast he takes his Course,
 Yet how serene, and how averse to Force.
 No rapid Waves throughout his Channel roll,
 Yet swift as Fame, that flies without controul.
 Tho lib'ral, yet within his Bounds he flows,
 And tho reserv'd, he visits, as he goes,
 The neighb'ring Meads, and cherishing the Earth,
 Presents the Mower with a plenteous Birth.
 O happy *Thames*, whose Current could invite
 Immortal *Denham's* Muse, thy Praise to write!
 Now shall thy just Preeminence o'er all
 The Ocean's Sons, by no Endeavours fall:
 By no dark Cloud of Malice be o'ercast,
 As long as his Eternal Work shall last.

Next *Windsor*, rising with a stately Meen,
 Shews his proud Head, aspiring to be seen
 So far remote from hence, tho here it seems
 A distant Mountain only, when the Beams

Of a clear Sun diffuse not o'er the Place
Their Brightness, to disclose its Frame and Grace.
High as the God's *Olympus*, seems the Hill
On which it stands, and shining doth reveal
A Palace as Majestick, and as Fair,
As Poets fruitful Heads have fancy'd there.
Thou, *Windsor*, too art happy in the Praise
Which the same Heavenly Muse to Thee did raise.
Who knows not now thy Beauty, and thy Force,
Thy matchless *Heroes*, and their Warlike Course,
Thy *Garret's* first Original, and Fame,
By Kings esteem'd an Honour to their Name?
Here when Desert has challeng'd from the King
Thy Order, what Profusion doth it bring
Of Pomp and Beauty to thy stately Quire!
How do we throng to gaze, and to admire!
And tho devouring Time has left no Name
Of thy first Founder in the Books of Fame:
Yet this we know, that to suspend thy Fate,
'Twas * *Charles* repair'd Thee, and en-
(larg'd thy State.

* II.

Now, gentle Muse, assist me to return
To the King's House, that was so long forlorn,
Abandon'd, left unfinish'd, till a Queen,
[Equal in All to great *Eliza* seen,
Her Godlike Bounty, and capacious Soul,
The Arts of Empire, and Success of Rule:
Now equal too in Death, alas! O Weight
Of most uncomfortable Woe!]
Partly in pity to its falling State,
But more by Love conducted, and by Fate,
Fond of her People's Good, spread forth her Mind,
Renew'd the Building, and its Use design'd
For poor, disabled Seamen, whom the War
Invading should deny from Wounds to spare.
See how the busy Lab'ers urge the Pile,
That is to succour, and oblige our Isle.

Some

Some hasten to extend its Walls, and some
 Adorn the inward Roof, whilst these assume
 The carving Part, and every Order shape,
 And those surveying let no Art escape,
 That may advance the Beauty of the Frame
 As shining, as its second Founder's Name.
 Just so the Bees, when Summer is begun,
 Spread o'er the Fields, and labour in the Sun.
 Part cull the blooming Flowers, & load their Thighs
 With various Sweets, and part with humming Crys,
 Emit their Young; whilst others to relieve
 The most oppress'd, their Burdens do receive,
 And bear them Home, where other Bees salute
 Their safe Arrival, and dispose their Fruit
 Within their Cells, or with unwearied toil
 Thicken the liquid Juice, and guard the Spoil;
 Whilst others rang'd in gallant Order, drive
 The Drones, a lazy Insect, from their Hive.
 All urge the Work, whilst the *Nestarean* Food
 Exerts a fragrant Odour from the Wood.
 Now shall our *England* flourish, and extend
 Its Greatness to the World's extremest End:
 For since so noble a Support was made
 By *William's* Bounty for the Soldier's Trade
 Before at *Chelsey* (whose sweet Fabrick might
 Suffice alone for ample Theme to write)
 By this enlargement of the Royal Mind,
 The Nation's Soul shall be no more confin'd:
 But wheresoe'er our Fleets or Armies go,
 We'll spread our Glory, and insult our Foe.

Here rest, my Muse, awhile to ease my sight,
 Which grows unsteady with the distant flight
 My Eyes have made; then gently hover round
 What lies behind, and view the lofty Ground.
 Whilst I refresh my self beneath the Shade
 Of an adjacent Grove, supinely laid,

To ease my Limbs oppress'd and faint with heat,
Greedy of rest, impatient for retreat.
There will I lie, and wait thy airy flight,
Rise at thy Call, and spread again my sight.

But 'tis in vain I beg a space for ease,
Not so the Muse, whom I invoke, decrees.
Grown passive I to her Impressions bend,
Walk a few steps, and then my Eyes descend
Upon a *Vista*, whose unlook'd-for sight
Strikes me with such amazement of delight,
That I no longer my Complaints pursue,
But find new Vigour from the healing View.
So for a while an absent Friend we mourn,
And beg of Heav'n to hasten his return.
But should some lovely Dame invade our Eyes,
Whose Aspect fills us with a sweet Surprise,
No more we feel the Torments of our Grief,
But from each charming View we gain relief.

Here my transported Eye, thro' even Rows
Of Trees, which Mountains shelter and inclose,
Meets with so distant and so fair a sight,
So much variety of true Delight,
That I'm concern'd, lest doubting which to chuse
My dazled Eyes amidst the heap should lose
Part of the beauteous store. Assist me then
Here, my companion Muse, and teach my Pen
To set in order what my sight commands,
And praise each worthy Object as it stands.

First then my careful Eye reviewing down,
Salutes the Chappel of the Neighb'ring Town;
Here the bright Dames that dwell about the place,
(And *Greenwich* boasts of some, whose heavenly Grace
Commands remembrance) daily come to pay
Thanks for those Blessings which their Charms dis-
Humble in all their Beauty may concern, (play;
But proud to those who for that Beauty burn:

Not imitating Heaven, that was so kind
 To grace their Bodies, and enrich their Mind.
 Else would *Aurelia* match the purest Flame,
 That ever touch'd a Heart, or found a Name.
Aurelia, in whom sparkles every Grace,
Juno in Mein, and *Venus* in her Face.
Aurelia, whom the Groves and Walks reherse,
 The Ornament and Grandeur of my Verse.
 But O! the same both Groves and Walks repeat,
 That *Thyrsis* lies still dying at her Feet.

Next the fair River offers to my view
 A rising Grove of Ships, that gently flow
 In with the Tide, whose shaded Waters seem
 To be no part of the incircling Stream :
 Which might be ta'en for Land, as here it shows,
 But for the Motion which the Ships disclose.
 Tall Sons of Oak, that on the Waves aspire
 To lift themselves above their lofty Sire
 That grew at Land, and by the help of Sails,
 Waiting for Seasons, and for prosp'rous Gales,
 Spread the wide Ocean o'er, and for our use
 Bring home the Riches that all Climes produce :
 Whilst the whole World with fear & wonder meets
 Our Flags, and pays low homage to our Fleets;
 Which still with all their Pride my Eyes can trace,
 Winding the River to salute that Place
 Which claims their just Obedience, and gives
 To them that Succour it from them receives.
 Here *London* swelling, doth it self present
 So stately, and with such a huge extent,
 That my fix'd Eye, with admiration fill'd,
 Dwells on a View, that such a Scene doth yield
 Of lofty Monuments, that rise so high,
 As if they would again the Heavens defy,
 And make the Earth contiguous with the Sky.
 Among the rest, contending for the Height,
 Two the most eminent engage my Sight :

Both

Both with such state, and such a tow'ring rise,
As if they scorn'd the reach of humane Eyes ;
But swell'd with emulation would aspire
To be consum'd in Elemental Fire.

As Rival Statesmen, scorning to abide
An Equal, often sink beneath their Pride.

In a more humble, yet a sweet Ascent,
The City's Fortress doth it self present
Full in my Eye, and with an easier Fate
(In all its compass Strength unites with Grace)
Diverts the horror of the former sight,
Rais'd by the Rival Spire's amazing height.

From hence our numerous Armies are supply'd
With all their Stores, here *William* can provide
For greater Forces, nor would yet the Place
Appear exhausted, but disclose a face
Of vast surrounding War, to shew our store
By him made endless, as our Isle secure.

Here are the Regal Ensigns kept with care,
In solemn state, amidst the Pomp of War.
An Emblem of our Monarch's lofty Name,
Who has so much surpass'd all Kings in Fame,
In Fields of Battel, and at home in Peace,
Born to Triumph, and make Disorder cease.

Nor does this famous Tower alone disclose
Peculiar Wonders of our own, but shows
Variety of Creatures hither brought
By curious Men from Countries far remote,
As Presents fit for Kings, who here maintain
The Captive Beasts, such as the *Lybian* Plain,
And Desarts of wild *Africk* once obey'd
As Lords of all their Wast, and barb'rous Shade.
Till Men by Stratagem their Power controul'd,
And dar'd to seize them in their strongest Hold.

Now my unsteddy Eye removing flies
O'er all the lofty Buildings, and espies

Beyond their wide Extent a spacious Hill,
 Whose gentle rise, and fruitful sides reveal
 A beauteous Prospect, and whose tow'ring height
 Looks o'er the stately Town, and bounds my sight.
 Its lofty Top seems level with the Sky,
 Affording Wonder, as it gives me Joy :
 Whilst o'er its wide, extended face is seen
 Perpetual Bloom, and ever-springing Green.

* *In allusion*
to Sir John
Denham.

* O could I rise like thee, and make
 thy Height
 The graceful Measure of my Muse's
 flight !

Bounded tho wide, tho mild, yet full of state,
 High without Force, without aspiring Great.

Here, *Hamsted*, I should dwell upon thy Praise,
 Search all thy Beauties, and delight to gaze
 Upon thy Face, could but my lab'ring Eyes
 Preserve their Vigour, and avoid Surprise.
 But such thy Distance is, and such thy Grace,
 That dazled with thy Lustre, and the Space
 That lies between; my strain'd o'er-burden'd sight
 Is forc'd to lose thy Beauty, and thy Height.

But so surrounded is the lovely Hill,
 Whereon I stand, with Perspectives that fill
 My Eyes with Admiration and Delight,
 That wheresoe'er I turn, I please my sight
 With some new Prospect, such Variety,
 Such mixture of Extremes in all I see,
 Of Joy and Wonder, that my ravish'd Eyes
 Descry throughout a perfect Paradise.

But that which most delights me, is that pair
 Of Groves, where all that's pleasant, sweet, or fair
 In Art or Nature, doth oblige my sight,
 And where a Maze of Walks might well invite
 The God of Love to keep his amorous Court,
 His wanton Revels, and his Midnight Sport.

The

The Muses too with all their Train might here
 Indulge their Thoughts apart, nor interfere
 With other Pastime, but apply their Trade,
 Tune all their Harps, and court *Apollo's* Aid.
 Then in a critical well-chosen Hour,
 The God inspiring, use his offer'd Power.
 O happy Groves, that thus may conscious prove
 Of Heavenly Numbers, and Celestial Love!
 Here, various Dames we see, divinely bright,
 Walk in these Shades, when Time and Air invite.
 Doom'd to disquiet we their steps pursue,
 And unprepar'd feel Wounds at every view.

But O! *Aurelia* shoots the keenest Dart, (Heart.
 Which not my Sense alone, but pierces thro my

As in the Groves of lofty *Cynthus*, when
Diana walks with all her shining Train
 To seek some cool Retreat, each lovely Maid
 Reflects a thousand Graces thro the Shade.
 The Goddess by her Stature, Shape, and Air,
 Majestically tall, proportion'd, fair,
 Surpasses all the rest : such here we see
Aurelia, when she leads her Company
 Within the Groves of this delightful Hill ;
 So doth she shine, such Excellence reveal.

O lovely *Greenwich*, how dost thou surprize
 Our Souls with Wonder, and with Joy our Eyes !
 Thy num'rous different Beauties to rehearse
 Requires the strength of more exalted Verse.
 Fain would I trace them, but my stock of Art
 Is unproportion'd to the willing part.
 Yet sure 'twere stupid to forget to name
 The *Ranger* of thy Park, so high in Fame.
DORSET the Patron, and the Rule of Wit,
 The Nation's Honour, and the Court's Delight :
 The Soul of Goodness, and the Spring of Sense,
 The Poet's Theme, Reward, and Great Defence.

Here when the restless Toil of being Great,
 Makes him retire from all the Pomp of State,
 Free with a chosen Friend, he takes his Ease,
 Unbends his Mind, and tastes the Joys of Peace;
 Reads o'er the Poets with impartial Eyes,
 And then determines who shall fall or rise.
 So in old *Rome*, when weary of Affairs
 Of State, *Mæcenas* would release his Cares;
 Fond of Retreat, with *Horace* only blest,
 He left his Grandeur, and his Joy confess:
 Judg'd with like Freedom what the *Romans* writ,
 Which was base Metal, and which Standard Wit.

*Prince Butler's Tale: Representing the State
 of the Wool-Case, or the East-India
 Case truly stated, 1691.*

THE ARGUMENT.

SHEWS why this Tale in Verse is wrote,
 How 'twas begun o'er the Ale Pot;
 Shews Rise and Progress of the Trade
 To India drove, and who 'twas made
 The first steps to our Wool Trade's Ruin,
 And how it prov'd to Folks undoing;
 What done to stop its further Growth,
 And how those Measures came to nought;
 How Golden Fleece lay very dead,
 How All for burying it was made;
 And how, if we were truly wise,
 We should their Trankums all despise,
 Our Mony save, imploy our Poor,
 From starving keep, and from our Door;
 Who then could drink, some Ale, some Sherry,
 And laugh, and quaff, and all be merry.

P R O L O G U E.

IN place one day as I was standing,
 Where Folks were printed Papers banding
 To those that wou'd, or read, or buy 'em,
 These Remarks made, as I stood nigh 'em :
 I saw a mighty, zealous Crew,
 Some for Old Stock, and some for New,
 Were pro and conning their hard Cases,
 By the chief Dons of several Classes :
 'Mongst which Grandees I sometimes fell in,
 And heard most dismal Stories telling ;
 The one the other much arraign'd,
 And Credit of their Causes stain'd.
 Thus having heard each side complain,
 Methoughts it was apparent plain,
 That some 'mongst both were Knaves in grain.
 I saw a Case concerning Wool,
 With Reasons stuff'd, both clear and full ;
 Which plainly shew'd our certain ruin,
 These mighty Talkers were pursuing :
 Yet saw, that many, at first sight on't,
 There were that made but very light on't,
 And found there were but few attend it,
 But very few that would defend it.
 Amaz'd I stood, and much dejected,
 And in my Mind was much affected,
 So great a Cause should be neglected.
 Soon after that, I saw, with Vigour,
 Verses catch'd up, 'bout fight of Tyger,
 By Old and Young, by Fools and Witty,
 And by the great Dons of the City.
 Thought I, this Case, if I should write
 In such a manner, Folks would buy't,

*And read, for sake of Doggrel Rhime,
Which Thought improv'd, I lost no Tink,
But presently o'er Pot of Ale,
Writ a great part of this sad Tale,
Which, if you like, you may have more on't,
For I now have, or shall have store on't.*

The TALE.

WHEN first the *Indian* Trade began,
And Ships beyond the *Tropicks* ran
In quest of various Drugs and Spices,
And sundry other strange Devices,
Salt-petre, Drugs, Spice, and like Trading,
Compos'd the bulk of all their Lading:
Bengals, and Silks, of *Indians* making,
Our Merchants then refus'd to take in,
Knowing it would their Country ruin,
And might prove to their own undoing.
Nor did they carry Gold or Bullion,
To fetch home what supplants our Woollen;
Nor were this Nation fond to wear
Such *Indian* Toys, which cost so dear:
Then were we clad in Woollen Stuffs,
With Cambrick Bands, and Lawn Ruffs,
Or else in Silk, which was imported
For Woollen Goods, which we exported;
Which Silk our *English* Weavers bought,
And into various Figures wrought.
Then scarce a Child was to be seen,
Without Say Frock, that was of green:
Our Hangings, Beds, our Coats, and Gowns,
Made of our Wool in Clothing Towns.
This Nation then was rich and wealthy,
And in a State which we call'd healthy.

But

But since the Men of *Gath* arose,
And for their Chief *Goliath* chose,
Who with *Re'bobam's* Coun's'llers clos'd ;
And since that mighty Giant's Reign,
Whose chiefest Aim was private Gain,
This Trade was drove on by such Measures,
As soon exhausted much our Treasures.
For then our chiefest Artists went
With Patterns, and with Money sent,
To make and purchase *Indian* Ware,
For which this Nation pays full dear.
Then by great Gifts of finest Touches,
To Lords and Ladies, Dukes and Dutche's,
So far prevail'd, as set the Fashion,
Which Plague-like soon spread o'er the Nation.
Our Ladies all were set a gadding,
After these Toys they ran a madding ;
And nothing then would please their Fancies,
Nor Dolls, nor Joans, nor wanton Nancies,
Unless it was of *Indians* making ;
And if 'twas so, 'twas wondrous taking.
This antick Humor so prevail'd,
Tho many 'gainst it greatly rail'd ;
That all Degrees of Female kind,
To *Indian* Ware were so inclin'd,
That nothing else could please their Mind.
Tell 'em the following of such Fashion
Wou'd beggar and undo the Nation,
And ruin all our labouring Poor,
That must, or starve, or beg at Door ;
They'd not at all regard your Story,
But in their painted Garments glory ;
And such as were not *Indian* proof,
They scorn'd, despis'd, as paltry Stuff :
And like gay Peacocks proudly strut it,
When in our Streets along they foot it.

This Humour strangely thus prevailing,
 Set all the poorer sort a railing,
 Or else with Grief their Case bewailing,
 The richer seeing what was doing,
 And how the Nation ran to Ruin,
 To King in Council did complain,
 In time of *Charles* the Second's Reign ;
 On which were several Lords appointed,
 By him who was the Lord's Anointed,
 To hear the Case, and sad Complaining
 Of those that then were for Restraining ;
 Who plainly did their Lordships tell,
 What Mischiefs to our Trade befel ;
 How both our Men and Bullion went
 To work in *India*, and be spent
 In needless Toys, and gaudy Dresses,
 For Ladies, Madams, Trulls, and Misses.
 The Case thus heard, they were inclin'd
 Some proper Remedy to find ;
 And something was in order doing,
 To put a stop to further Ruin ;
 But by the Craft of great *Goliath*,
 Who all the Host stood in defy-a,
 There is this Story passing current,
 That say 'twas he that stop'd this torrent,
 By pouring Gold in plenteous Showers,
 In Ladies Laps, who bore great Powers ;
 Which strongly alter'd all their Measures,
 Such Charms there are in hidden Treasures,
 Thus barroading all Complaints,
 Drove Jehu-like without Restraints,
 Fill'd Town and Country soon so full,
 As ruin'd much our Trade in Wool :
 And such great Stocks of Wool and Clothes,
 Were hoarded up, and eat by Moths,
 Made Clothiers all, and Growers grumbl'd,
 When Clothes and Fleeces o'er they tumbld.

And

And further Mischiefs to prevent,
Complaint was made in Parliament:
And 'cause the Wool so near affected,
This *Salvo* for't was then projected,
That since the Living would not bear it,
They should, when dead, be forc'd to wear it,
This help'd in part, but the Grand Ill
Remains upon the Kingdom still.
Yet this our Ladies so offended,
As all our Female Sex contended,
And fain would had this Act rejected:
But then their Counsels were neglected,
And Time has reconcil'd it so,
To this Wool Act they're now no Foe;
So that from Ladies great, to Skullion,
All buried lay in our own Woollen.

And happy thrice would *England* be,
If, while they're living, we could see,
Our noble Ladies but beginning
To wear our Wool of finest spinning,
Or in such Silks our Workmen make,
For which our Merchants Cloth do take;
Which soon wou'd bring them in such Fashion,
As they'd be worn throughout this Nation,
By all Degrees, and Sex, and Ages,
From highest Peers to lowest Pages;
Nor would the meanest Trulls or Besses,
Delight to wear these *Indian* Dresses,
Which certainly would Profit bring,
To them, their Tenants, and our King,
And Heaven's Blessing in the Bargain,
Because they'll keep our Poor from starving.
For they wou'd soon be then employ'd,
Our Money too at Home wou'd 'hide.
And happy then both Great and Small,
With Mirth in Parlour, and in Hall,
When thus, with Plenty, Beards wag all.

EPILOGUE.

AND now this Tale, thus far being ended,
 Methinks I see some Folks offended,
 And 'gainst this Doggrel Poet rail,
 Because be've told so plain a Tale ;
 And New and Old Stock, Jobbing Throng,
 Crying it down, be't right or wrong :
 But if they do, and away fling 'em,
 'Tis a great Sign they're Truths that fling 'em.
 But let them spend their Lungs, and bellow,
 Such blustering Sparks be need not value,
 Since all his Aim, and his Designs,
 Are to beat down their Indian Blinds,
 That all true English-men may see
 What cause their real Misery,
 That so they may prevent their Ruin,
 And save this Nation from undoing.
 But if they still will shut their Eyes,
 And Demonstrations plain despise ;
 And if his Tale shall be rejected,
 Or if this Cause be still neglected,
 He only this has more to say,
 That he can shift as well as they,
 And that he writ this not for Pay.

Once before I was as a Child.

BESS the good Ladies and good Men,
 That hearth has for before us,
 And may we Men prove all to good,
 That Women may prove all to good.

May these thy fruitful Dances live long,
 Over every day more handsome;
 And may their Husbands prove as strong
 As I see, as second *Amphion*
 May thy dances mostly each Night
 With a Bipe on Babylon,
 And wither Midnight bring to light
 The Fruits of all their Babylon.
 God save the Queen, and send Peace thro' the Realm,
 Men may obey, and Women rule the Realm.

Chorus after Mass

O how heavily thanks we humbly pay
 For these Blessings we have tasted;
 And how rich Christmings every Day
 Thus we may thus be feasted.
 We bless thee for each merry Dame,
 And her good Conversation:
 O bring them yearly to the same
 Bless'd end of their Creation.
 May they abound in Ours and Ours,
 And still and still be fit to
 Please to may we see, and thus rejoice
 To make each Babe a Christian.
 Bless all good Women in their married State,
 Make their Bains easy and their Pleasures great.

The Dog in the Wheel. A Satyr, 1705.

ONCE in a certain Family,
 Where Idleness was difesteem'd;
 For antient Hospitality,
 Great Plenty, and Frugality,
 'Bove others famous deem'd:
 No useless Thing was kept for show,
 Unless a *Paraquet*; or so;
 Some poor Relation in an Age,
 The Chaplain, or my Lady's Page;
 All Creatures else about the House,
 Were put to some convenient Use.
 Nay, ev'n the Cook had learnt the knack,
 With Curs, to save the Charge of Jack;
 So train'd 'em to her purpose fit,
 And made 'em earn each bit they eat.
 Her ready Servants knew the Wheel,
 Or stood in awe of Whip and Bell,
 Each had his Task, and did it well;
 Tho' for their Labour well they sped,
 They far'd like those were better bred,
 No Chaplains cou'd be higher fed:
 Fine season'd Dishes fit their Maws,
 Swimming with curious sav'ry Sauce;
 The Dripping-Pan, no Dainty was.
 Plates heap'd with Fragments they devour,
 The Footman just had lick'd before,
 Wou'd make a Poor-man's Mouth run o'er.
 High season'd Olio's, sav'ry Meats,
 With many fine delicious Bits,

Became

Became their daily Fare :

Sometimes a Capon's half-pick'd Rump,
At which a hungry Priest would jump,

Would happen to their Share :

Till full, and wanton, they'd retire,
And bask, and play before the chearful Fire.

One proling Cur, of little use,
That stragling went about the House,
Bark'd at the Door, a milking ran,
Lazy and proud, as any Serving-man :

Was good for nothing that I know,
But poor and saucy, like abundance more,

That still at Dinner-time would go,
And cringe, and hanker at the Kitchen Door.

And if the Cook but turn'd her back,
He'd many a sleeveless Errand make,

For Hunger, and his Belly's sake :

Tho, like a Thief, by stealth he came,
His Stomach could digest the Shame.

And thus he squeez'd himself one day,
In a submissive Fawning way,

He took occasion thus to say :

' I wonder, Gentlemen, that you

' This servile Life will undergo ;

' Your Ancestors were better bred,

' In noble Sports their Lives they led,

' And from their Master's Board were fed :

' They brought home Game to load the Spit,

' And ne'er to turn it would submit :

' While you for Whips and Spurs must look,

' At ev'ry Fart that wrings the Cook.

' Tho, pardon me, so plain I speak,

' I do it for our kindred sake.

' 'Tis true—— You may do what you please ;

' But e'er I'd lead a Life so base,

' (For I don't covet any Place)

' I'd starve about the House in Peace.

This

This said — the Cook came in at last,
 And seeing him amongst the rest,
 She call'd him very gentle to'er,
 And stroak'd the smooth submissive Cur:
 Who soon was hush'd, forgot to rail,
 He lick'd his Lips, and wag'd his Tail,
 Was over-joy'd he shou'd prevail
 Such Favour to obtain.

Among the rest he went to play,
 Was put into the Wheel next day,
 He *Turn'd*, and Eat as well as they,
 And never *Speech'd* again.

Those Lords of deep reaches,
 With popular Speeches,
 That dang'rous *Chimera's* inveigh,
 Were they put into Place
 (As we judg is the Case)
 Who'd sneak, or be tamer than they?
 But since we incline
 To thwart the Design,
 And let 'em unheeded *rail* on;
 His Lordship may speak
 A fresh Speech ev'ry Week,
 And take a fresh Wh-re ev'ry Moon.

There's none 'twill offend,
 Tho he misses his End;
 Or if his Pretensions are double:
 He may humour the Mob
 With another such Job,
 There's some slight Amends for the Trouble;

On the Death of Serjeant Darnell, 1706.

REnowned *Pbiz* ! kept Evidence in awe, (Law,
Yet smooth'd the wrinkled Forehead of the
Is made, by Death, a Morfel for its Jaw.

Swop down he went, in Parchment-skin wrapt close,
Instead of Coffin, and in Paper Clothes;
He left his Friends, and grin'd upon his Foes.

(man,
Strange hand of Death that spares nor Man nor Wo-
The *Chancery* Lawyer, or the Lawyer Common,
And grants a *Habeas Corpus* unto no Man,
The talking Serjeant talk'd, but talk'd in vain,
Could not the Judgment of Death's Law restrain,
So rais'd his Head, and laid it down again,

Death to the Sentence did stand stiff and firm,
Tho mov'd Impar lance to another Term;
Death will the Sentence maugre Quirks confirm.

Whither he's gone I shall not dare to say,
Whether the darkest or the brightest Way;
But that he's gone, I will a Wager lay.

If to the sooty Shore he's thither gone,
I'll pass my Word he'll hardly there find One,
Of *Pbiz* more dismal or Complexion.

Well, since he's dead and gone, e'en let him go,
Shall we lament because the Case is so ?
I boldly answer positively, No.

Maintenon

Louis

Philip

*Barce-
lona
Turin*

*Portoca-
rro*

Frillstra tentafils, ast non

DeGet esse Monar



A Collection of some Satyrical Prints, publish'd beyond Sea, relating to the Affairs of Europe, since the French King plac'd his Grandson on the Throne of Spain. With their Explanations in English.

There needs little Explanation to this Cut, the Figures and the Postures explain themselves. The two Kings, Lewis the XIV. and his Grandson Philip the V. are the Persons represented sawing the Globe; the Devil, Ambassador from Porto-Carero, supports it; and Madam. Maintenon to make the Saw go glib, waters it with her own chaste Stream.

WHEN *Anjou* stept into the *Spanish* Throne,
The mighty Monarchs thought the World
(their own.

They set their Saw to cut the Globe in two,
And share both Worlds the old one and the new.
But tough they find the knotty Work, and flinch,
Before the grating Tool has gain'd an Inch.
Old *Maintenon*, who sees how hard they draw,
Steps on the Ball and whets the rusty Saw.
But tho she lets her lower Fountains play,
The Monarchs sweat in vain to saw their way.
They pay for what they get in either *Spain*,
And lose a thousand Foot for one they gain.



In this Cut is represented the Sun in an Eclipse ; or Lewis XIV. eclips'd by Queen ANNE. On the right Hand in the same Square are two Astrologers, taking their Observations ; Queen ANNE is in the Center, on a Throne, holding the Cock, whose Wings she clips to prevent his Flight, in her Hand. The Figures on each side of Her are Her Counsellors and Generals. The Fleet in the Corner on the left Hand side is, Admiral Leak's Triumphant over the Count de Toulouse Admiral of France. The Battel on the right-side of the Sun is drawn for that of Ramilly or Judoigne ; the Church of the last Town appearing at a little distance. On the other side of the Sun, the French King and his dear Wife or Mistress Madam Maintenon are represented in close Conference.

The Conquests Anna by her Chiefs has won,
 * Eclipse the Glories of the Bourbon Sun.
 Her rising Lustre spreads as his declines,
 And faintly like the setting Day he shines.
 Her Fleets and Armies o'er the World convey
 Her Fame, and triumph o'er Tyrannick Sway.
 She vindicates the Cause of injur'd Kings,
 And clips the Gallick Cock's presumptuous Wings.

* The Sun was in an Eclipse on the 12th of May, 1706. the same Day on which Philip the V. made a shameful Retreat from before Barcelona.



fr. Lines in
Brabant

forc'd by D. of
Marlbro
July 1705.

D. Alegre C. Horn

Lines forc'd by
B. Spar.

This Figure represents the Duke of Bavaria in a terrible Passion, after the Duke of Marlborough had forc'd the French Lines, in the Year 1705. The less Figures are, the Marquiss D' Alegre, and the Count De Horn, Prisoners in the Hands of the English and Dutch.

Hast thou surpriz'd me, *Britain!* I defy
Thy Force, and will in Fight my Fortune try.
Thy Chains, my chosen Troops, my Generals wear,
My Lines are forc'd, and I again despair.
My Martial Trophies are in Triumph born,
To grace thy March, and I'm the Publick Scorn.
Let Valour, and not Art decide the Day,
My Soldiers may not always run away:
But Oh! Thy brighter Greatness still will shine,
And all my Glory be eclips'd by Thine.



The Person represented in this Cut, is Prince Lewis of Baden asleep: the Sun, by which is meant the French King, shining upon him; a Town at a distance above him, and Armies below. He lays his Hand on a Bag of German Ducats, a Bag of English Guineas, another of Spanish Doublons, and a fourth of Louis D'ors; which occasion'd the Pun, Louis D'ort, Lewis sleeps. In another Cut, The Seven Bags in the left Corner of the Cut a top are, The Profits of his Post. Free Gifts, A Pension from France. Magazines not fill'd. Roman Right. Contributions. His Income by Forage.

The Sun, and that's my Crime I'm told,
Is apt to make me doze;
And what keeps others stirring, Gold,
Inclines me to repose.
How sweet 'tis to grow Rich asleep!
My Conduct who can blame?
And you, who such a Pother keep,
If try'd, wou'd do the same.

Eclips. 12 May 1700.

Peace Peace Peace
for ever.



The Figures in this Cut represent Lews the XIV. in a mortal Fright on an Eclipse of the Sun the 12th of May 1706. and Philip the Fifth's being driven out of Spain. That young Prince is drawn upon his Knees, petitioning his Grandfather for leave to come home again. And Madam Maintenon advises Louis le Grand to send the Confederates a Blank to procure a Peace.

Lou.] What shall we do, dear *Maintenon*? my Son Flies from the Foe, and we are all undone.
Brabant and *Flanders* to the *Austrian* yield,
 So much we suffer'd when we lost the Field;
 O why am I thus wretched! *Maint.* To be plain,
 I'll tell you why, to flatter you's in vain:
 The fam'd Partition-Treaty was the Cause,
 And *England's* just Resentment, and *Nassau's*:
 You own'd a Prince whom they refus'd to own,
 And poor *Bavaria's* by your Arts undone;
 You trickt the *Portuguese*. *Lou.* The Sun, my Dear,
 Is now eclips'd, and bodes some Ill, I fear.

Philip.] Good Grandfire, take me in again, my Fall
 Is great, and you have been the Cause of all.

Lou.] My Love, my Queen, now tell me what to do,
 For on thy Counsel I depend. *Maint.* Be true,
 Keep to your Word, forgo your usual Fraud,
 For which you're curst at home, and loath'd abroad,
 Send the Confederates a Blank. *Lou.* 'Tis done;
 What other way was left to save my Crown?



These Figures represent a French Trumpet and Drum sent by Louis le Grand, to enquire News of several Citys lost by the Mighty Monarch last Campaign, 1706.

Ye *Heers* and *Hogans* all, We greet you well!
Can any of you Tale or Tidings tell
Of goodly Citys lost, both far and near,
Gaunt, *Brussels*, *Antwerp*, *Dendermond*, and *Liere*,
Aeth, *Ostend*, *Bruges*, *Mecklin*, *Lovain*,
Menin; all *Flanders*, and the half of *Spain*,
Rodrigo, *Barcelona*, and *Valentia*,
Coria, *Saragosa*, and *Placentia*,
Almaras, *Salamanca*, *Alicant*?
Guns, Mortars, Bag and Baggage too, we want.
Great *Lewis* says, if you can bring 'em forth,
He'l pay you, if you'l trust him, what they're worth.



In this Cut is represented the Duke of Orleans's Disgrace before Turin; which is figur'd under the shape of a Bull, from Taurinum its Latin Name, deriv'd from Taurus a Bull. The Flame and Smoke which the Beast breathes, shews the vigorous Defence that City made; and the Tomb underneath signifies the Destruction of the French Officers who were bury'd before it. The Executions in the Cut, are the French Officers, whom the Duke of Orleans, represented with the Wheel in his hand, order'd to be hang'd or beheaded for Cowardice. In this Defeat the French lost almost all their Horse, 13 Regiments of Dragoons, their Bag, Baggage, Colours, 200 Pieces of Cannon, besides Mortars; 30000 Men, and 500 Officers kill'd or taken.

In vain the French before Turin prepare
The dreadful Storm, and push a fatal War.
The Lombard Bull with frightful Fury roars,
And with deep Wounds the fierce Assailants gores;
Shoots from his brazen Mouth a thousand Deaths,
And Smoke & Flame from his wide Nostrils breathes.
Rashly the Foe to sure Destruction come,
And where they fought a Trophy, find a Tomb.

There

There is another Figure call'd the ROYAL ALMANACK, wherein the Course of the Sun is exactly mark'd, viz. The Progression of Lewis XIV. the Gallick Sun, thro the 12 Signs of the Zodiack, and his Course in the 12 Months of the Year. In which Figure the French King is represented sitting on a Throne with a lighted Torch in his Hand, and round him come these Sayings, to shew to the World the great wicked Actions he has done, Viz.

Aquarius, the Water-bearer.

HE makes Kings; declares the pretended Prince of Wales King of England, 1701. *January.*] He entertains abdicated Kings, as James II. King of England, A. D. 1689.

Pisces, Fishes.

Sells Offices, with a false Promise of the next Heir's enjoying them.

February.] Plunders the Enemies Ships, tho he has granted them Passes.

Aries, the Ram.

Sets up a Bank of Credit without a Fund, 1702. *March.*] Erects Idols, and would have his Subjects worship his Statue on Horse-back.

Taurus, the Bull.

Commits Incest with the *Dauphin's* Wife, 1680. *April.*] Gives a false Coat of Arms, three Flower de Lucs, instead of three Toads the true Arms of France.

Gemini, Twins.

Breaks Treaties, as the Partition-Treaty, 1700. *May.]*

May.] Steals Towns; *Old Brisac* taken by Treason, 1703.

Cancer, the Crab.

Promises the King of *Portugal* 40 Ships, sends him but Four.

June.] Leud. Generals taken out of a Baudy-house.

Leo, the Lion.

Poisons the Duke of *Bavaria's* Son, Heir to the Crown of *Spain*.

July.] Makes Women Privy Counsellors, as *Madam Maintenon*.

Virgo, the Maid.

Makes a Whore of *La Valiere*, 1667.

August.] He burns the *Palatinate*, 1689, 1690.

Libra, the Ballance.

He Legitimizes his Bastards, particularly the Duke of *Main* his Son by *Madam de Montespan*, 1673.

September.] His Hypocrisy in oppressing the *Cevennois*, and assisting the *Hungarian* Rebels.

Scorpio, the Scorpion.

His Sacrilege in *Germany, Italy, &c.* 1705, &c.

October.] He forces the *Cevennois* to turn Papists, 1702, &c.

Sagittarius, the Archer.

He commits Adultery with *Madam de Montespan*, 1679.

November.] His Massacres in *Holland*, 1673. at *Bodegrave, Swammerdam, &c.*

Capricorn, the Goat.

Highers and lowers the Coin as he pleases, and calls it in, and intends never to restore it.

December.] He is the Christian *Turk*; enters into an Alliance with the Great *Turk* against the Christians, 1688.

There are several other Prints, which being too chargeable to copy, we shall only here give some Description of four of 'em, both in Prose and Verse.

In the First there is a long Dialogue in Dutch and French, between the two Monarchs represented in it, viz. The present Emperor of Germany, and Lewis the French King; suppos'd to be spoken after King Philip's flying from Madrid, 1706. The Substance of which Dialogue is as follows.

*A New Dialogue between Joseph the Just,
and Lewis the False.*

*Jos. Dear Cousin, why so melancholy? Lov. Why? Have I not Cause, when all my Armies fly; Bavaria, Villeroy, Berwick, Theesse, Whole Kingdoms lost? Jos. 'Tis hard I must confess, But you a King most Christian, Coz, shou'd bear With Christian Patience what you feel or fear. Lov. Patience, nor you, nor your Allies should name, Nor such as prosper the unprosperous blame. You know not, Cousin, what it is to lose A Crown, and such a Crown as my Anjou's. What shall I do with the poor hopeless Boy, Who late was all my Hope and all my Joy? Jos. Do with him? Coz, since he was born to rule, E'en make him Usher of some Country School: There he may whip the Lads that learn to spell, As * Denis did of old, as Stories tell.*

* Dionysius the Sicilian Tyrant, when he was expel'd, turn'd Pedagogue.

In the Second the present abdicated Electress of Bavaria is represented in a melancholy Posture, complaining of her hard Fate, to see her Husband driven out of Bavaria and Flanders, and her self and Children forc'd to fly for Protection to the State of Venice. The Cock is the Emblem of France, to which she and her Family owe all their Misfortunes; and the Square on the top of the Cut is the Elector of Bavaria's Hospital.

My Husband me, and I my Court have left,
Of Friends, of Fortune, and of Hope bereft.
The Cock, who like a Dunghil-Craven crows,
And struts when he's at Home and far from Foes,
No sooner sees the *Roman* Eagle rise,
But trembling from th' Imperial Bird he flies.
Oh whither can I run from my Despair!
My Sons O whither, and my Daughters bear!
Ne'er will my Sufferings nor my Sorrows cease,
And never shall I know the Sweets of Peace.
Fair *Venice*, ever kind to the distressed,
Alone will entertain the wretched Guest:
Thither with all my Load of Woe I fly,
And for my ruin'd Lord with fruitless Wishes sigh.

The Third Cut represents a very melancholy Conference between Lewis the XIV. Madam la Valiere, Madam de Montespan, Philip the V. the pretended Prince of Wales, the Duke of Berwick, the Count de Toulouse, Marechal Thesse, and others, on the dismal Prospect of the Mighty Monarch's Affairs, after Philip the V. was driven from Madrid, 1706. by the Earl of Gallway.

When *Anjou* by *Ruvigny* was compell'd
To quit the *Spanish* Empire with the Field;
To Council *Lewis* calls his Sons, a Store
As great as good King *Priam* had of yore:

His Concubines among the rest were there;
 And *English Modena's* pretended Heir.
 Much Moan, and not a little Noise was made;
 And all the Fault upon the Monarch laid;
 Who nothing in his own Defence can say,
 But that for Help to * *Genevieve* he'll pray:
 And if he sues the Female Saint in vain,
 The Crown of *France* must follow that of *Spain*.

The fourth Figure represents Philip the V. flying from Madrid on the Approach of my Lord Galway, at the Head of the Queen of England's and the King of Portugal's Troops. He is drawn cutting the Hangings, in which some of his Predecessors are painted, at the Escorial, as he actually did, and taking away with him the Records, the Crown of Spain, and Porto-Carero's mock Will, which is his only Title, from whence he is here called the King of Paper.

This Paper-King, who knows his Right
 Is, like his Paper-Tenure, slight,
 Had rather run you see than fight.
 The Treasures of his Court he steals,
 And trusts his Safety to his Heels.
 What Monarch would the Field refuse,
 That had so much to keep or lose?
 But he his Grandfire's steps pursues,
 Who always did his Person save,
 And ne'er was but by Proxy brave.

* *The Patroness of Paris.*

The Tunbridge Prodigy.

Written by a Lady.

PROtect our State, and let our *Marlbra'* thrive,
 Keep our crown'd Heads this wondrous Year
 Preserve our Palaces from Wind and Flame, (alive;
 Safe be our Fleets, and be our *Scotchmen* tame.
 Avert, kind Fate! whate'er th' Event may prove,
 For here's a PRODIGY, a Man in LOVE.
 Wasted and pale he languishes in Sight,
 And spends in am'rous Verse the sleepless Night.
 Whilst happier Youths to careless Spirits born,
 View the Distress with Pity or with Scorn;
 And Maids so long unus'd to be ador'd,
 Think it portends the Pestilence or Sword.

How chang'd is *Britain* to the blooming Fair!
 Whom now the Men no longer make their Care,
 But of Indifference arrogantly boast, (Toast.
 And scarce the Wine gets down a *Buckworth* for a
 Not so (as still their Works declare) it prov'd
 When *Spencer*, *Sydney*, and when *Waller* lov'd;
 And with soft Numbers wing'd resistless Darts,
 Nor thought their Passion less'ning to their Parts.

Then let such Patterns countenance his Fire,
 Whom Love and Verse do now afresh inspire,
 'Gainst all who blame, or at his State admire. }

And learn ye Nymphs how to regain your Sway,
 And make this stubborn Sex once more obey.
 Call back the Fugitives by modest Pride,
 And let them die with Fear to be deny'd.
 Stay till their Courtship may deserve the Name,
 And take not every Look for Love and Flame.

To Mercenary Ends no Charms imploy,
 Nor stake your Smiles against some raffish Toy.
 For every Fop lay not th' insnaring Train,
 Nor lose the Worthy to allure the Vain.
 Keep at due distance all Attempts of Bliss,
 Nor let a Whisper seem to steal a Kiss.
 Dance not upon the Green but with some Swain,
 Whose long Endeavours may your Favour gain.
 Nor be transported when some Trifler's View
 Directs his giddy Choice to light on you.
 Amend whatever may your Charms disgrace,
 And trust not wholly to a conquering Face.
 Nor be your Motions rude, coquet, or wild,
 Shuffling or lame as if in nursing spoil'd.
 Slight not th' advantage of a graceful Mien,
 Tho *Paris* judg'd the Prize to Beauty's Queen,
 When *Juno* mov'd, *Venus* could scarce be seen.
 Assert your Power in Paradise begun,
 Born to undo, be not your selves undone,
 Contemn'd and cheap, as easy to be won.
 But if like Sov'reigns you maintain your Ground,
 The Rebels at your Feet will soon be found.
 And when with such Authority you move,
 No new Surprise, no Prodigy 'twill prove
 To see one Man, or the whole Race in Love.

To the Author of The Tunbridge Prodigy.

WHEN Tuneful Ladies strike the trembling
 (Lyre,
 And give the Raptures of a double Fire;
 With Joy we croud officious Mites of Praise,
 And with the tender Myrtle join the Bays.

Bright

Bright Beauty's Charms are frequent in our view,
 But brighter Fancy seems confin'd to you ;
 Many pretend to Rays where *B* — *b* shines,
 Yet all acknowledg your superior Lines.
 That known Artillery of Eyes we 'scape,
 And fear not Fate in a familiar Shape ;
 But Notes unusual cheat us into Wounds,
 And Darts surprize us in the Dress of Sounds ;
 So strangely can the Force of Words invade,
 By which we're conquer'd, as the World was made.

Let others on the Senses Surface play,
 And purchase fleeting Honours of a Day ;
 Your Empire's lasting, for the Mind's your Throne,
 And ev'ry Hour you gain upon Renown ;
 A greater Wonder, than you sing, you prove
 A Dame of Wit exceeds a Man in Love.
 So when of late th' Immortal *Granville* strove
 To shew no Magick like Inchanting Love,
 He broke the Power himself design'd to raise,
 And prov'd a stronger Magick in his Lays.

No future Coldness shall secure the Men,
 If Nymphs observe your soft instructive Pen,
 And, as you write or move, direct their Choice,
 Your Mien is only second to your Voice.
 Thus learning Excellence, and taught to reign,
 Your Sex must be all Conquest, ours all Chain ;
 Each trifling fair one shall have Right to boast,
 And ev'n a *H* — *s* shall be confest a Toast.
 Then the next Prodigy, how chang'd 'twill be !
 Not he that's captiv'd, but that dares be free.

The Phenix Youth that burns in am'rous Pains,
 Forgets his Anguish, and attends your Strains ;
 Strange and surprizing he with Pleasure shews,
 Who would not languish to invite your Muse !
 He thanks the Charmer that so rais'd his Flame,
 And boasts his Fate because he serves your Name.

Thus a poor drooping Ranger of the Air,
 Depriv'd of Plumes by some unheeded Snare,
 When Beauty stoops to gather up the Spoil,
 And gains new Glory from that humble Toil;
 No more he pines, but tunes his Throat for Joy,
 Proud that his Feathers can the Fair employ.

The following Lines were wrote upon the
 Occasion of the apprehending of Sir Tho-
 mas Armstrong at Leyden, in the Year
 1684. taken from the original Print.

ÆTERNÆ Infamiae
 Civitatis Leydensis,
 Quae post Religionem & Libertatem a Majoribus suis
 Rebellionem
 & Armis justissimis vindicatam;
 Et
 Tam Potentiam, quam Opulentiam profugos, & Extorres,
 Recipiendo, & protegendo, Magnopere auctam;
 Nihilominus D. D.
 Thomam Arm'strong' Eq. Aur. Natalibus Noviomago-
 Geldrum,
 Origine P. P. D. D. Ordin. Gen. Subditum;
 Qui Belgii fortunas suis præferens,
 Ob officia erga has Provincias Anno cło 1668 LXXIII.
 in Senatu Angliæ præstita,
 Gratiâ Regis excidit:
 Et
 Ob avitas Regni Leges assertas,
 Conjuratōnis, unâ cum Viris Nobilissimæ Profapiæ,
 Incusatus,

Ac

à D. Howardo de Escrick delatus,
 (Fidem obtestor vestram, O Batavi!
 quid Monstri & propudii Hominis,
 Quibusque criminibus, etiam vobis Conscitis,
 Notatus.)

Thomam inquam Arm'strong',

Ob

Patrocinium Religionis Reformatæ,

Et

Libertatis Populi Anglicani,

Ex

Regno profugum,

Et

CLIVIÆ humaniter receptum.

LEYDÆ vero infeliciter unam Noctem in Transitu
 tantum diversatum, Urbis Prætor (cui nihil
 tam sanctum quod non lucro posterius
 putet) Mercede, V. M. floren. conducto,

Ac

Annuentibus vel saltem Tacentibus Senatoribus,

Ad

Postulationem Legati Reg. Britann.

Turpissimè præbendit & cœpit,

Virumq; Fortem & Generosum Catenis nefariè vincum,
 Proditorie Hostibus suis,

Ad

Certissimam Necem in Angliam Reportandum tradidit;

Perenne

Hoc Monumentum, omne Genus humanum,

Ipso Rege Angliæ Assentiente,

(Qui licet proditorem probet, Proditorum odit)

Inscribi ac poni

Censuit, Jussit.

Sic scripsit Robertus Ferguson.

Hæu! Quantum mutatus ab illo!

In

In English thus;

TO the Eternal Infamy of the City of *Leyden*, whose Ancestors at the Cost of their dearest Blood, procur'd the Settlement of their Religion and Liberty, and by protecting Foreigners, and Refugees, encreas'd not only their Power, but their Wealth: Nevertheless, in this City, Sir *Thomas Armstrong* was basely and scandalously apprehended, in his Way to *Cleves* (where he had liv'd some time, and had been kindly receiv'd and protected) by the Scout or Mayor of the Town, and Connivance of the Magistrates, at the request of the *English* Embassador, and for the sake of Five Hundred Pounds, that needy *Dutch-man's* God. Now 'tis to be observ'd, Sir *T. A.* was born at *Nimwegen*, and so was a Native Subject to the States General, whose Interest he prefer'd before his own; and whose good Offices in Parliament for the *Dutch*, in the Year 73. put him quite out of King *Charles's* Favour ever after; and since that standing up for the Rights of the People, and the Laws of the Land, was accus'd of High Treason, together with several other Gentlemen of the best Rank and Quality in *England*, being impeach'd by my Lord *Howard of Esrick*. Gentlemen *Hollanders*, I appeal to your own Consciences, What enormous Crimes had this brave Man been guilty of, that you should not only seize his Person, but bind him in Chains like a Villain, and deliver him treacherously to his Enemies, in order to be transported into *England*, most certainly to be murder'd, and for no other Reason, than for standing by the Protestant Religion, asserting the Liberties and Laws of *England*, and taking Sanctuary in your Country? All Mankind must

must abhor this Fact, even King *Charles* himself, who tho he loves the Treachery, yet hates the Man that did it; and this will ever be recorded in History, to your *Eternal Infamy*.

On the French Subjects.

BORN under Kings, our Fathers Freedom sought,
And with their Blood the God-like Treasure
(bought :
We, their vile Offspring, in our Chains delight,
And born to Freedom, for our Tyrants fight.

On the Duke of Marlborough.

By Dr. *BRADT*.

I.
HOW, Glorious *Marlbro'*, shall we sing thy Praise?
How shall we match thy Laurels with our
Bays? (Plain,
What Muse can stretch her Wing o'er *Blenheim's*
Ramillia's Field, and all the Grand Campaign?
Success alone the Privilege can claim, (Fame.
Of keeping pace with Thee, in this swift Race of

2.
Shon'd all the mighty Nine their Pow'rs unite,
'Twon'd strain their Pinions to attempt this Flight;
And first they must some humbler Trophy sing,
Poitiers and *Gressy*, and a Captive King;

Thence

Thence by Degrees to *Marlbro's* Triumphs rise,
The Pitch of *English* Worth, and Glory's noblest

3.

(Prize,

O cou'dst thou but impart thy generous Fire;
Cou'dst thou as warmly as thou fight'st inspire:
Then *British* Bards, swell'd with Ecstasick Rage,
Shou'd make our Times outvy th' *Augustan* Age:
Ev'n *Maro's* Muse as far excel'd shou'd be,
As *Tyber* is by *Thames*, or *Rome's* best Sons by thee.

The Royal Ramble, 1697.

OF Ramblings and Follies you oft have been }
told, (ed of old) }
Since (their Wits and their Language confound- }
Our Fathers Knights Errant from *Babylon* strol'd. }
The *Macedon* rang'd for Drink, Women, and Glory,
And *Cæsar* for Matter to pen a fine Story.
Ambition and Love sent old *Tony* a madding;
And People will fancy why *Sheba* ran gadding.
Next *Chivalry* flourish'd, till Fate proving kind,
The Heroes and Lovers to *Bedlam* confin'd:
Then Mankind with wandring Devotion possest,
To Relicks and Shrines weary Journeys addrest,
On Pilgrimage holy. The *Loretto* Church (lurch:
Bilkt her Lodgings, and left the poor *Turk* in the
Of *Byrnham* Wood Travels, *Scotch* Chronicles talk,
And *Kynaston* Hill (as *Stow* tells us) did walk.
Sticks and Stones may prove Blockheads, and keep
a damn'd Stir, (err.
But Things that have Reason and Sense should not
Will our Nephews believe, that a Prince should
outrun (Throne?
(And no Friend to withhold him) his Country and
'Tis

'Tis Nonsense so obvious, they never will bear it;
Tho *Glanville* should write it, or *Titus Oates* swear it.

With a Rabble of Princes an Hero was come,
To see those strange Sights he had heard of at home,
On a rusty Throne long had he reverently snor'd,
By his Brother Brutes envy'd, by's Subjects ador'd;
For he thought like his Dad, that the Joys of Man-

(kind
Were to Brandy and Wenches by Heav'n confin'd,
Till Fame (so well skill'd in her Banter and Lies,
As to make *Cutts* a Hero and *Williamson* Wife)

With Dreams of strange Pleasure, and hopes to
(grow great,

Took a Fancy to puzzle his Worshipful Pate:

Of Countries she told him, and quarrellom Crowns,
Fam'd for cutting of Throats, and demolishing
Towns, (all brave;

Where the old Men were sage, and the Youngkers
That is, th' one was a Fool, and the other a Knave:
Nay she swore, 'twas a Shame that a Monarch

(shou'd rest
Content with his Ease, and well pleas'd to be blest,
While all *Enrope* was mad, (nor she hop'd would be
wiser.)

From the Atheist of *France* to the bigotted *Keislar*.

So young Mr. went out without writing or reading,

To *Sardam* for Study, and *Holland* for Breeding.

Strait an Embassy thither is order'd to go,

To make a fine Speech, and a very brave Show;

But lest that his Nobles mistook in their Story,

Or fail'd in their Credit should tarnish his Glory,

Disguis'd in the midst of their Train he was got,

As *Teague* us'd to carry the Letters he wrote.

Thus a Whimsy of Fortune transform'd the poor

Czar,

(*Dutch Tar.*

From the Pride of the North, to an awkward

So

So *Jove* from his Glories and Godhead releas't;
 When he rang'd for new Joys took the Shape of a
 (Beast.

To *Amsterdam* came; having view'd the whole City,
 He star'd, and he scratch'd, and he swore it was
 (pretty;

But *Sardam* alone (like his *Mosco*) could find
 Joys worthy of *Czar*, and conform to his Mind:
 'Twas there with his Friend he had formerly
 made (Trade)

A Smith (but the Great *Turk* himself has his
 To study a Science so wond'rous he staid.
 It was there that his Praise on their Anvils all rung;
 It was there that he hammer'd, he drank, and he
 So *Vulcan* of old, from Divinity tost, (sung:
 In the Joys of a Forge found the Heaven he lost.

But *Venus* to crown all his Glories did fail,
 Till Love pierc'd his Heart with a Ten-penny Nail,
 Which from bonny *Kate* he mischievously stole,
Kate, the Smith's only Hope and Delight of his
 (Soul,

With Eyes bright as Fire, and black as a Coal:
 Eyes that with Pleasure her Lover behold,
 In a Region like *Aetna*, what Nymph could be cold,
 Or with nice Resistance could baulk the warm Joy,
 Where the hardest of Metals grow gentle and ply?
 (ströve,

Thus he liv'd, and with Fetters so soft ne'er had
 Till Honour all envying the Conquest of Love,
 In the Name of the Tars, to *Texel* did cite him,
 To a Farce of their own, they were sure would de-
 (light him;

With Musket and Feather, the Youth of the Town,
 In Hoys, and in Dung-Boats were nimbly drawn
 (down;

A well-whisker'd Tar was the Head of the Show,
 Whose Fame and Mustachios did equally grow.

He

He mounted in one Yacht, the Czar in another,
 Resolv'd to distinguish themselves in the Pother :
 But what Muse is able to tell the wild Rout ;
 How these gave Broad Sides, and how those tack'd
 Till the Admirals boldly resolved to close, (about ;
 And venture for Fame, there was no fear of Blows ?
 And now mighty Actions had surely been done ;
 Much Prowess display'd and great Honour been won,
 Of which the Courants, and the Gazetts had rung,
 And Ballads unborn might hereafter have sung.
 But Fate (which still sports with the mightiest of
 Things,
 Breaks the strongest Designs, banters Heroes and
 Kings) (blow ;
 Made the Rain to pour down, and the Weather to
 Besides dismal Groans did resound from below.
 Some thought 'twas *de Ruyter*, who loudly proclaim'd,
 That of each awkward Folly his Ghost was ashamed.
 But others in *Nether-Dutch* Sounds not unknowing,
 Say 'twas nothing but Frogs, disturb'd by their
 (rowing :
 But whether it were the old *Phantom* they fear'd,
 Or whether they fancy'd what never was heard ;
 Their Trouble was great, for away they all sunk,
 The *Dutch* to their Brandy, the Czar to his Punk.

EPINICION

SACRO Nomini
 ANNÆ Magnæ Britanniae, &c. Reginae,
 Ter maximæ, verè Religiosæ, Justæ, Benignæ,
 Europæe Libertatis Vindici,
 Britannicæ Coalitionis non ita pridem transactæ,
 Felicissimæ Confirmatrici ;

Quæ

Quæ

Inauditâ *Clementiâ*, cui non extitit unquam *Par*,
 Miti & Generosâ *Humanitate* omnibus colendâ,
 Summâq; in Rebus Publicis administrandis *Prudentiâ*,
 Non tantum

Maleferiatos *Domi* * *Ecclesiasticos* * *Anglicè*
 Ἀτόπας & pervicaces *Viros*, *High-Church*.

Hominum Genus superciliosum & irritabile,
 Non *Romanos*, sed *Anglicanos* certè *Catholicos*,
 Intolerabiles Reliquias *Papatûs*,
 Securè tandem debellavit,

(Opus sane insuperabile hactenus suspectum,
 Regiæ vero *Guræ* pergratissimum,

Cui nihil pace *Domesticâ* magis *Cordi* est.)
 Verum etiam

Intrepidis & *Justissimis Foris Armis*,
Gloriosis sub *Auspiciis*

Magni & Boni Principis & Ducis de Marlborough,
Belgis animitus & strenuè *Concurrentibus*,

LUDOVICUM XIV. in *Galliis Regem*,
 Cognomento *Magnum*,

Re vero *Parvum*, (bum,

Malevolorum omnium in *Angliâ* *Factorem* impro-
Totius Europæ *Perturbatorem* molestum,
Subditorum plus iusto *Fidelium Barbarum* *Oppres-*
 (forem,

Et *Religionis* ergò *Persecutorem* *Horrendum*,
Fœderum & Publicæ Fidei *Violatorem* *Infamem*,
Nullis Edictis, Juramentis, aut Sacramentis de-
 (vincitum,

Regum tamen omnium (*Horribile Dictu* !)

Christianissimum,

Bonis omnibus *abominandum*,

Humani Generis *Hostem* *Insensissimum*,

Perfidum Tyrannum,

Fastidiosè per *Orbem* *Gloriantem*,

Imperium *Universale* *ambitiosè* *Anhelantem*,

Divinos

Divinos Honores sibi Arrogantem,
 Et Immortalitatis JUS,
 (Famosi resonent Insaniam Libelli :)
 Hoc, inquam, Monstrum Humanum,
 Tumidum & Grande *Leviathan*
 ANNA nostra Piissima,
 Bonorum omnium Deliciæ & Præsidium,
 Patriæq; Dulcissimum Decus & Ornamentum,
 Cogit ad Inferos;
 Ut Criminibus tot Nefariis & Sceleratis notatus,
 Justâ Dei Providentia sic jubente,
 Populiq; voce simul applaudente,
 Dignas luat Pœnas,
 Et labentibus Annis *Tyrannis* omnibus
 Populos sibi commissos impiè opprimentibus,
 Cedat in Terrorem.
 Sera vero in Cœlos redeat ANNA Pia,
 Floreat æternum tantæ HEROINÆ Fama,
 Ære & marmoreo Monumento perennior;
Principibus sic bonis omnibus olim,
 Subditi Curæ quibus sunt Legales,
 Justitiæ, Pietatis, & Lenitatis,
 Cedat in *Exemplar* Immortale.

CHORUS.

Io Triumphe!

ANNA Reginarum optima,
 Domi & Foris Victrix,
 Pax Dami, in Salvo est *Ecclesia*,
 Galliæ *Tyrannus* Pauper est, & inermis,
Io Triumphe!

In Unionem Angliæ & Scotiæ.

Plaude, Licet, Magno lætis Successibus Anno:
 Sed magis AUGUSTÆ plaude, Britanne, Tux.
 Scilicet Ipsa jubet Saturnia Regna reduci,
 Cogit & Imperio Fata subesse suo.
 Hactenus Invisam si jam pendere Bonorum
 Congeriem spectas, quis, nisi Diva, dabit?
 Præteriti Centum debent quas Legibus Anni,
 ANNÆ servatus reddet is Annus Ope.
 Annus eo Heroum toto felicior Ævo,
 Quò major cunctis ANNA coruscat Avis.
 UNIO-nonne micat Sæcli labor inclutus inde,
 Unde petat Fastos *Æra Britannc* novos?

Alterum.

Junxerat antè ROSAS Henricus; REGNA (bus;
 Ex binis UNAM *Gentibus*, ANNA facit. Jaco-

On his Grace the Duke of Marlborough
Going for Holland, March 1707.
In Imitation of the third Ode of the
first Book of Horace.

Cesarem Vehit.

THREE happy Barque, to whom is giv'n
The Pride of Earth, and Favorite of Heav'n:
Thy every Guardian God implore,
And waft th'important Charge to *Belgia's* Shore;
Where Councils yet suspended, wait
Britannia's last Resolves, and *Europe's* Fate.
So may the Winds with constant Gales
Fulfil thy Purpose and inspire thy Sails;
Nereids and Nymphs attend thy side,
Thy glitt'ring Stern protect, and gilded Pride.
Bold was the Man, and bravely good,
That tempted first the Sea's impetuous Flood,
Heard the Waves roar, the Tempests blow,
And fought in Foreign Climes the distant Foe:
That made his Country's Glory known,
And for the publick Weal despis'd his own.
Auspicious Isle, in vain design'd,
By jealous Fate, a Stranger to Mankind,
Since uncontroul'd thy Of-spring reign,
And sport and triumph on the harmless Main!
To manly Souls, resolv'd like theirs,
No Task has Danger, or no Danger Fears.

Hence,

Hence, Spirits of a Patriot-Mould,
Daringly Great, and fortunately Bold,
Climbing th' Imperial Seat, combine
To sift the baffled Claim of *Right Divine*;
And to the World Instruction gave,
Distinguishing the Subject from the Slave.
Then lawless Pow'r receiv'd its Doom,
And Liberty reviv'd with Native Bloom.
Tho Nature, frugally inclin'd,
Has all her Gifts to narrow Bounds confin'd;
What will not Art and Pains supply?
O'er Waves forbid in winged Tow'rs we fly,
And with *Herculean* Toil advance,
To shock the Pow'r of Hell, the Pride of *Brave*;
Nor Heav'n it self is uningag'd,
In Wars for *Freedom*, and for *ANNA* wag'd;
Rous'd by her pious, just Alarms,
Behold! th' avengeful Thunderer in Arms,
Surveys the Field with Slaughter spread,
And points his *Churchill* at the Tyrant's Head.

F I N I S.









